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 awayWhen you can
Still your lanterns strong and bright
Even through the darkest nightAll 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-huhThey 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 againAll 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 huhStill 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 throughDraw the line for you, take the fifth for you
I would stand on a bridge and jump off it tooAll those paper tigers
All the lies they might have told you
Might be wasted on one so young that you're old againAll 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 huhDedicated to Sylvia Plath

Songwriters
COCHRANE, THOMAS WILLIAMPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/