

Lead Balloon

Liam Finn

Its a sad day when it comes to this
but a free man is a happier man
walk home and reminisce
you were the highlight of the party

My head feels like a lead balloon
I've got little to no memory
I blame myself and so do you
in the wee hours of the morning

Stuck in traffic or still in bed but we don't eat but they can't
hear us take no prisoners leave no traces one day we'll be laughing loudly

Mad man with a nervous twitch
you'll find love in a cemetery
young girl no more soul half of her family stumbled on something gold
is it IQ is a metaphor
dab hand at a million things
but you know what you're good for

(yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah I know what I'm looking for)