

Paris

Kenya Grace

Take me to Paris, we'll stay in a palace
Pretend we're in love, just to Instagram it
We'll go on a date, just to post what we're havin'
Everything's fake and none of it matters
So take me to Paris, we'll stay in a palace
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We can spend a few days in a fantasy
Drinkin' wine, it's too much for our sorries
We would barely speak out on the balcony
But in front of everybody, we'll act happily

And I swear, everything is fickle and it's hard to tell it's fake
And if we turn our phones off, baby, we can feel the same
Maybe we were taught we have to need to compensate
Is that insane?

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We'll go on a date, just to post what we're havin'
Everything's fake and none of it matters
So take me to Paris, we'll kiss on the terrace
Pretend we're in love, to make people jealous
Don't move, barely talk until we're posin' for pics that we hate
Everything's fake and none of it matters

Everything that's genuine is paper thin
And if we think about it too much then I'll hate my skin
Relationships are buildin' over messages
But you can just replace 'em with a swipe and click

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