

Lucia Lie

"Paper And Glass"

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"There's a slender boy with his waking limbs
And a crooked smile and a hand that hes holding
While he's wonderin', "Will I ever be like him?"
And he tilts his head as to see as high as the,
Towering man that's standin' by his side
And hes hopeful, and proud of him

The silence cries as the butterflies are filin' by the old
stone wall
Thats standin' so strong, protecting a home
Where a senile king is suffering through an,
Empty life that just keeps living on
And he don't know why this is happenin'
And hes askin':

Where'd I go wrong?
I cant recall...
The silence draws nearer, nearer
Where'd I go wrong?
I cant recall...

Now, the boy had grown to be tall and thin
He slowly climbed the walls and golfed with a passion
Forgotten by all that had grown old
And he made his way down the brush grown path
To find that house owned by the bearded old man
With a crown made of paper and glass, glass
With a crown made of paper and glass

Where'd I go wrong?
I cant recall...
The silence draws nearer, nearer
Where'd I go wrong?
I cant recall..."

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