

Paper  
By Ali Young  
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I kept the matchbook where you wrote your number  
It's by my bed so I can remember  
The night we first met

I kept your postcard – a funny picture  
It's on my dashboard so I can remember  
All the days we drove to Dixon

I thought we'd drive forever  
But all I have is this paper

I kept your post-it stuck where you put it  
Note says – Be back before noon  
I couldn't wait for you

You thought I'd wait forever  
That's what you wrote on that paper

If you don't want to throw it all away  
I can admit I made some mistakes  
But you'll have to cut and burn this away

And all we have now is paper  
There's so much and still so much we could do  
If you don't want to throw it all away  
I'm going to love you forever  
Forever...