

Stone Temple Pilots "Trippin' On A Hole In A Paper Heart"

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Don't cut out my paper heart
I ain't dyin' anyway
Take a look at eye full towers
Never trust them dirty liars

Sippin' lemon yellow booze
Ole' Leadbelly sings the blues
All dressed up on wedding day
Keep on trippin' anyway

I am, I am, I said, "I'm not myself
I'm not dead and I'm not for sale
So keep your bankroll lottery
Just have your deathbed motorcade"

Fake the heat and scratch the itch
Skinned up knees and salty lips
I'll breathe your life Vicks Vapor life
And when you binge I purge alike

Let go it's harder holding on
One more trip and I'll be gone
So keep your head up
Keep it on, just a whisper I'll be gone

Take a breath and make it big
It's the last you'll ever get
Break your neck with diamond noose
It's the last you'll ever choose

I am, I am, I said, "I'm not myself
I'm not dead and I'm not for sale
Hold me closer, closer let me go
Let me be, just let me be"

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So keep your bankroll lottery
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