

Mutya Buena, Paperbag

I'm sitting here with a piece of paper
Says here's my number, won't you call me later
I called you the next day
And that's how we got started

I'm sitting here thinking what we've been through
In front a pile of things reminded me of you
It's weird that so much time hardly takes up any space at all
things I say for us to look at
now our future's lost in the past
gotta put it away, put it away

[Chorus:]
I don't know how it can fit
'cuz it's all we were, it's all we ever had
memories
sitting all alone in a paper bag
maybe I should get rid off this
but it's all the love
it's all the dreams we had
you and me
sitting on a shelf in a paper bag (sitting, sitting)

The note you wrote when we had our first fly
the car that you bought me
after sharing our first night
I know we had some bad
But we had lots of good times too (good times too)
Some tickets to a concert and a menu
Some pictures from the night
When I lost my queue
It's funny how these things tell the story of our love affair

Can't hold on to us, no longer
If I do I'm going under
Gotta pack it away, pack it away

[Chorus]

Oooooooh Oooooh Oooh Oh
I don't know how...oh yeah yeah
Memories...Oh in a paperbag!

[Chorus x3]

Sitting, sitting.