

Paris

Gretta Ray

I'm out of my depth and in a good way
But it could take a moment 'til I feel okay
I'm in the fast lane but there's a hold up
I'll get where I'm going, may be bit slow but

I'm going to take each day as it comes
Been holding on to all that holds me down
Stuck in a skin of mine I should have shed by now
All of this change has made me wake up, begin to look around

And it feels like Paris; the chaos ingrained in this grandness
The greyest days can still seem magic in the midst of one's sadness
As it holds a mirror up to you, you will consider deeply who you are

I'm but a stranger at a foreign station
That's all heartache is: disorientation
Patiently I'll wait for someone to tell me where I am and where to next
So I can find my feet and feel at home again
All of this change has made me break but I know I'm on the mend

This whole thing feels like Paris; the chaos ingrained in this grandness
The greyest days can still seem magic in the midst of my sadness
As it holds a mirror up to me, I will consider who I want to be
Like I'm in Paris, emotions copious and oh so candid
My sense of independence real and rampant in the midst of my sadness
As it holds a mirror up to me, I will consider who I want to be
Like I'm in Paris

Even to be lonely in a grocery is picturesque
Things so simple and mundane are full of meaning and romance
All of this change has made me break but I know I'm on the mend

The whole thing feels like Paris; the chaos ingrained in this grandness
The greyest days can still seem magic in the midst of my sadness
As it holds a mirror up to me, I will consider who I want to be
Like I'm in Paris, emotions copious and oh so candid
My sense of independence real and rampant in the midst of my sadness
As it holds a mirror up to me, I will consider who I'm going to be like I'm in Paris