

# Trippin' On A Hole In A Paper Heart

## Stone Temple Pilots

Don't cut out my paper heart  
I ain't dyin' anyway  
Take a look at eye full towers  
Never trust them dirty liars  
Sippin' lemon yellow booze  
Ole' Leadbelly sings the blues  
All dressed up on wedding day  
Keep on trippin' anyway  
I am, I am, I said, "I'm not myself  
I'm not dead and I'm not for sale  
So keep your bankroll lottery  
Just have your deathbed motorcade"  
Fake the heat and scratch the itch  
Skinned up knees and salty lips  
I'll breathe your life Vicks Vapor life  
And when you binge I purge alike  
Let go it's harder holding on  
One more trip and I'll be gone  
So keep your head up  
Keep it on, just a whisper I'll be gone  
Take a breath and make it big  
It's the last you'll ever get  
Break your neck with diamond noose  
It's the last you'll ever choose  
I am, I am, I said, "I'm not myself  
I'm not dead and I'm not for sale  
Hold me closer, closer let me go  
Let me be, just let me be"  
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Just have your deathbed motorcade"  
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