

# Paper Planes

## Nowherebound

### Paper Planes

The youthful lives that we now live down,  
The folly in the heavy hearts of kids,  
Did raise kings.  
And we stood those tides wearing crowns,  
Crusading youthful voices in our bid,  
At Everything.

And those match tips sparked emblazoned hearts,  
Like wings on paper planes.  
Hubristic dreams like gasoline,  
Put Icarus to shame.

But here we go, to the unknown,  
Sometimes dreams hurt more, when you wake.

You never know what youâ€™ll give up,  
To taste freedom with every breath,  
You can take.  
Found foolsâ€™ gold and it was enough,  
Cause you canâ€™t watch spirits bloom,  
Without rain.

And when it ends and your dayâ€™s been lived,  
Are you happily belligerent,  
And bored?  
Dear Journeymen, what would you give?  
To breathe that naïve innocence,  
Once more.

Let match tips spark emblazoned hearts,  
Like wings on paper planes.  
Hubristic dreams like gasoline,  
Led Icarus to fame.

But here we go, to the unknown,  
Sometimes dreams hurt more when you wake.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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