

# Paper Dreams

Lucy Spraggan

I've got my feet on the ground but I know where my heart is,  
Writing a song doesn't make me an artist,  
Tryna get somewhere, try my hardest,  
Somewhere now and I haven't even started yet.

I've got so much to do,  
But I'm too tired to put on my shoes,  
And walk to the next stop in jeans and a vest top,  
With last night's pizza that I'll eat the rest of.

Friend of a friend, who I met and I hated,  
Unfortunately he thought he was amazing,  
You and me minus your VIP,  
Means you got a fatter wallet but we're pretty much the same thing.

I'll admit that I could look fitter,  
I might get jealous but I'll never be a quitter,  
Stumble on your heels while I do up my shoelace,  
I might be a bitch but I'll never be two faces.

I'll say what I want, and do what I do,  
I have my own friends and they hate you too,  
You have to give respect to get respect,  
Crawling back under your rock is your best bet.

And if you've got something interesting that's worth me listening come say it to me,  
But if you can't be nice then shut your mouth I'll drift away and chase my paper dreams,  
'Cause I'll never be the person that everyone else want me to be.

I've got my hands in the air but I'm still breathing,  
I'm half lazy half human being,  
It's hard to think when your brain's on the ceiling,  
I do the robot but I've got feelings, yes.

I've got so much to say,  
Followed the path but I went the wrong way,  
That's what happens when you let your mind wander,  
I might look fine but my head's going under.

Pretty sure I've got somewhere to be,  
But I'll just relax and let the traffic flow past,  
I've been told that the way I roll is,  
Inside the line but out of control,

Pretty sure you'll agree with me,  
Even if I look stupid I'm pretty happy,  
If you're having fun don't care what you look like,  
As long as you're smiling then you've got the game right.

And if you've got something interesting that's worth me listening come say it to me,  
But if you can't be nice then shut your mouth I'll drift away and chase my paper dreams,  
'Cause I'll never be the person that everyone else want me to be.

I've got my feet on the ground but I know where my heart is,  
Writing a song doesn't make me an artist,  
Tryna get somewhere, try my hardest,  
Somewhere now and I haven't even started yet.

(Since you hate me,)  
(this song is about me )  
(you hate me, love me.)  
(you hate me)  
(is about me)  
(you hate me, love me.)  
(Oh since you hate me)  
(This song is about me)  
(You hate me, love me)  
(You hate me)  
(is about me)  
(love me)  
(is about me)  
(you hate me)  
(love me)  
(you hate me)  
(is about me)  
(you hate me)  
(love me)  
(you hate me)  
(is about me)  
(you hate me love me)  
(you hate me)  
(is about me)  
(you worry about that I dropped me pen hahaha)