

Fiona Apple - Paper Bag

Tom: C

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 a 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 grabbed
 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
 And a fail to kiss is a fail 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 he don't wanna clean up
 I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold
 Hunger hurts, but starving works, when, when it costs too much to love
 Oh, hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills
 Because 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, it works, when it costs too much to love

Acordes

