Paper Planes

I'm from Barcelona

Surrounded by strangers
Their sounds and their changesThere's a big old man
In his underpants
He plays the clarinet every night
And trying hard to figure it outIn the flat above
They are making love
I guess they'll have a beautiful son
Practicing as much as they've donePaper planes
Folding paper planes
Throwing paper planes
To clear my headIn the flat below
There's the Cosby show
And Theodor is screaming at Bill
Claire is mad and Ruby is illThere's a cat out there
Running everywhere
Chasing all the girls in the park
I wish that I could see in the darkPaper planes
Folding paper planes
Throwing paper planes
To clear my headPaper planes
Folding paper planes
Throwing paper planes
And go to bedI'm surrounded by strangers
Their sounds and their changes
I'm surrounded by strangers
Their sounds and their changes

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