

## Paper Tigers

Tom Cochrane

Keep your powder dry and warm  
Thru the coming darkest storm  
All the fear that's sent your way  
Thru your eyes you might wash away  
When you can  
Still your lantern's strong and bright  
Even thru the darkest night  
All those paper tigers  
All their lies they might have sold you  
Might be wasted on  
One so young that you're old again  
She walks out thru the wind and the rain uh-huh

They can't give you all those things  
No pot of gold no big brass ring  
Stay on the road for the night has come  
Perhaps at dawn we will be like one again

All those paper tigers  
All the lies they might have been sold you  
Might be wasted on  
One so young that you're old again  
Sylvia walks out thru the wind and the rain uh-huh  
Still the shock rips you thru every nerve  
In the bell jar nothing can be heard

I would walk with you  
I would talk with you  
I would do anything that would get you thru  
Draw the line for you  
Take the fifth for you  
I would stand on a bridge and jump off it too

All those paper tigers  
All the lies they might have told you  
Might be wasted on  
One so young that you're old again  
All those paper tigers  
All the lies your mother told you  
Might be wasted on  
One so young that you're old again  
She walks out thru the wind and the rain uh-huh

...Dedicated to Sylvia Plath