

Racoon, Paper Home

I walk passed the phone, I like to be alone,
all on my own, inside my paper home

I wish I was good, I wish I was beautiful to you
and that you understood,
that I'd fight a war for you, if I should

You sit by the fire, at least I imagine you do
L. Cohen sings Avalanche. I'm in a book, so are you
I wish you were here to run, laugh and cry with me,
suddenly appear to love, live and die with me

In dreams I save you from harm
In dreams you always worship me
Like I've always worshipped you
In dreams we're together, it's you and me I see

I can always pretend when I don't want to be alone
That you're back again, safe in our paper home

Things I've done wrong, countless in name and number
But pride feels no pain
Now I run off to hide my shame