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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