

Trippin' On a Hole In a Paper Heart

Stone Temple Pilots

Don't cut out my paper heart, I ain't dyin' anyway
Take a look at eye full towers
Never trust them dirty liars
Sippin' lemon yellow booze 'ole' leadbelly sings the blues
All dressed up on wedding day keep on trippin' anyway
I am I am I said I'm not myself, but I'm not dead and I'm not for sale
So keep your bankroll lottery eat your salad day deathbed motorcade Fake the heat and scratch
the itch
Skinned up knees and salty lips
I'll breathe your life vicks vapor life
And when you binge I purge alike
Let go it's harder holding on
One more trip and I'll be gone
So keep your head up
Keep it on, just a whisper I'll be gone
Take a breath and make it big
It's the last you'll ever get
Break your neck with diamond noose
It's the last you'll ever choose
I am I am I said I'm not myself, but I'm not dead and I'm not for sale
Hold me closer, closer let me go let me be just let me be
I am I am I said I'm not myself, but I'm not dead and I'm not for sale
Hold me closer, closer let me go let me be just let me be
So keep your bankroll lottery eat your salad day deathbed motorcade
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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