

# Paper Tigers (Acoustic Version)

Tom Cochrane

Keep your powder dry and warm  
Through the coming darkest storm  
All the fear that's sent your way  
Through your eyes you might wash away When you can  
Still your lanterns strong and bright  
Even through the darkest night All those paper tigers  
All their lies they might have sold you  
Might be wasted on one so young that you're old again  
She walks out through the wind and the rain, uh-huh They can't give you all those things  
No pot of gold, no big brass ring  
Stay on the road for the night has come  
Perhaps at dawn we will be like one again All those paper tigers  
All the lies they might have been sold you  
Might be wasted on one so young that you're old again  
Sylvia walks out through the wind and the rain uh huh Still the shock rips you through every nerve  
In the bell jar nothing can be heard  
I would walk with you, I would talk with you  
I would do anything that would get you through Draw the line for you, take the fifth for you  
I would stand on a bridge and jump off it too All those paper tigers  
All the lies they might have told you  
Might be wasted on one so young that you're old again All those paper tigers  
All the lies your mother told you  
Might be wasted on one so young that you're old again  
She walks out through the wind and the rain, uh huh Dedicated to Sylvia Plath

Songwriters

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