

## Mutya Buena "Paperbag"

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I'm sitting here with a piece of paper  
Says here's my number, won't you call me later  
I called you the next day  
And that's how we got started

I'm sitting here thinking what we've been through  
In front a pile of things reminded me of you  
It's weird that so much time hardly takes up any space  
at all  
things I say for us to look at  
now our future's lost in the past  
gotta put it away, put it away

*[Chorus:]*

I don't know how it can fit  
'cuz it's all we were, it's all we ever had  
memories  
sitting all alone in a paper bag  
maybe I should get rid off this  
but it's all the love  
it's all the dreams we had  
you and me  
sitting on a shelf in a paper bag (sitting, sitting)  
The note you wrote when we had our first fly  
the car that you bought me  
after sharing our first night  
I know we had some bad  
But we had lots of good times too (good times too)  
Some tickets to a concert and a menu  
Some pictures from the night  
When I lost my queue  
It's funny how these things tell the story of our love  
affair

Can't hold on to us, no longer  
If I do I'm going under  
Gotta pack it away, pack it away

*[Chorus]*

Oooooooh Oooooh Oooh Oh  
I don't know how...oh yeah yeah

Memories...Oh in a paperbag!

*[Chorus x3]*

Sitting, sitting.

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