

Anika Moa

"Papercuts"

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I don't have anymore pretty faces
Kicking up dust, keeping smiles
Filling in forms
I compared you to my favourite piece of cake
But I don't have one of those to put in my jewellery case

I imagined holding ground
It wasn't the first sound
I imagined papercuts
No more gain to write

I don't want to be extreme
To talk you senseless
Being worried, theres no casual, if theres no flame
I allowed you to move a stone, to be my simple
But I don't have, a silent greed, to put it all on the front
page

I imagined holding ground
It wasn't the first sound
I imagined papercuts
No more gain to write

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