

The Slip "Paper Birds"

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Well I often think about her when the night comes and I'm walking the road.

And I know I'd never trace her, I can barely begin to barely place her chronologically. Just a flurry of white dresses and second guesses, now lesses which martyr me. If I'd really think about it, it's all I'd ever think about.

My land lord, has been shooting bullets into paper birds. Heh, when he's drunk, he's immaculate, especially before noon. What I'm trying to do, with these paper birds is to find a better way to lead one that's more accurate. And I'll practice my aim, and I'll masculine my game, and I'll know songs well before it leaves my lips.

When the lady finished crying I knew I had to say something to comfort her. But I all I've learned from love, is that what you love can be what destroys you. Loves just a flower fading congratulating your vanity's champion. It's the blood I want to shed before old or even dead. x4

My land lord, has been shooting, bullets into paper birds. And he's last, of a dying breed. A pharmisist with wings. What I'm trying to do with these paper birds, is to find a way to lead one that's more accurate. And I'll take, these targets that I hit they can go on, my refrigerator for all my friends to see

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