

Paper Thin

John Hiatt

I was gonna get up off that bar stool
Just as soon as I could figure it out
Why I was overlooked at the car pool
Stood up at the dance with no twist and shout

When you're burnin' with your last desire
And every memory haunts you
You write it down in alcohol fire
'Cause that's the only flame that wants you

When you're paper thin
Yeah, read all about it
When you were out of luck, well, luck was doin' alright
Now you're paper thin
Yeah, they can see right through ya
You just cut you're little finger on the edge of the night

Now do I really have to be responsible
For what I did between those tavern walls
I was just mixing up some chemicals
You could've heard a pin drop, could have heard time crawl

And every once in a while
You could hear you're own heart pound
Maybe some paper doll with a pasted on smile
Would let you write her number down