

# Paper Knife

## Buffalo Tom

When your hero is selling out  
Just jumped in to get by  
But just like anything you get roped in  
And carried along 'til the day you die  
Paper knife, you pay for life  
On the way, on the way back down  
Paper knife, folded in your hand  
Words that don't make a sound  
I wish my words could now reach you  
I would know what to say  
I'd walk right in, and read them to you  
But I just walked away

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