

A Bigger Paper Bag

Father John Misty

Dance like a butterfly and drink like a fish
If you're bent on taking demons down with only your fist
And I've never known anyone who could lose himself in a bigger
paper bag
The weaker the signal, the sweeter the noise
Hunching over an instrument that you now employ
Like the Starvation Army needs a marching piano in the band
Are you feeling used?
I do

Oh, I was pissing on the flame
Like a child with cash or a king on cocaine
I've got the world by the balls
Am I supposed to behave?

What a fraud
What a con
You're the only
One I love

It's easy to assume that you've built some rapport
With a someone who only likes you for what you like yourself fo
r
Okay, you be my mirror but remember the only a few angles I ten
d to prefer
I'm only here to serve

Oh, I was pissing on the flame
Like a child with cash or a king on cocaine
I've got the world by the balls
Am I supposed to behave?

Oh, I was dancing 'round the flame
Like a high-wire act with a "who, me?" face
I was living on nothing but water and cake

What a fraud
What a con
You're the only
One I love

One I love
One I love