

Red House Painters "Make Like Paper"

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Halloween in New York
On the way home from London
Eight weeks on tonight still
But all the other winter's I spent

She lived in a house
Where Mission Street bends
She slept in a room
Where I didn't feel welcome

Leaves are turning brown
All over the ground
Leaves make like paper
Make like paper sounds

Way back, back then
I considered you my best friend
But the last time I saw you
I knew I'd never see you again

You lived in a place
Off the Chamblee-Dunwoody way
I took up his space
When they took your father away

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