

Paper Knife

Buffalo Tom

When your hero is selling out
Just jumped in to get by
But just like anything you get roped in
And carried along till the day you die

Paper knife, you pay for life
On the way, on the way back down
Paper knife, folded in your hand
Words that don't make a sound

I wish my words could now reach you
I would know what to say
I'd walk right in, and read them to you
But I just walked away