

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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