

Paper Planes

Nathan Evans

A mental diary, 18th of August, 2020:

I'm fucking... so... just done, man. If there wasn't people fucking nearby I could start crying. Easy. There's like tears right there man, ready to go..
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I'm sitting in the midland's sky praying for a change
My teardrops keep on falling just like the pouring rain
I didn't know it then but I was in my darkest days
So I write my dreams on paper planes and let them fly away

Singing "Oh, Hallelujah"
I wish I knew that heavy hearts
Maxed credit cards
Will go away
Singing "Oh, Hallelujah"
Thank God I knew when life gets hard
I'll wear the scars
Of yesterday
I'll write my dreams on paper planes
Send them up, up and away
Singing "Oh, Hallelujah" it's okay
It's all gonna be okay

My mind is like a wrecking ball, destruction in its way
And I've been working fourteen hours for just as many days
My brother sees my crying, but it's not that kind of pain
So I write my dreams on paper planes and let them fly away

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I wish I knew that heavy hearts
Maxed credit cards
Will go away
Singing "Oh, Hallelujah"
Thank God I knew when life gets hard
I'll wear the scars
Of yesterday
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Send them up, up and away
Singing "Oh, Hallelujah" it's okay
It's all gonna be okay

And... I just...

What the fuck?
Mentally and emotionally

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Will go away
Singing "Oh, Hallelujah"
Thank God I knew when life gets hard
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It's all gonna be okay