

Balloon

Imperial Teen

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