

Vanessa Carlton, Papa

Look up
Look where you wanna be
Look left
Look where he left me

I should've known
By the ice in his eye
But you warm me up with your so sweet demise
And nestled in your calculated moon shine

Boy you give good
Love, plastic love
You're a genuine wannabe
And you got it all up your blue sleeve, your sleeve
Love, plastic love
You're a genuine wannabe
And you got it all up your blue sleeve, but me

Oh, Papa, oh, Papa, tonight
Papa, oh, I'll be alright

Look left
Look where you wanna be
Look up
Look where he left me

I should've known by the ice in his eye
But you warm me up with your so sweet demise
And nestled in your calculated emotion

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