

Papa

Vanessa Carlton

Look up
Look where you wanna be
Look left
Look where you left me

I should have known
By the ice in his eye
But you warm me up in your so sweet demise and
Nestled in your calculated moonshine

Boy you give good...
Love, plastic love
You're a genuine wannabe
You got it all up your blue sleeve, your sleeve
Love, plastic love
You're a genuine wannabe
You got it all up your blue sleeve
But me

Papa oh papa tonight
Papa oh I'll be alright

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