

Apple Fiona, Paper Bag

Apple Fiona
When The Pawn...
Paper Bag

I was staring at the sky, just looking for a star
To pray on, or wish on, or something like that
I was having a sweet fix of a daydream of a boy
Whose reality I knew, was a hopeless to be had
But then the dove of hope began its downward slope
And I believed for a moment that my chances
Were approaching to be grabbed
But as it came down near, so did a weary tear
-I thought it was a bird, but it was just a paper bag
-Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills
Cuz I know I