

Apple Fiona

"Paper Bag"

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I was staring at the sky, just looking for a star
To pray on, or wish on, or something like that
I was having a sweet fix of a daydream of a boy
Whose reality I knew, was a hopeless to be had
But then the dove of hope began its downward slope
And I believed for a moment that my chances
Were approaching to be grabbed
But as it came down near, so did a weary tear
-I thought it was a bird, but it was just a paper bag
-Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills
Cuz I know Im a mess he dont wanna clean up
I got to fold cuz these hands are too shaky to hold
-Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too
much to love
And I went crazy again today, looking for a strand to
climb
Looking for a little hope
Baby said he couldnt stay, wouldnt put his lips to mine,
And a fail to kiss is a fail to cope
I said, Honey, I dont feel so good, dont feel justified
Come on put a little love here in my void, - he said
Its all in your head, and I said, Sos everything -
But he didnt get it - I thought he was a man
But he was just a little boy
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