

Paper Plane (BBC Sounds Of The Seventies 1972)

Status Quo

Riding on a big white butterfly
I turned my back away towards the sky
I closed my eyes to look for something
Saw myself as really nothing
Then I realised 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, make 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 be 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

Songwriters

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