

# This World Is Made of Paper...

## Thunderbirds Are Now!

Should we pay the toll  
For every black hole?  
Should we pay a fee  
Incessantly, obsessively?  
Should we pay to talk  
As we're eating chalk?  
But they can't make us pay,  
No not today, no not this way. This world is made of paper.  
If we don't move they'll draw us smaller and smaller.  
This world is made of paper.  
If we don't move they'll draw us smaller and smaller.  
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If we don't move they'll draw us smaller and smaller. Should we pay them back  
For every heart attack?  
Or should we wait and see  
depressingly, in a minor key?  
Should we pay up front?  
Should we be so blunt?  
I bet our check will bounce  
And drop in weight, with every ounce. This world is made of paper.  
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