

# Molly, Paper Trail

Well it seemed like just another day in the sun  
Perfect season for all the right reasons and outcomes

With information scenes  
It's all privy to me

So what's your story morning glory, now?

Don't wanna talk about it  
Can't stand to hear about it  
I guess I landed at the wrong place and wrong time  
And someone whispered in her ear.

And she goes: Boom!  
And she goes: Boom!  
And she goes: Boom!  
And she goes: Boom!

Over smokes and too many bottles of beer  
Your lips movin' but I can't believe just what i hear

Told with shine and sheen  
For the world to scream

I know you're breathless  
Will you take a bow?

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