

Paper Bag (f. Jon Brion)

Fiona Apple

I was staring at the sky, just looking for a star
To pray on, or wish on, or something like that
I was having a sweet fix of a daydream of a boy
Whose reality I knew, was too hopeless to be had
But then the dove of hope began its downward slope
And I believed for a moment that my chances
Were approaching to be grand
But as it came down near, so did a weary tear
I thought it was a bird, but it was just a paper bag
Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills
'cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold
Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love
And I went crazy again today, looking for a
strand to climb
Looking for a little hope
Baby said he couldn't stay, wouldn't put his lips to mine,
He fail in kisses, I failed to cope
I said, "Honey, I don't feel so good, don't feel justified
Come on put a little love here in my void."
He said, "It's all in your head,"
And I said, "So's everything," but he didn't get it
I thought he was a man but he was just a little boy
Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills
'cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold
Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love
Hunger hurts, but I want him so bad, oh it kills
'cause I know I'm a mess that he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold because these hands are just too shaky to hold
Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love
Hunger hurts, but I want him so bad, oh it kills
Because I know that I'm a mess that he don't wanna clean up
I got to fold because these hands are just too shaky to hold
Hunger hurts, but starving, it works when it costs too much to love

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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