

Beautiful Balloon

Mew

There's a shooting star
Can you tell me how I'm supposed to screw this up?
Add my tremolo likes to shine on yours and mine
All my emptiness is confined in metric rhyme
Make all your lies come true
I've been a liar too
Follow the things you need
Make your whole life complete
There's a puking girl
There's a puking girl trying to define herself
If spontaneously congealed into nothing
Idiot, you could have become you
There's a friend trapped in this dream too
It's like I said before, like in the notes you tore
Laying there on the floor until you knock the door
What did you hope to find, leaving it all behind
Should I say goodnight to you?
Really I, tender feel full sin
Tell me honestly, am I adorable?
In her beautiful balloon
She's got hands but she cannot reach the moon
Wish I was gay, then I wouldn't have to play all her games
Get her started, how could I not forget?

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