

I have a crate it's filled with bricks  
And pictures of our past  
Depreciating values and i'm losing interest fast  
All the hungry mouths i seen could never make me steal  
I would rather stand and die  
Than have to bow and kneel  
Balloon  
You call me pocket venus  
But i'm really pocket freak  
You know i don't need this  
I have my own potholes leaks  
I came into some money  
I don't need you anymore  
You can call me superstar  
Or you can call me whore  
Balloon  
I'm the type of guy  
Who doesn't have a type at all  
I'm not dressed for this climate  
Someone take me to the mall  
Drink toilet water and eat  
The food that rots  
We're living in the coisters  
Where out subtext is out plot  
Balloon  
I'm back in your life  
We can't even mess up right