

# Paper Mâché Houses

## The Weeks

Paper Mâché houses  
Build them up with nothing else  
Tell me what the sound is  
Telephone keeps ringing out

Heard them in the next room  
I don't know whose side was wrong  
Really hope it stops soon  
Or someone turn the TV on

Talking to your best friend  
Never knew your middle name  
Stay until the show ends  
Or at least until the latest train

Held the bottle like a baby  
Protect it 'til we get back home  
Drink up on the rooftops  
And wonder where the city's gone

Wake up, wake up, wake up  
Why don't you take a little time to breathe it in?  
Don't try to tame the sun  
But you could try to feel it on your skin

I could've let the whole world just hold me back  
I'm steady making choices from the life I had  
Can we just talk about it?  
I know that we could work this out

Talk around in circles  
Speak until we both get tired  
Look up at the streetlights  
And wonder how the world's wired

Pressure makes me sleepy  
Avoid the stuff at every cost  
Wind up at the same spot  
And relish in the time we lost

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