

Jean Shepard, Paper Mansions

Don't build for me paper mansions that only stand until you've gone
You paint the nastiest futures of anyone I know
You always leave me holding on to pretty words that glow
You've built a thousand mansions out of dreams that seem so strong
But they're always made of paper not of stone
Don't build for me paper mansions that I can never call my own
For love can't live in paper mansions that only stand until you've gone

You always been a dreamer dear and I'm a dreamer too
But I guess I've had too many of the kind that don't come true
So don't build me no mansions with paper walls so thin
That only stand until you leave again
Don't build for me...