

All My Balloons

Children 18:3

Sing, sing
Oh so sucker for the sugar substitute and artificial flavoring
Small wonder I felt so safe inside nothing more
Than a smoke screen and masquerade
But outside a car bomb's ticking
Inside a car bomb's ticking

The words I wrote are a broken chain
Holding me from the criminally insane
But its gone and there's no stopping
All my balloons are popping

But the tree was not yet down as she lifted the flag
from the bloody ground, whispering:
'Gallons of gas and a makeshift cast
And I'm still no further from nowhere fast'
Listen! Downstairs the doorbell's ringing
We've been waiting
I've been waiting

The words I wrote are a broken chain
Holding me from the criminally insane
But its gone and there's no stopping
All my balloons are popping

The words I wrote are a broken chain
Keeping me from the criminally insane
But it's gone and there's no stopping

The words I wrote and the songs I sang
Kept this ship from sinking to its grave
But it's gone and there's no stopping
All my balloons are popping