

## Time Machine

### "Thin Like Paper"

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It's alright if you got me wrong. There's no way I'm  
giving up.  
Maybe it's right, or maybe it's wrong and you just don't  
see it.  
I know one thing for sure, your conversation doesn't  
cure.  
It's thin like paper and so are your words in the way  
they waiver.  
Tomorrow when we go our separate ways,  
Maybe you'll see the light you helped create, shining on  
it's own.  
Up all night and you're telling me, what you think I  
should be.  
You must be numb, because right now I swear I can't  
help but feel it.  
And if I know one thing, no matter how hard I sing,  
You just won't hear me,  
Because right now you couldn't be much more near  
me.  
Tomorrow when we go our separate ways,  
Maybe you'll see the light you helped create, shining on  
it's own.  
Think you have all the answers.  
Dim skies crop your words, unsure, unrehearsed.  
As if to tell you, that they can't trust you.  
All sighs and, you're trying, to take the feeling out of  
this.  
But you can't take it out of me.  
Think you have all the answers, but you can't..  
You can't take this away.

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