

## Richard Barone

### "Paper Airplane"

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Paper Airplane  
(Richard Barone & Mark Johnson)

he crawled along like he was lonely  
he came the longest way home  
he thought he'd make it by being lucky...  
he thought he'd take his time,  
he thought he'd take his time.

the rush begins with each day ending  
twilight lights a starlet's gown  
another orpheus descending...

and in the eyes of God  
where angels speak our names,  
there is no right or wrong-

it all must be the same:  
the weeping streets of flame,  
the little yellow paper airplane.

I know I've felt this way before  
I know I've felt this way before

he crawled along like he was lonely  
he came the only way he knew  
he thought he'd make it by being lucky...

and in the eyes of God  
where angels call our names,  
there is no right or wrong-

it all must be the same:  
the wild sweeping rain,  
the little yellow paper airplane

it all must be the same:  
the weeping streets aflame,  
the little yellow paper airplane.

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