

Scribbled Paper

Little Dragon

'Cause I went looking for a trace of something that you left
And when I saw dried paint and your scribbled initials
I acted like I could care less while my thumb press to the paper
I wanted to find your portrait, wanted to have it Recalling a piercing voice in old dreams
And ghostly images of black trains
Now seeing every page is turned away
I wanted to own your portrait, wanted to have it You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so
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