

Juliets Wishing Well, Paper Box

paper box hello
mrs. green i have to go
bright light black hole
what time does he get home?
feet worn hands cold
fifteen nights alone
white man red car
you don't need to drive that far
don't say another word
don't make another sound
i've had my arms up for so long
and i want to put them down
take that pistol from my back
i'm not goin anywhere
i'd be a fool to turn and run
i'll be good this time i swear
reach out reach in
don't want the end to begin
sidewalk graveyard
it's only me that makes it hard
paper box goodbye
mrs. green don't ask why
bad dream new day
now i know you're not that way