

Tift Merritt "Stray Paper"

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I got a postcard with an old address
A picture of Houston in a beat up mess
Just to remind me that it all went wrong
Just to beat me up, just to turn me on

Stray paper, stray paper, stray paper
Burnin' in my hands

Cigarettes in the glove box with the classified ads
Ashes and silver worn into your hands
I got to see you on a bar napkin
Gas station quarters, I got to see you again

Stray paper, stray paper, stray paper

Burnin' in my hands

Somewhere there's a letter that I never sent
It used to read pretty, now it's empty as
That night in the headlights with the blankets pressed
Was it something to you baby, was it always just

Stray paper, stray paper, stray paper
Burnin' in my hands

Stray paper, stray paper, stray paper
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Burnin' in my hands
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