

# Paper Moon

Ella Fitzgerald & Louis Armstrong

Comes a time when you get turned around and  
Life itself just wears you out but  
You keep getting ready for the big parade  
Ah, you shine your shoes and you fake a smile  
Salute the players with that famous style  
'Cause keeping up has kept you in chains  
I was thinking that if you know a way out  
Then I'd like to go with you  
And we can burn out like candles  
Under that paper moon  
They just don't know anything at all  
They just don't know anything at all  
You'll fight traffic jams and big TVs and  
Hipsters trapped in their own irony but  
You'll finally think about settling down  
Oh, you quit your job and you sell your car  
You'll burn your clothes and pray to the stars 'cause  
You swore to God that you'd never end up this way  
I was thinking that if you know a way out  
Then I'd like to go with you  
And we can burn out like candles  
Under that paper moon  
They just don't know anything at all  
They just don't know anything at all  
At all, at all, at all, at all  
Comes a time when you get turned around  
Life itself just wears you out  
You keep getting ready for that big parade

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