

Paper Bag

Fiona Apple

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
'Cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold
Hunger hurts but starvin' 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 couldn't stay
Wouldn't put his lips to mine
A fail to kiss is a fail to cope
I said, "Honey, I don't feel so good,
Don't feel justified.
Come on put a little love here in my void"
He said "It's all in your head"
And I said "So's everything"
But he didn't get it
I thought he was a man
But he was just a little boy
Hunger hurts, and I want him
So bad, oh it kills
'Cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold
Hunger hurts, but starving works
When it costs... too much to love
Hunger hurts, but I want him so bad, oh it kills

'Cause I know I am a mess that he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold because these hands are just too shaky to hold
Hunger hurts, but starving works me
When it costs... too much to loveHunger hurts, but I want him so bad, oh it kills me
Because I know that I'm a mess that he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold because these hands are just too shaky to hold
Hunger hurts, but starving, it works
When it costs too much to love
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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