

Bill Anderson

"The Paper"

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I signed the paper,
She signed below me,
The judge said married,
She said hold me,
Church bells started,
As we departed,
Straight into life we sailed,
Just like a fairy tale,
Hopefully heartache
I signed the paper,
She signed beside me,
The bank said good luck,
She said provide me,
I gave it all I had,
Still it turned out bad,
Little games of cat and mouse,
And simply playing house,
Ain't that sad
Pitty all the puzzle..didn't fit
It wasn't me, It wasn't her
It was life, that somehow up and quit
I signed the paper,
She signed without me,
The judge said over,
As darkness found me,
Standing on the street,
While lying in (can't understand, sorry)
All our dreams and plans,
Nothing in my hands,
Except the paper
It feels a lot like death,
Because there's nothing left,
Except the paper

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