

Paper Mache

[Hayley Reardon](#)

When I get thinking about blood being something that you're born with
My days wake me up like funny little warnings
Not to fuck with what you're given
When you're busy building something
You can't speed it up or slow it down enough
When everybody's taking their hearts out to be framed
Here I am pulling at my edges hoping my name fades
From this paper, paper, paper mache
Leave my paper heart to blame
I'll build it better when I'm better one day
When I get thinking about time spent growing into something
Just how fast some people, people out there must be running
And I see everything
But I don't know anything quite yet
So I get tired and go to bed
When everybody's taking their dreams out to be framed
I'm over my head in fear and bedsheets letting the colors fade
Dreams like paper, paper, paper mache
Leave my paper dreams to fade
I'll build 'em better when I'm better one day
How much do we go building
How much do we go finding
Should I be listening and following
Or should I be deciding
'Cause on the days when the glue don't stick
That's when you start looking at your life
Like an art project
And you say my heart
It don't need to be made of paper, of paper
There's no paper mache
And my dreams, they don't need to be made
Of paper, paper, paper mache
Leave my paper heart to blame
I'll build it better when I'm better one day
I'll build it better when I'm better one day

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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