

# Paper Thin

John Hiatt

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

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