

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