

Breathe Carolina

"Life On An Airplane"

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Sometimes I think it's interesting,
That I already know the outcome,
Of you and me and everything between,
Spin me around in this big rig town,
All this pressure is way too much,
Close your eyes and examine the insides,

I wish I lived on an airplane,
Where we could go so high,
And we could sever times with everybody else,
And when you looked down,
You could see just clouds,
You said hold my hand,
It's gonna be just fine,

All these clouds swirling round and round,
They make me feel so safe and secure,
With tiny belts made of cloth and crush,
They keep us safe til they end our lives,
So hold my hand as we go through time,
Maybe we could stay here because,

I'd take back all my mistakes,
If you'd fly up here with,
I cannot think without your hand wrapped in mine,
Lets go higher, higher, higher

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