

Little Dragon "Scribbled Paper"

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'Cause I went looking for a trace of something that you
left

And when I saw dried paint and your scribbled initials
I acted like I could care less while my thumb press to
the paper

I wanted to find your portrait, wanted to have it

Recalling a piercing voice in old dreams

And ghostly images of black trains

Now seeing every page is turned away

I wanted to own your portrait, wanted to have it

You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so

You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so

You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so

You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so

You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so

You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so

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