

# Juliets Wishing Well, Paper Box

paper box hello  
mrs. green i have to go  
bright light black hole  
what time does he get home?  
feet worn hands cold  
fifteen nights alone  
white man red car  
you don't need to drive that far  
don't say another word  
don't make another sound  
i've had my arms up for so long  
and i want to put them down  
take that pistol from my back  
i'm not goin anywhere  
i'd be a fool to turn and run  
i'll be good this time i swear  
reach out reach in  
don't want the end to begin  
sidewalk graveyard  
it's only me that makes it hard  
paper box goodbye  
mrs. green don't ask why  
bad dream new day  
now i know you're not that way