

# KT Tunstall, Paper Aeroplane

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  
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  
Cos you need the whole cathedral  
To satisfy your need

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 [x3]