

# Clip Paper Wings

## The Color Morale

Floating on like a plastic bag without a home  
Pages folded became paper planes that we could fly  
We've clipped every wing we used to fly Your wings might be broken but it's not too late  
You hide your emotions so you can escape  
You can't be afraid to make mistakes  
And you can't fake perfection Broken compass still moving forward  
A constant north, the one I'll never know  
Like everything I gravitate to what ends up killing me  
We're separated by a hell of a lot more than the sky Your wings might be broken but it's not too late  
You hide your emotions so you can escape  
You can't be afraid to make mistakes  
And you can't fake perfection It's not what you've done  
But what you'll choose to do  
It's not what you've done  
But what you'll choose to do Your wings might be broken but it's not too late  
You hide your emotions so you can escape  
You can't be afraid to make mistakes  
And you can't fake perfection

Songwriters

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