

Heather Nova, Paper Cup

Wishful thinking I might be yours
Drifting on every step
I'm always drawn to the dark horse
sweet, sweet , oh nothing's said

And every dream, every, is just a dream after all
And everything stands so still when you dance
Everything spins so fast
And the night's in a paper cup
When you want it to last

Wishful thinking you might be mine
Every shiver sends
One breath under the bridge of sighs
Bending where the river bends

And every dream, every, is just a dream after all

And everything stands so still when you dance
Everything spins so fast
And the night's in a paper cup
When you want it to last