

# Lynn Anderson, Paper Mansions

Don't build for me no 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 paint the nicest 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...

[ piano ]

You've 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...