

## **Paper Chase, The "A Little Place Called Trust"**

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Who do you think you are?  
Who do you think you are,  
To shove away the hand so fast  
Who do you think you are?  
Maybe I'm the devil  
To harbor the sick and obscene  
Maybe this; the albatross  
I'm like an ivory tower, level or power but  
You are not the innocent

What do you take me for you motherfucker  
What do you take me for,  
When I'm a shepherd's light when I'm a quantum leap  
You don't want freedom you want trick photography,  
It's a good thing I'm an airbrushed girl a diamond ring  
I need it new, I need it rising above  
(meanwhile) The jury laughs at you love  
You are not the innocent

Oh dirty hands, a little place called trust  
But you ain't sold one  
Oh dirty hands, a little place called trust  
But you ain't sold one, yet

I once told you,  
I have my "wants" and "needs" and "want you tos"  
Depends and then the album skipped the end  
So I got up to play it again  
I know you I know this look I know this attitude good  
friend  
I need you to confess those awful sins

You deserve whatever you get because  
You are not  
You are not  
You are not the innocent

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