

Hawksley Workman "Paper Shoes"

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Hang on, hang on now, hang on, hang your paper shoes
Where do you think you're going now,
That it's raining, come on now, come on now, come you soggy old airplane wings
Now that we've heard you sing, we think you should wither
But singing is about sexual confidence
So sing out your stuff if you feel good enough to let the moment just hit you, if the music just beficks you
Oh, to let your very choose just light out from in between your legs, that intimate hideout
I, i don't mind, i don't mind to be naked
I still like to feel the wind on all my soft places
But you, you haven't killed that yet, although you've been trying
Its hard to get on with your poking and your crying but i have or at least i think i have
And i should've been, i should've been, i should have been, i should have been a girl
Oh with the way i can dance, my moes are amazing
You may want to think that you want to try, you want to try, try try to fence me in but i don't reccomend
I blow the roof right off this place
Cause dancing is about sexual confidence
So shake up your stuff and if you feel good enough to let the moment just hit you if the music bepicks(?) you
To let the fairy choose, just light out from inbetween your legs, your intimate hideout
So don't you, get lazy on me sweet harley baby
Now, don't you get lazy on me sweet harley baby
Don't you get lazy on me sweet harley baby
Fly, up the cannon for me sweet harley baby
And warm blue nights descend on you and me sweet harley baby
So don't you get lazy on me sweet harley baby
Don't turn up on the ground
Just doesnt't't to the peace while swimming cool
And let yourself renew
A merry thing to do the skies
I should've been, i should have been, i should've been, i should have been a girl

Oh with the way i

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