

# John Hiatt, Paper Thin

I was gonna get up off that bar stool

Just as soon as I could figure it out

Why I was overlooked at the car pool

Stood up at the dance with no twist and shout

When you're burnin' with your last desire

And every memory haunts you

You write it down in alcohol fire

'Cause that's the only flame that wants you

CHORUS:

When you're paper thin

Yeah, read all about it

When you were out of luck, well, luck was doin' alright

Now you're paper thin

Yeah, they can see right through ya

You just cut you're little finger on the edge of the night

Now do I really have to be responsible

For what I did between those tavern walls

I was just mixing up some chemicals

You could've heard a pin drop, could have heard time crawl

And every once in a while

You could hear you're own heart pound

Maybe some paper doll with a pasted on smile

Would let you write her number down

REPEAT CHORUS