

Song by - The Kooks – 2006 - Songwriters: Luke Pritchard, Max Clarke Rafferty.

So at my show on Monday
I was hoping someday
You'd be on your way to better things
It's not about your make-up
Or how you try to shape up
To these tiresome paper dreams
Paper dreams, honey

So now you pour your heart out
You're telling me you're far out
Not about to lie down for your cause
But you don't pull my strings
'Cause I'm a better man
Moving on to better things

But uh oh, oh I love her because

She moves in her own way (CHORUS)

But uh oh, oh she came to my show

Just to hear about my day

And at the show on Tuesday
She was in her mind see
Tempered furs and spangled boots
Looks are deceiving, making me believe it
And these tiresome paper dreams
Paper dreams, honey

So won't you go far
Tell me you're a keeper
Not about to lie down for your cause
And you don't pull my strings
'Cause I'm a better man
Moving on to better things

(CHORUS)

(cont. overleaf)

Yes, I wish that we never make it
Through all the summers
We kept them up instead of
Kicking us back down to the suburbs
Yes, our wish's that we never make it
Through all the summers
We kept them up instead of
Kicking us back down to the suburbs

(CHORUS X2)