

Elin Sigvardsson, Paper Cup Words

I'll let it burn.

Words in a dirty paper cup.

And I'm gonna turn, cause I've had it with this place for now.

I'm gonna find shelter where you can't call me, where you can't grab me.

If I got to choose, had the opportunity to switch location or set my mind on whatever I wanted to, I would take it right away from you.

You brought me in and you spoke in tongues about what lies within.

About your little fire.

You brought me in and you didn't even see how my tears ran.

I was too tired to listen to you then

Saturday night.

You've got taste for fireside.

It's open mike at kings head downtown, but I can't manage to get myself there somehow.

A million reasons just to sit along here and speak to the telly and listen to your conversations

You brought me in and you spoke tongues about what lies within.

About your little fire.

You brought me in and you didn't even see how my tears ran.

I was too tired to listen to you then.

I'll let it burn, words in a broken paper cup.