

# Paper Chase

**Richard Harris**

You can't erase the paper chase  
She'll make you players in the bright merry morning  
She'll run and hide and leave you the paper  
Promises behind her as she runs across the square You can't win the race, she will set the pace  
You'll hear her laughing just behind the foolish fences  
Throw back the gate and find the piece of paper  
Lying on the curbstone but the lady won't be there And later in the day, you will be searching for a way  
To let her know, you're ready for her little game to end  
'Cause it's getting dark and then You'll see her face, a glimpse of lace  
And you'll go running through the last sweet dying day dreams  
Calling her name but she's been home an hour  
Laughing at the mirror and she combs her paper hair And later in the day, you will be searching for a way  
To let her know you're ready for her little game to end  
'Cause it's getting dark and then You'll see her face, a glimpse of lace  
And you'll go running through the last sweet dying day dreams  
Calling her name but she's been home an hour  
Laughing at the mirror and she combs her paper hair

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