

Paper Shoes

Incubus

I fly
I soar
This I
Adore

Then like a locomotive
The sound of your sorrow calls
I'm tired of the way that it feels
I only apologized to you to make you feel better
But I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater

I'd rather be alone
You're about as reliable as paper shoes in bad weather
But pain will roll off like water on feather

you'd fly
You'd soar

But then like a locomotive
The sound of your sorrow comes
I'm tired of the way that it feels
I only apologized to you to make you feel better
But I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater

I'd rather be on my own
You're about as reliable as paper shoes in bad weathers
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