

Paul Brandt, Scrap Piece Of Paper

Well, in a little bitty nitty gritty one-horse town
Right side up or upside down
A tiny piece of paper got stuck to a boot
And it stayed there stuck for about an hour or two
'Til the man climbed in his truck and he kicked it loose
Yeah and just like that it was back on the move

It got run over thirty-seven times in the street
'Til a bird picked it up 'cause it looked like something to eat
But it was finally dropped on the courthouse steps
The breeze started blowing and guess what was next
It blew in a car window gave an old man a scare
Caused a six-car pileup on the downtown square

CHORUS:

It was floatin' around
High in the air
Even if you looked you may not see it there
It's just one of those things
We rarely ever think about
Yeah it could come from a hamburger bag or a bubble gum wrapper
It's a day in the life of a little scrap piece of paper

There it goes...here it comes

Two people in the shadows where they couldn't be seen
Both of them was wearin' someone else's ring
She said here's my new number, you better write it down
So he grabbed that piece of paper just a layin' on the ground
He folded it up, and put it in his jeans
'Til it was found by his wife at her washing machine
Well, she threw it in the trash, yeah she took it out the door
Well that's her job 'cause he don't live there no more
She put it by the curb in a rubber maid bin
'Til the neighbor's dog Spot knocked it over again
It was set free when the cold wind blew
Yeah just like that it was back on the move

CHORUS 2x