

Kt Tunstall

"Paper Aeroplane"

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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
That stokes the very fire that burns you
Each time you try to live

And the earth will turn below you
The pressure is building
And something has to give
Oh something has to give

And when I build you a steeple
You say it's incomplete
'Cause you need the whole cathedral
To satisfy the 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

And the earth will turn below you

The pressure is building
And something has to give
Oh something has to give

Well you're like a paper aeroplane
That never seems to land
Flying blind through anything
Straight into the hand

Well 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

And the earth will turn below you
The pressure is building
The pressure is building
The fire that burns you
Each time you try to live

And 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
Something has to give
Give

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