Paper Plane

The Workhouse

Riding on a big, white butterfly
I turned my [Incomprehensible] towards the sky
Closed my eyes to look for something
Saw myself as really nothingThen 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 clearerThen 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 wayThen 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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