

Paper Bag

Dear and the Headlights

I'm like a paper cup with a pin prick
You can fill me up but I'll only stay full for a while
And wisdom's only shown me that my loneliness is all my fault
And it's all my fault

And I don't know
What I have done wrong

You say you understand me well I don't get you at all
It seems everyone around me is so good at faking it that I don't know
Just how to act
Around you

I'm like a paper bag but the bottoms wet
It must be something bleeding internally inside
I didn't know the things that you never did could stay with you
your whole life

And I don't know
What I have done wrong

You say you understand me well I don't get you at all
It seems everyone around me is so good at faking it that I don't know
Just how to act
Around you
And how to act
About you

I've got a memory but I can't hear what you're saying
You're looking straight at me but I'm looking the other way