

# Steve Winwood, Paper Sun

Well you think you had a good time  
With the boy that you just met  
Kicking sand from beach to beach  
Your clothes all soaking wet  
But if you look around and see  
A shadow on the run  
Don't be too surprised if its just a paper sun  
Ahh Paper Sun, Ahh Paper Sun  
In the room where you've been sleeping  
All your clothes all thrown about  
Cigarettes burn window sills  
Your meter's all run out  
But then again its nothing  
You just split when day is done  
Pitching lips to nowhere, hung up on the paper sun  
Standing in the cool of my room  
Fresh cut flowers give me sweet perfume  
Too much sun will burn!  
When you're feeling tired and lonely  
You see people going home  
You can't make the train fare  
Or the six pence for the phone  
And icicles your crying  
From your cheek have just begun  
Dont be sad, good times are had  
Beneath the paper sun  
Daylight breaks while you sleep on the sand  
A seagull is stealing the ring from your hand  
The boy who had given you so much fun  
Has left you so cold in the paper sun