

# 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  
I'm surrounded by strangers  
Their sounds and their changes  
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Their sounds and their changes

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