

# 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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