

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.
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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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