

Paramore

"Airplanes"

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[Chorus: Hayley Williams]

Can we pretend that airplanes in the night sky are like shooting stars?

I could really use a wish right now, wish right now, wish right now

Can we pretend that airplanes in the night sky are like shooting stars?

I could really use a wish right now, wish right now, wish right now

[Interlude: B.o.B] + (Hayley)

Dreamin (ohhhhh ohh-ohh-ohhh)

Of fallin (mm-mmmmmmm)

Dreamin (ohhhhhhhhhh ohhhh)

Of fallin (ohhhhhh ohhhh)

[B.o.B]

Yeah, yo, let's pretend like it's '98 ('98)

Like I'm eatin lunch off of Styrofoam trays (yeah)

Tryin to be the next rapper comin out the A (A-Town)

Hopin for a record deal to ignore my pain

Yeah, now let's pretend like I'm on the stage

And when my beat drops everybody goes insane (woo)

Okay, and everybody know my name (Bob)

And everywhere I go people wanna hear me sang

Oh yeah, and I just dropped my new album

On the first week I did 500 thousand

Gold in the spring, and diamond in the fall

And then a world tour just to top it all off

And let's pretend like they call me the greatest (yup)

Sellin out arenas with big ass stages

And everybody loved me and no one ever hated

Let's try to use imagination

[Chorus] w/ B.o.B ad libs

[B.o.B]

Okay, let's pretend like this never happened

Like I never had dreams of bein a rapper

Like I didn't write raps up in all of my classes

Like I never used to run away into the blackness

Now, let's pretend like it was all good (good)
Like I didn't live starin in the notebook
Like I did the things that I probably knew I should
But I ain't have neighbors, that's why they call it hood
Yo, now let's pretend like I ain't got a name (nah)
Before they ever called me B.o.B or A.K.A. Bobby Ray
I'm talkin back before the mixtapes
Before the videos and the deals and the fame
Before they ever once compared me to Andr (3000)
Before I ever got on MySpace (yeah)
Before they ever noticed my face (yeah)
So let's just pretend, and make wishes out of airplanes

[Chorus] w/ B.o.B ad libs

[B.o.B - singing]
And it seems like yesterday, it was just a dream
But those days are gone, they're just memories
And it seems like yesterday, it was just a dream
But those days are gone

[Eminem]
Ahem, aight
Let's pretend, Marshall Mathers never picked up a pen
Let's pretend, things would've been, no different
Pretend, he procrastinated, had no motivation
Pretend, he just made excuses that were so paper thin
They could blow away with the wind, "Marshall you're
never gonna make it
Makes no sense to play the game, there ain't no way
that you'll win"
Pretend, he just stayed outside all day and played with
his friends
Pretend he even had a friend to say was his friend!
And it wasn't time to move and schools weren't changin
again
He wasn't socially awkward and just strange as a kid
He had a father and his mother wasn't crazy as shit
And he never dreamed he could rip stadiums and just
lazy as shit!
Fuck a talent show in the gymnasium bitch
"You won't amount to SHIT, quit daydreamin kid!
You need to get your cranium checked
You're thinkin like an alien, it just ain't realistic"
Now pretend, they ain't just, make him angry with this
shit
And there was no one he could even aim when he's
pissed at
And his alarm went off to wake him but he didn't make
it to the Rap Olympics
Left to his plane and he missed it

He's gon' have a hard time explainin to Hailie and
Lainey
These food stamps and this WIC shit
Cause he never risked shit, he hoped and he wished it
But it didn't fall in his lap so he ain't even here, he
pretends that

[Chorus]

[Hayley Williams harmonizes to the end]

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