

# 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 up and now  
You can stay  
You can stay  
But you belong to me  
You belong to me  
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  
These are angel eyes  
Nights ends so much quicker than the days did  
Same pose, are you ready for your day shift  
This place will burn you up  
But baby its okay and my niggas don't start  
And they working on the tramp  
So get on me if you want  
So don't pin it on me  
I 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 on seven now  
Two puffs for the lady who be down for that  
Whatever, together

Bring your whole stash of the greatest  
Trade it, roll it, dark  
Offer, dark, taste it  
Now watch us chase it  
With a handful of pills  
No chasers

John Legend on some super-sized papers  
And she bad in a head band  
Sleeping fan is a wonderland  
And its 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 its 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' livin  
And when we act a fool  
Its probably cause we mixed it  
Yeah I'm always on that okey dokey  
Them white boys know the deal  
Ain't no fuckin phony  
Big O know the deal  
He the one who showed me  
Watch me ride this fuckin beat  
Like he fuckin told me  
Is that your girl, what's her fuckin story?  
She cut her bag but she ride it like a fuckin pony  
I cut down on her man  
Be her fuckin 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' side 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  
I'm so gone so gone  
Bring out the glass tables  
With the seven on seven now

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>