

Paul Weller, Paper Smile

Paper Smile

What's in a life
If you don't live it, baby
It's just getting on by
With a promise, what if, maybe

Hanging around
Waiting for something to fall
And once in a while
The paper smile must come a-way
What's in a life
If you don't live it, baby

What's in a kiss
If you can't feel it, baby
The lips maybe sweet
But are they sweet enough to contain it

You're wasting your time
Hanging out of windows painting
And once in a while
The paper smile must come and go

And where it blows
Who knows
And where it goes
It goes
I'm glad to see it go
I'm glad to see it go

And what's in a dream
If you can't be it, baby

Look away, you're painted smile
Look away, you're painted smile
Wipe away your painted smile
Wipe away your painted smile
Look away you're painted smile
Wipe away your painted smile
Painted smile, painted smile
Painted smile, painted smile