

Mull Historical Society "Paper Houses"

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And I've retired
To a better life
Hiding from the world
It gets under my skin
And yes
It's hard on the brain
Buying the right magazines
The posters show
The clothes to wear
The roadside billboards
Can lead you there
At least you're not alone
Live, in paper houses
Burn the bridges
And Telephones
Leave the animals your home
And I've admired
Art sprayed on the walls
And fashion is a fuck-up
I can see that now
And we'll still put fuel
In my car
And drive round
The neon cigar
Keeping our troubles at bay
Take me out of the grave
Feast yourself on fast food
In this hamburger hell
Cash flow a-go-go
You better paint your smile on
And yes it's
Hard on the brain
Putting the right records on
The world still wears
A lipstick smile
The roadside cameras
Still click in time
At least you're not alone
Live
In paper houses
Burn the bridges
And make us strong

Leave the animals
Live
In paper houses
Burn the railroads
And telephones
Leave the animals
Your home

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