

Wrapping Paper

Graham Parker

I've broken your glass, called someone a dirty name
Made a nuisance of myself in front of friends
I've dug my own grave, please don't let me lie in it
Instead let's bury everything that caused us pain

Chorus

Speak to me now, speak to me darling
You're not a princess I'm not prince charming

Speak with your tongue, use body language
And pull your skin like wrapping paper round my heart

Sometimes I feel the kick has gone, it gets mundane
So I team up with the devil and make hell
But I'll hang on in as long as I know I've got you
As long as I know love's a cure that makes me well

Chorus

We move around, drag ourselves from town to town
Wrap up lots of gifts and toys and china tea
But they don't feel nothin', they're just inanimate
They just go in suitcases and fly away

Chorus (last line x3)