

# 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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Everything's fake and none of it matters

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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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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