

Lyndsay Diaries, The "Paper Airplane Dream"

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I can see the smoke stacks in the distance,
and I know that we're almost there.
This day has been best at overwhelming me.
And these thoughts are running races in my head.

I'm anxious to see the ocean,
and run my fingers through the sand.
Will stencil in silly words like "love" and "forever"
and let the tide run over them.
Run over me.

We live in a world of familiar strangers,
that meet and greet the stale, cold air every morning.
I'm always overanxious to get to the point,
overanxious just to get there.
I want you to know, I failed in trying to please everyone.
The waves are crashing high at their peaks,
and I wonder, "What in the world are they running
from,
and what am I running from?"

Counting to ten and taking beep breaths.
I'm almost out of opinions.
So I close my eyes real tight.
I just want to drive with my eyes closed.
I feel numb, out of control.
Going crazy. I swear I'm going crazy.

I hear you asking, and I hear you pleading.
But it's out of my hands.
I can't save you. I can't even save myself.
I'm not your savior. So save yourself.
So Save yourself.

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