Paper Moon

Kings Of Swing

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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