

# Paper Plane

## Sleep the Season

Riding on a big, white butterfly  
I turned my [Incomprehensible] towards the sky  
Closed my eyes to look for something  
Saw myself as really nothing Then I realized my butterfly  
Wasn't really up there with me  
We all make mistakes, forgive me  
Would you like to ride my butterfly? Riding on a long blue paper plane  
Getting seasick, sorry once again  
Landing strip is getting nearer  
Hope the fog lifts makes it clearer Then I realized my paper plane  
Wasn't really up there with me  
We all make mistakes, forgive me  
Would you like to ride my paper plane? Riding in a three grand Deutche car  
A to B is often very far  
Home is near but such a long way  
Legs and heads all feel the wrong way Then I realized my Deutche car  
Is only there to get me somewhere  
Even so I really do care  
Would you like to ride my Deutche car?

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