

Airborne Toxic Event, The "Papillon"

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All dressed up, no place to run. No Car. No Girl. No pills.
No fun. Nothing to do in this empty room. I've got to get
my head together soon.

Alone again, no plans no friends, you came around at
half-past ten. You say, "How've you been holding up,
my
friend? Just sitting around getting drunk again?"

And I hear the desperation of those lines. The wasted
hours,
all this wasted time. Oh Yeah, I've been just fine.

Then we're out the door in an hour more. We stumble
down
from the second floor as we're swaying, braying. We
don't
know what we're saying. And you grab my shirt, you're
always so curt. I swear to God that this doesn't hurt,
when
you stare like that, you put on that act. You'll say
something
then you'll take it back.

And I feel as though I've done something wrong. How I
miss
you when you're gone.

And I wish i had the guts to scream: "You know, things
aren't
always what they seem. When you talk away I want to
stay.
Don't leave me here to pace and pray."

All these nights I burn, these hours I turn, you'd think
that by
now I'd learn that you're only what you pretend to be. I
guess
that was just lost on me.

And I can't stand the way you look at me in that dress.

Papillon,
I might be all right, I guess.

If I weren't such a mess. I'm such a mess.

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