

Fiona Apple

"Paper Bag"

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I was staring at the sky, just looking for a star
To pray on, or wish on, or something like that
I was having a sweet fix of a daydream of a boy
Whose reality I knew, was a hopeless to be had
But then the dove of hope began its downward slope
And I believed for a moment that my chances
Were approaching to be grabbed
But as it came down near, so did a weary tear
-I thought it was a bird, but it was just a paper bag
-Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills
'cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold
-Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too
much to love
And I went crazy again today, looking for a strand to
climb
Looking for a little hope
Baby said he couldn't stay, wouldn't put his lips to
mine,
And a fail to kiss is a fail to cope
I said, "Honey, I don't feel so good, don't feel justified
Come on put a little love here in my void," - he said

"It's all in your head," and I said, "So's everything" -
But he didn't get it - I thought he was a man
But he was just a little boy
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