Paper Bag Fiona Apple

C I was staring at the sky, just looking for a star To pray on, or wish on, or something like that C G I was having a sweet fix of a daydream of a boy Whose reality I knew, was a hopeless to be had C But then the dove of hope began its downward slope And I believed for a moment that my chances Were approaching to be grabbed F7 But as it came down near, so did a weary tear Α7 I thought it was a bird, but it was just a paper bag F7 Cmaj7 Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills F7 Cmaj7 Cause I know I m a mess he don t wanna clean up Cmaj7 F7 I got to fold cause these hands are too shaky to hold Α7 F7 Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love C And I went crazy again today, G B7 E Looking for a strand to climb, looking for a little hope G в7 Baby said he couldn t stay, wouldn t put his lips to mine Α7 And a fail to kiss is a fail to cope I said, Honey, I don t feel so good, don t feel justified G 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

Cmaj7 F7 G Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills F7 G Cmaj7 Cause I know I m a mess he don t wanna clean up Cmaj7 F7 I got to fold cause these hands are too shaky to hold Em7 A7 Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love Cmaj7 F7 Hunger hurts, but I want him so bad, oh it kills G Cmaj7 F7 Cause I know I m a mess he don t wanna clean up Cmaj7 F7 I got to fold cause these hands are too shaky to hold Em7 Α7 Hunger hurts, but starving works, when, when it costs too much to love F7 Cmaj7 G Oh, hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills Cmaj7 F7 Because I know I m a mess he don t wanna clean up Cmaj7 F7 G I got to fold cause these hands are too shaky to hold A7 F7

Hunger hurts, but starving, it works, when it costs too much to love