Paper Aeroplane

Kt Tunstall

Well, this stone that I have swallowed
Isn't going down so well
And this road that I have followed
Is leading me to Hell
And you said it didn't matter
But I think you're a liar
Is this one of your talents
Stokes the very fire that burns you
Each time you try to live
The earth will turn below you
The pressure is building
And something has to give
And when I build you a steeple
You say it's incomplete
'Cause you need the whole cathedral
To satisfy your need
And you're like a paper aeroplane
That never seems to land
Flying blind through anything
Straight into the hand that chokes you
Each time you try to live
The earth will turn below you
The pressure is building
And something has to give
Something has to give
Something has to give
Something has to give

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