

## Incubus "Paper Shoes"

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I fly  
I soar  
This I adore  
And then like a locomotive  
The sound of your sorrow comes  
I'm tired of the way that it feels  
I only apologized to you to make you feel better  
I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater  
I'd rather be alone  
You're 'bout as reliable as paper shoes in bad weathers  
But pain will roll off like water on feathers

You'd fly  
You'd soar  
But then like a locomotive  
The sound of your sorrow comes  
I'm tired of the way that it feels  
I only apologized to you to make you feel better  
I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater  
I'd rather be on my own  
You're 'bout as reliable as paper shoes in bad weathers  
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Ooh, Ooh  
Ooh, Ooh  
Ooh, Ooh  
Ooh, Ooh  
Ooh, Ooh,  
OoOh  
Ooh, Ooh,  
Ooh, Ooh

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