

Papermill, We Were Happy

So, all your funny dreams
with which you fed me
they were far from real.
Slow, through some drizzly days
you deceived me
grudgingly shading shame.

Weighed down by the fog.
Weighed down by the fog.
But when the fog cleared up
we'd been happy
for one day at least.

Now, you know it's not enough.
Nothing's ever enough
and even your tears are gone.
And i forsake
any will to be
part of anything.

Lifted up by the fog.
Lifted up by the fog.
And when the fog returns
I'll be happy
for one day at least.