

# House of Balloons / Glass Table Girls

The Weeknd

Been on another level  
Since you came  
No more pain  
Look into my eyes  
You can't recognize my face  
You're my beloved  
You can stay  
You can stay  
But you belong to me  
You belong to me

If it hurts to breathe  
Open the window  
Oh, your mind wants to leave  
But you can't go  
This is a happy house  
We're happy here  
In a happy house  
Oh this is fun

Music got you lost  
Nights ends so much quicker than the days did  
Same clothes, you aren't ready for your day shift  
This place will burn you up  
Baby it's okay and my niggas next door  
They be working in the trap  
So get louder if you want  
Just don't blame it on me  
That you didn't call your home  
So don't blame it on me girl  
Cause you wanted to have fun

If it hurts to breathe  
Open the window  
Hold my mind  
What's the read  
What you came for?

This is a happy house  
We're happy here  
In a happy house  
Oh this is fun  
Fun for me

Bring the seven o seven now

Two puffs for the lady who be down for that  
Whatever, together  
Bring your own stash of the greatest, trade it  
Roll a dub, burn a dub, cough a dub, taste it  
Now watch us chase it  
With a handful of pills  
No chasers  
Jaw clenching on some super-sized papers  
And she bad in her head bad  
Escaping, her van is wonderland  
And it's half-past six

Weed's nice cause time don't exist  
But when the stars shine back to the crib  
Superstar lines back at the crib  
And we can test out the tables  
Got some brand new tables  
All glass and it's four feet wide  
But it's a must to get us ten feet high  
She give me sex in a handbag  
I got her wetter than a wet nap  
And no closed doors  
So I listen to her moans echo  
"I heard he do drugs now"  
You heard wrong I been on them for a minute  
We just never act a fool  
That's just how we fuckin' living  
And when we act a fool  
It's probably cause we mixed it  
Yeah I'm always on that okey dokey  
Them white boys know the deal  
Ain't no fucking phony  
Big O know the deal  
He the one who showed me  
Watch me ride this fucking beat  
Like he fucking told me  
Is that your girl, what's her fucking story?  
"She kinda bad but she ride it like a fucking pony"  
I cut down on her man  
Be her fucking story  
Yeah I'm talking 'bout you man  
Get to know me  
Ain't no offense though  
I promise you  
If you a real man, dude, you gon' decide the truth  
But I'm a nice dude with some nice dreams  
And we could turn this to a nightmare: Elm Street

La la la la la la la la  
I'm so gone so gone  
Bring out the glass tables  
With the seven o seven now