

# Paul

## Big Thief

Oh the last time I saw Paul  
I was horrible and almost let him in  
But I stopped and caught the wall  
And my mouth got dry so all I did was  
Take him for a spin Yeah we hopped inside my car  
And I drove in circles 'round the freight train yard  
And he turned the headlights off  
Then he pulled the bottle out  
And then he showed me what is love  
I'll be your morning bright good-night shadow machine  
I'll be your record player baby if you know what I mean  
I'll be a real tough cookie with the whisky breath  
I'll be a killer and a thriller and the cause of our death In the blossom of the months  
I was sure that I'd get driven off with thought  
So I swallowed all of it  
As I realized there was no one who could kiss away my shit I'll be your morning bright good-night shadow  
machine  
I'll be your record player baby if you know what I mean  
I'll be a real tough cookie with the whisky breath  
I'll be a killer and a thriller and the cause of our death Well Paul, I know you said  
That you'd take me any way I came or went  
But I'll push you from my brain  
See, you're gentle baby  
I couldn't stay, I'd only bring you pain  
I was your starry-eyed lover and the one that you saw  
I was your hurricane rider and the one that you'd call  
We were just two moonshiners on the cusp of a breath  
And I've been burning for you baby since the moment I left.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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