

Daffodils of Paris

Fe

Hiding in rooftops, all of the lovers
With their significant others
They whisper their way
Through the droplets of rain
And the fairy lights keep swaying
Between the sane, between the fame
And the conversation is painful
I guess it's all part of the game
It's a forced reality, a fake mentality
I don't wanna be a part of it
A forced reality, a fake mentality
I don't wanna be a part of it
The daffodils of Paris, they keep blowing in the wind
And the people, they keep on talking, and I don't hear a thing
The daffodils of Paris, they just keep on coming in
And the people, they keep on talking, and I don't hear a thing
There's crystal glasses, there's angels dancing
I'm keeping myself to myself
And they're trying to find all the answers
Thinking a stranger can give them help
There's liquid dreams, there's beautiful things
The night time is drawing them in
Their pulses are racing, heart beats are making
Love to empty things
It's a forced reality, a fake mentality
I don't wanna be a part of it
A forced reality, a fake mentality
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And the people, they keep on talking, and I don't hear a thing
(I don't wanna be a part of it)
The daffodils of Paris, they just keep on coming in
(A forced reality, a fake mentality)
And the people, they keep on talking, and I don't hear a thing

(I don't wanna be a part of it)

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

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