

Nada Surf, Paper Boat

sit on a train, reading a book
same damn planet every time i look
try to relax and slow my heartbeat
only works when i'm dead asleep
been thinking and drinking all over the town
must be gearing up for some kind of melt-down
all i am is a body floating down-wind
what's wrong?
nothing
are you sure nothing's wrong?
yeah
but you're sad about something
yeah
so tell me what
i don't know
i can't tell you
all i am is a body floating down-wind
as the express train passes the local
it moves by just like a paper boat
although it weighs a million pounds
i swear it almost seems to float
and as we pass by each other
our heads all full of bother
we can't look, we can't stop
we can't think, we can't stop
because we're stuck in our own paths
and it's the way it always lasts
but i need something more from you