

BOKKA, Paper LOVE feat. Gilbert Brady, Krzysztof

Rolling down from the highest mountain
The snow is shaping giant ball
By the time it hits the bottom
It melts down so was there at all?

Paper money
Paper news
Paper judgement
Paper fuse
Paper feelings
Paper trust
Paper Sunday
Paper LOVE

Walking through the concrete jungle
I see the sun rays fighting hard
People rushing like the hours
But I stand still and just don't belong
No, I don't belong

Paper money
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