

## Paper Planes

I'm from Barcelona

Surrounded by strangers  
Their sounds and their changes

There's a big old man  
In his underpants  
He plays the clarinet every night  
And trying hard to figure it out

In the flat above  
They are making love  
I guess they'll have a beautiful son  
Practicing as much as they've done

Paper planes  
Folding paper planes  
Throwing paper planes  
To clear my head

In the flat below  
There's the Cosby show  
And Theodor is screaming at Bill  
Claire is mad and Ruby is ill

There's a cat out there  
Running everywhere  
Chasing all the girls in the park  
I wish that I could see in the dark

Paper planes  
Folding paper planes  
Throwing paper planes  
To clear my head

Paper planes  
Folding paper planes  
Throwing paper planes  
And go to bed

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