

Jon Bellion

"Paper Planes"

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Oh that ass, it was so first class
She was my co-pilot with a mile high swag
We would smoke all night just flying high like that
(smoke all night just flying high like high like)
I needed her, I knew she needed me
If we fly this thing, it's gonna take 2 people
But the storm came fast
Got a little rocky
the oxygen mask from the ceiling they were dropping

We started to fall
Right out the sky without a warning call (Nooo)
We started to fall
No parachutes we had no time to call
For mayday, mayday

We booked 2 tickets down to paradise
One last flight tryna make it right
But that's when the rain came
That's when the pain came
We're never ever gonna make it fly
We booked 2 tickets down to paradise
One last flight tryna make it right
But love came like a hurricane
And we were just a paper plane
I know we tried to fly away
But we were just a paper plane

It's funny how things end up
It's funny how we break it off
Relationships they nose dive
While ones career is taking off
Publishing checks and fake smiles as I see my dad
My pockets getting filled but really emptiness is all I
have
We crash another spare parts
Bandages and bad scars
Trying to mend broken Amelia Earharts
And keep trying to fly on fly on fly on
But I'm missing my right wing
My right arm, and that's you

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