

# 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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