

The Airborne Toxic Event "Papillon"

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All dressed up, no place to run
No car, no girl, no pills, no fun
Nothing to do in this empty room
I gotta get my head together soon

Alone again, no plans, no friends
You come around at half past ten
You say "How are you holding up my friend?
Are you sitting around getting drunk again?"

And I hear the desperation of those lines
Wasted hours, others wasted time
Uh, yeah, I been just fine!

Then we're out the door in an hour more
We stumble down from the second floor
And we're swaying, braying
We don't know what we're saying

And you grab my shirt, your way so curt
I swear to God that this doesn't hurt
When you stare like that, you put on that act
You say something and then you take it back

And I feel as though I've done something wrong
Oh, how I miss you when you're gone

And I wish I had the guts to scream
You know, things aren't always what they seem
When you walk away, I want to stay
Don't leave me here to pace and pray

All these nights I burnt, hours I turned
You think that by now I'd learnt
That you're only what you pretend to be
I guess that was just lost on me

I can't stand the way you look at me
In that dress
Oh, happy, alright I might be, I guess
If I wasn't such a mess

I'm such a mess
I'm such a mess
I'm such a mess
I'm such a mess

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