

Stray Paper

Tift Merritt

I got a postcard with an old address,
A picture of Houston in a creased-up mess,
Just to remind me that it all went wrong,
Just to beat me up, just to turn me on.

Stray paper, stray paper, stray paper,
Burning in my hands.

Cigarettes in the glove box with the classified ads,
Ashes and silver worn in to your hands,
"I got to see you" on a bar napkin,
Gas station quarters, I got to see you again.

Stray paper, stray paper, stray paper,
Burning in my hands.

Somewhere there's a letter that I never sent,
It used to read pretty, now it's empty as
That night in the headlights with the blankets pressed.
Was it something to you baby, or was it always just

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