

# Paper Heart

Alexz Johnson

Dust, lust, and paper cuts  
Gluin' up a wound is rough  
Pen, page, can't erase  
The things you swore you wouldn't say  
Words turn, pages burn  
Maybe why I never learn  
Silhouette without a trace

I'm made of cellophane  
You're seeing right through me  
Left your ink in my veins  
When you drew me a paper heart  
A pa-pa-paper heart

Laying, folded in these sheets  
Lost in origami dreams  
Dead poet's poetry  
Probably wrote the book on me  
Blinded by his valentines  
Tears are blurring all the lines  
Letters burning up in flames

I'm made of cellophane  
You're seeing right through me  
Left your ink in my veins  
When you drew me

You can't see the creases  
Now that they're cut  
I'm picking up pieces  
Since you ripped up my paper heart

Why was I drawn to you?  
How did I let you through?  
I guess you always knew  
That with you I'm just cellophane

(Seein' right through me) Left your ink in my veins  
(When you drew me) I'm made of cellophane  
You're seeing right through me  
Left your ink in my veins  
When you drew me

I can't see the creases  
Now that they're cut  
I'm picking up pieces  
Since you ripped up my paper heart  
A pa-pa-paper heart  
My pa-pa-paper heart