

Gillian Welch, Paper Wings

Paper wings, all torn and bent
But you made me feel that they were heaven sent
Paper wings, not real at all
But they took me high enough to really fall
Your paper kisses faded too soon
Just like a paper rose beneath a paper moon
Paper wings, paper wings
Oh how could I expect to fly with only paper wings
Angels were singing, didn't you hear
If only I'd listened close when they whispered in my ear
Paper wings, paper wings
Oh how could I expect to fly with only paper wings
I tried to fly but found that I had only paper wings