

# 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.