

Dear And The Headlights, Paper Bag

I'm like a paper cup with a pin prick.
You can fill me up, I'll only stay full for a while.
And wisdom's only shown me
that my loneliness is all my fault
And it's all my fault.
And I don't know what I have done wrong.

You say you understand me
Well I don't get you at all
And it seems everyone around me is
So good at faking it that I don't know
Just how to act around you

I'm like a paper bag, but the bottom's wet.
It must be something bleeding internally inside.
I didn't know the things that you never did
could stay with you your whole life.
And I don't know what I have done wrong.

You say you understand me
Well I don't get you at all
And it seems everyone around me is
So good at faking it that I don't know
Just how to act around you
And how to act about you

I've got a memory, but
I can't hear what you're saying.
You're looking straight at me, but
I'm looking the other way.