Paper House

Lisa Hannigan

We lended our heavy hearts,
motors with broken parts,
we had a deck of cards it was a start.
Weâ€™d sit out in the sun,
and wait for our skin to turn,
you would ask for truth,
and I would look for something to burn.
Oh we walked in a hallowed place back then
the edge of Dublin, the edge of May and June.
Oh to live in a paper house again,
where we grew by the light of the moon.
Often we took the train,
the sky pacing white to grey,
when you or I would leave
and the other would stay.
We were all that we had
and breathed in each others words,
I would ask for truth and
youâ€™d look for something to burn.
Oh we walked in a hallowed place back then
the edge of Dublin, the edge of May and June.
Oh to live in a paper house again,
where we grew by the light of the moon.
You were much younger then,
younger than I am now,
I still keep as much an eye as the wires allow,
I still keep as much an eye as the wires allow.
Oh we walked in a hallowed place back then
the edge of Dublin, the edge of May and June.
Oh to live in a paper house again,
where we grew by the light of the moon.
Oh you know what you are to me
and you know you will always be.

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