

Paper People

Sugarplum Fairy

Looking at black old souls and feeling fine
People will pass the dead all the time
This kind of man is never out of date
From my room I smell their hate

Living in a small box that you call home
Mirror knows that you are all alone
Feeling too old and fat to make a sound
To this ugly world you feel bound

You don't need the money, don't you know
You don't need to see the sun you know
You are old
You are old

This street looks alike the one before
The paper people I secretly adore
This drink makes me talk of love and hate
Maybe babe it's not too late

You don't need the money, don't you know
You don't need to see the sun you know
You are old
You are old

You give me a day of what life means
You laugh to go home to make your youth real
You are old
You are old