

Paper Chase

Art Garfunkel

You can't erase the Paper Chase
She'll make you play it
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'll set the pace
You will 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.

Later in the day,
You'll 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 daydream
Calling her name, but she's been home an hour,
Laughing at the mirror
As she combs her paper hair.