

Balloon Man

Robyn Hitchcock

I was walking up Sixth Avenue when Balloon Man came right up to me

He was round and fat and spherical
With the biggest grin I'd ever seen
He bounced on up toward me
But before we could be introduced
He blew up very suddenly
I guess his name was probably Bruce

And I laughed like I always do
And I cried like I cried for you
And Balloon Man blew up in my hand

He spattered me with tomatoes, Hummus, chick peas
And some strips of skin
So I made a right on 44th
And I washed my hands when I got in

And it rained like a slow divorce
And I wish I could ride a horse
And Balloon Man blew up in my hand

I was walking up Sixth Avenue when Balloon Man blew up in my face
There were loads of them on Bryant Park So I didn't feel out of place
There must have been a plague of them On the TV when I came home late
They were guzzling marshmallows and They're jumping off the Empire State

And I laughed like I always do
And I cried like I cried for you
And Balloon Man blew up in my hand
Balloon Man blew up in my hand