

# Paper Cuts (remastered)

## Nirvana

When I'm feeling tired  
She pushed food through the door  
And I crawl towards the crack of light  
Sometimes I can't find my way  
Newspapers spread around  
Soaking all that they can  
A cleaning is due again  
A good hosing down  
The lady whom I feel maternal love for  
Cannot look me in the eyes  
But I see hers and they are blue  
And they cock and twist and masturbate  
I said so  
I said so  
Nirvana, nirvana, nirvana, nirvana  
Black windows of paint  
I scratched with my nails  
I see others just like me  
Why do they not try to escape?  
They bring out the older ones  
They point in my way  
They come with a flash of light  
And take my family away

Songwriters

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