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 squareYou 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 thereAnd 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 thenYou'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 hairAnd 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 thenYou'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
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