

Paper Moon

Our Lady Peace

Comes a time when you get turned around and,
Life itself just wears you out but,
You keep gettin' ready for the big parade.

Oh you shine your shoes and you fake a smile.
Salute the players with that famous style,
'Cuz keepin' up has kept you in chains.

I was thinkin' that if you know a way out,
Then I'd like to go with you.
And we can burn out like candles,
Under that paper moon.

They just don't know anything at all.
They just don't know anything at all.

If by traffic jams and big TV's,
And hipsters trapped in their own irony but,
If I lay and think about settelin' down.

Ah you quit your job and you sell your car.
You burn your clothes and you pray to the stars.
'Cuz you swore to God that you'd never end up this way.

I was thinkin' that if you know a way out,
Then I'd like to go with you.
And we can burn out like candles under that paper moon.

They just don't know anything at all.
They just don't know anything at all.
At all.
At all.
At all.
At all.

Comes a time when you get turned around.
Life itself just wears you out.
You keep gettin' ready for that big parade.