

Paper Love

Nick Yume

Drop down your gun, drop your arm around cradle my chest, paper love, plastic smile, lay down to rest, dream a little bit more than you sleep, talk a little less than you think, I see you're the noble one, pretend to be someone you're not. I see you're a social one, beat so loud can't hear what they say. We stop and chat for awhile. I laugh, post and unblock. Realize you lost your own spark, too late it's well after dark.

Hope you find. What you held high,
Hope you float out with the tide.
Hope you float out with, hope you float out with the tide,
Hope you float out with the tide.
Hope you find, what did get by.

Blank space when you don't talk, silence seems like an evil thought, repetitive questions you know the answer to everyone's always okay. Smile on, smile on through the day, real friends not money left. All that counts is that you're seen. So focused on being in the scene, good life though you're even smiling, day after day create the facade stand alone do you know your name? better in groups solo there's no-one to blame what happened to the true you? It's such a shame.

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