

# 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  
Paper news  
Paper judgement  
Paper fuse  
Paper feelings  
Paper trust  
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Paper LOVE