

Paper Kite

Damien Jurado

I'll be right outside
Floating by like a paper kite
I'm caught up in your string
Lucky in enough to be in your tree

And you'll never float too long

The birds watch as I sing
Waiting around for scissor teeth
And I could be of use
One more knot in a prisoner's noose

And you'll never float too long

And you'll never float too long
And you'll never float too long