

# 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 fa  
ce  
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 hom  
e late  
They were guzzling marshmallows and They're jumping off the Emp  
ire State

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