

# The Airborne Toxic Event, Papillon

All dressed up, no place to run  
No car, no girl, no pills, no fun  
Nothing to do in this empty room  
I gotta get my head together soon

Alone again, no fans, no friends  
You call me up at half past ten  
And say "How are you holding up my friend?  
Are you sitting around getting drunk again?"

And I hear the desperation of those lines  
Wasted hours, all this wasted time  
Yeah, I been just fine!

And you're at my door in an hour more  
I stumble down from the second floor  
And we're swaying and braying  
We don't know what we're saying

And you grab my shirt, your way so curt  
I swear to God that this doesn't hurt  
When you stare like that, you put on that act  
You'll say something and then you take it back

And I feel as though I've done something wrong  
Oh, how I miss you and your gun

And I wish I had the guts to scream  
You know, things aren't always what they seem  
When you walk away, I want you to stay  
Don't leave me here to pace and pray

All these nights I lose you  
As I turn you think that by now I heard  
That you're only what you pretend to be  
I guess that was just lost on me

And I can't stand the way you look at me  
In that dress  
Oh, Papillon I'd be alright I guess  
If I wasn't such a mess

I'm such a mess