

Red House Painters, Make Like Paper

halloween in new york
on the way home from london
eight weeks on tonight still
but all the other winters i spent
she lived in a house
where mission street bends
she slept in a room
where i didn't feel welcome

leaves are turning brown
all over the ground
leaves make like paper
make like paper sounds

way back, back then
i considered you my best friend
but the last time i saw you
i knew i'd never see you again
you lived in a place
off the chamblee-dunwoody way
i took up his space
when they took your father away

leaves are turning round
all over the ground
leaves make like paper
make like paper sounds