

Paper Plane

Ilse DeLange

Always reaching out for the higher places
But that doesn't mean that I'm unsatisfied
Coming from the rivers and the open spaces
I have been a child under painted skies

I don't wanna be the one that rests in safety
Dancing on the edge of a borderline
Searching for adventure and a different playground
Unfamiliar tapestry, a newborn sound, a newborn sound, a newborn sound

Feeling like a little girl that plays with water
Take it everywhere, never mind the mess
I was feeling filthy rich with just three quarters
Happy hunting, bouncing heart inside my chest, inside my chest

Oh oh, fold a paper plane, come fly me through the grey, to a color rainbow
Oh oh, how far can I go, throw me like stone, skipping cross the water
La la la la la

Palm tree, rodeo, starry pavement
Tinsel town, tumbleweed, rolling dice
The Grand Canyon whispers to the gold rush mountains
Waterfall, sugar cane, paradise, paradise

Oh oh, fold a paper plane, come fly me through the grey, to a color rainbow
Oh oh, how far can I go, throw me like stone, skipping cross the water
La la la la la

The river's wide
It can be wider baby
Just don't you hide away your longing, longing

Oh oh, fold a paper plane, fly me through the grey, to a color rainbow
Oh oh, how far can I go, throw me like stone skipping cross the water
Oh oh, canvas on the floor, I paint an open door to the secret places
Oh oh, nowhere I won't go, far beyond the road to the lost horizon
La la la la, how far can I go
La la la la, like a skipping stone
La la la la, far beyond the road

La la la la