# Paper Thin

## Clare Maguire

I think of you like winter
Gold and silver mirrors
Who are you
And all the anger
Trembling
Hard to handle
Paper thinOOoooh
OOoooohWas there color in the clouds
Raining over
The silent sound
Was it good to smile
Was it real
Was it real
Was it real
Was it real
Was it real enough to hideLooking at you knowing you were long gone
but I couldn't get through
couldn't get through to ya, ahh... (x3)Paper thin...

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