

## Tara Blaise

### "Paperback Cliché"

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Here it comes again  
Another happy end  
And I'm tripping over empty promises  
Trying to make amends  
Can you see me now?  
Can you read between the lines?  
Did you think that we would make it or break it  
Or make it or break it with time?

I was so lonely every day  
I was a paperback cliché  
But I put it down  
I put it down to me  
I was a desperado  
Dreading to see tomorrow  
But you come around  
You turn me round and how

Did you really know?  
Or did you feel like letting go?  
Did you think that you could make it better?  
Take it nice and slow?  
All the signs are clear  
It's better when you're here  
And I think that we can make it, not break it  
We'll make it not break it with time

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But I put it down  
I put it down to me  
I was a desperado  
Dreading to see tomorrow  
But you come around  
You turn me round and how

Did you really know?  
Or did you feel like letting go?  
Did you think that you could make it better?  
Take it slow?  
I put it down

I put it down to me

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