

# Status Quo, Paper Plane

(Rossi/Young)

Riding on a big white butterfly  
I turned my back away towards the sky  
I closed my eyes to look for something  
Saw myself as really nothing  
Then I realised 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 paperplane  
Getting seasick, sorry once again  
Landing strip is getting nearer  
Hope the foglifts, make it clearer  
Then I realised my paperplane  
Wasn't really up there with me  
We all make mistakes, forgive me  
Would you like to ride my paperplane

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 way  
Then I realised my Deutche car  
Is only there to get me somewhere  
Even so I really do care  
Would you like to ride my Deutche car