BOKKA, Paper LOVE feat. Gilbert Brady, Krzyszt

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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