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 itRecalling 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 itYou and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so
You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so
You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so
You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver soYou and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so
You and your scribbled paper makes me shiver so
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