

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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