

# Black, Paradise Lost

You know you're where it's at  
but you don't know where that is,  
when your friends come round smiling  
and greet you with a kiss,  
Then push you in the dirt  
from behind.

There's no time like the right time  
when the now times wearing thin  
for their silver tinsel dresses  
and their microwave skin  
and their cheap books of romance.

I think I'll take my chances.

So I run like I'd run from a flood,  
like you know it's understood.

That your golden hair  
was never meant to wear  
a paper crown.

You know that a smile  
is their workaday face.

You can't calculate the effort  
just to keep it in its place.

They don't shoot to kill, they'd always miss,  
so shoot to wound.

Like they're always searching through your pockets  
like they expect to find an answer.

The truth is that the truth is  
as commonplace as cancer.

If you'd only take the time  
you don't need to seek to find it.

Just run like I'd run from a flood,  
like you know it's understood.

That your golden hair  
was never meant to wear  
a paper crown.

(solo)

Run like you'd run for good,  
like the rivers running blood  
and you see your life flashing by.

I run like I'd run from a flood,  
like you know it's understood.

That your golden hair  
was never meant to wear  
a paper crown,

a paper crown,

a paper crown,

a paper crown.

---&gt;&gt; Enrique Morano &lt;&lt;---