

# Fiona Apple - Paper Bag

Tom: C

I was staring at the sky, just looking for a star  
To pray on, or wish on, or something like that  
I was having a sweet fix of a daydream of a boy  
Whose reality I knew, was a hopeless to be had  
But then the dove of hope began its downward slope  
And I believed for a moment that my chances  
Were approaching to be grabbed  
But as it came down near, so did a weary tear  
I thought it was a bird, but it was just a paper bag

Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills  
'Cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up  
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold  
Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love

And I went crazy again today,  
Looking for a strand to climb, looking for a little hope  
Baby said he couldn't stay, wouldn't put his lips to mine  
And a fail to kiss is a fail to cope

I said, 'Honey, I don't feel so good, don't feel justified  
Come on put a little love here in my void,'  
He said? 'It's all in your head,'  
and I said, 'So's everything,' but he didn't get it  
I thought he was a man  
But he was just a little boy

Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills  
'Cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up  
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold  
Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love  
Hunger hurts, but I want him so bad, oh it kills  
'Cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up  
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold  
Hunger hurts, but starving works, when, when it costs too much to love  
Oh, hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills  
Because I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up  
I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold  
Hunger hurts, but starving, it works, when it costs too much to love

## Acordes

