

# Paper Tiger

Beck

Just like a paper tiger  
Torn apart by idle hands  
Through the halter skelter morning  
Fix yourself while you still can  
No more ashes to ashes  
No more cinders from the sky  
And all the laws of creation  
Tell a dead man how to die  
O deserts down below us  
And storms up above  
Like a stray dog gone defective  
Like a paper tiger in the sun  
Looking through a broken diamond  
To make the past what it should be  
Through the ruins and the weather  
Capsized boats in the sea  
O deserts down below us  
And storms up above  
Like a stray dog gone defective  
Like a paper tiger in the sun  
We're just holding on to nothing  
To see how long nothing lasts  
O deserts down below us  
And storms up above  
Like a stray dog gone defective  
Like a paper tiger in the sun  
There is one word to the morning  
There is one word to the truth  
There is one word back to civilization  
Well there is no word back to you

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