

## Paper Thin

Del Amitri

He was a self made man  
Made a killing on copper mines  
He loved beautiful girls  
Got a taste for fancy wines  
And the suits he wore were paper thin

He built a big white house  
In the valley of the kings  
Took a beautiful wife  
Bought her every possible thing  
And the silk she wore was paper thin

Well, they travelled in style  
Paid cash for everything  
Had a beautiful child  
Had a champagne christening  
But as they raised their glasses in toast to him  
He saw the crystal was paper thin

So the shadows came  
Whispering words to him  
He sold the company out  
And cashed all those futures in  
But it all still looked so paper thin

Well, it was late one night  
And the rain was streaming down  
He called his wife's name out  
Said honey, it's over now  
I'm gonna burn it all  
I can't take this any more  
But as he struck the match  
She took a pistol from the drawer  
She said I ain't going down with you  
Pulled the trigger in  
And the bullet it passed right through  
Like he was paper thin