

# Dear And The Headlights, Paper Bag

I'm like a paper cup with a pin prick.  
You can fill me up, I'll only stay full for a while.  
And wisdom's only shown me  
that my loneliness is all my fault  
And it's all my fault.  
And I don't know what I have done wrong.

You say you understand me  
Well I don't get you at all  
And it seems everyone around me is  
So good at faking it that I don't know  
Just how to act around you

I'm like a paper bag, but the bottom's wet.  
It must be something bleeding internally inside.  
I didn't know the things that you never did  
could stay with you your whole life.  
And I don't know what I have done wrong.

You say you understand me  
Well I don't get you at all  
And it seems everyone around me is  
So good at faking it that I don't know  
Just how to act around you  
And how to act about you

I've got a memory, but  
I can't hear what you're saying.  
You're looking straight at me, but  
I'm looking the other way.