

# Hanging High

## Last Days of April

...

A paper plane is flying high,  
the wind decides when it will go down  
to the left and to the right.  
my eyes are squinting to the sunshine,  
eyelids ignore the lighta starry sky changing the sight  
I was reaching out for something new  
you said you cared and I believed you.

...

and I believed you.

...

what's going up must come down,  
will only carry us for some time.  
my time with you is such a high  
I didn't want to ever want to come down.  
so now they haunt my every day,  
your words will sit and glimpse and replay.  
so it's easier  
easier  
easier  
now and then,  
and it's easy  
easy  
easy  
to pretend  
that nothing's missing  
nothing's missing  
nothing's missing  
nothing's missing  
something's missing...

Yeah...

...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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