

# Fiona Apple, Paper Bag

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  
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