

# Paper Shoes

## Incubus

I fly  
I soar  
This I  
Adore

And then like a locomotive  
The sound of your sorrow comes  
I'm tired of the way that it feels  
I only apologized to you to make you feel better  
But I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater  
I'd rather be alone  
You're about as reliable as paper shoes in bad weather  
But pain will roll off like water on feather  
You'd fly  
You'd soar

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