

Paper Mansions

Kitty Wells

Don't build for me, no paper mansions
That only stand, until you've gone
You paint the nastiest futures of anyone I know
You always leave me holding on to pretty words that glow

You've built a thousand mansions
Out of dreams that seem so strong
But they're always made of paper
Not of stone

Don't build for me, no paper mansions
That I can never call my own
For love can't live in paper mansions
That only stand, until you've gone

You've always been a dreamer, dear
And I'm a dreamer too
But I guess, I've had too many of the kind
That don't come true

So don't build me, no mansions
With paper walls, so thin
That only stand, until you leave again
Don't build for me