

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