

# 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

