

## Why "Paper Hearts"

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To be born is anything but this  
The dying wish of a dinosaur's dish  
Of no use, a shitty gift like a single slipper  
I go diffuse in city quick like the little dipper  
She's cute with little titties and a sense of humor  
But to tell you the truth, sir  
I pity the poor fool, her  
Fruitless in a holster and clueless in a kiss  
I'm older than death  
Vulgar with unfresh breath  
During sex I might put us in some joke positions  
But it's scary always how we end up in missionary  
Like the daring men who fight to submission  
Barely conscious there to care about the split decision  
Your sour thoughts you wield at me  
You wring out your melon  
But it yields only drops like an unripe lemon  
All a man can understand is your bad intentions  
The less you talk the more you draw and seal and  
ending  
Keep leafing through the glossary  
Sitting there puffing weed  
Telling me repeatedly all the things you want to be  
The thug's just a boy once my money in the bags  
Is your love but a ploy like Bugs Bunny in drag?  
I leave my lungs open, exposed to the whole crew  
While you sneak a bump and smoke cloves in the coat  
room  
Itching like a local ho  
Wishing like Pinocchio  
The wind is at my back anew  
But still I feel the lack of you  
Oh, you were so heavy in my heart, boo  
That soon no longer could my true heart hold you  
And like the angular Etruscan tchotchke my mom got  
me  
At the Met gift shop in '92  
Tearing from the brown paper bag I kept it in when it  
was new  
After I left it overnight when it was wet with dew  
It sounds blue and shitty

But of course kid, like the little skinny bronze horse did  
You fell through  
You were like a buoy I put down in open ocean  
But with no cross staff and no compass in my  
possession  
And too far out for a lighthouse to provide discretion  
How could I presume that you'd divine direction  
Must have patience  
Accept no imitations  
Take no paper hearts and fucking hate carnations  
Though my home is vacant  
Yeah I'm lonesome while I wait  
That's no open invitation made to hope we make  
acquaintance  
The long walks home from the laundromat  
In Pop-Pop's Holden Caulfield hat  
Alone, lost for certain  
Dry and pent  
Dead bent like a merchant ivory gent  
Yes, to yet get a spouse and kids  
Have a house full  
But I'm hard to be around  
And sterile as a roused mule  
Preemptive nostalgia of the possible but doubtful  
Preemptive nostalgia of the possible but doubtful

And always something reminds me of you

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