

# Toadies, Paper Dress

So what we did, we redefined  
The perfect function to realize some kind of potential  
And underneath a paper dress  
She knows we're different  
Her shoulders and her neck shrug away this difference

Now in my home, and in my car  
I can't help but hold my thoughts  
Eventually drift back to this day  
Wherever we go  
Wherever we go, this ghost will follow

Wherever we go  
Wherever we go, this ghost follows

Wherever we go  
Wherever we go, this ghost follows

Wherever we go  
Wherever we go, this ghost