

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 fans, no friends
You call me up at half past ten
And 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, all this wasted time
Yeah, I been just fine!

And you're at my door in an hour more
I stumble down from the second floor
And we're swaying and 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'll say something and then you take it back
And I feel as though I've done something wrong
Oh, how I miss you and your gun

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

All these nights I lose you
As I turn you think that by now I heard
That you're only what you pretend to be
I guess that was just lost on me

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

I'm such a mess

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