Paper Shoes

Incubus

I fly
I soar
This I
AdoreAnd then like a locomotive
The sound of your sorrow comes
Im tired of the way that it feels
I only apologized to you to make you feel better
But I think Ive outgrown that horsehair sweaterId rather be alone
Youre about as reliable as paper shoes in bad weather
But pain will roll off like water on featherYoud fly
Youd soarBut then like a locomotive
The sound of your sorrow comes
Im tired of the way that it feels
I only apologized to you to make you feel better
But I think Ive outgrown that horsehair sweaterId rather be on my own
Youre about as reliable as paper shoes in bad weathers
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