

## Paper Crown

Marika Hackman

How he tried to be kind for the guests at his table  
But the snow and the depths of his mind  
Left him cold and unable

So he took his coat and he grabbed his keys  
And drove, going nowhere it seems  
By the flashing lights and the hoarish trees dressed in gold  
Run from green

To the house on the end of a street  
With a door and a window  
And he sat in the car, on his seat  
And he watched through the snow

"At the perfect fall, what a perfect scene", he thought  
She looks happy it seems  
With a paper crown, she's a Christmas queen, a Christmas queen

"It's left," said the girl at the car, but the queen did not notice  
And she turned to the man on her arm  
"Is this all that there is?"

And she cut her mouth and the words poured out  
She cried, "I'm not happy inside"  
And she grabbed her coat and she took her keys  
A share for we're free