

# Hot Air Balloon

## Arctic Glass

We wrote a prelude  
To our own fairy tale  
And bought a parachute  
At a church rummage sale  
And with a mean sewing machine  
And miles of thread  
We sewed the day above L.A.  
In navy and red  
We roamed a racetrack  
Through your mom's kitchen chairs  
And fought the shadows  
Back down your dark basement stairs  
I lit a match, then let it catch  
To light up the room  
And then you yelled as we beheld  
An old maroon hot air balloon  
I'll be out of my mind  
And you'll be out of ideas pretty soon  
So let's spend the afternoon  
In a cold hot air balloon  
Leave your jacket behind  
Lean out and touch the tree tops over town  
I can't wait to kiss the ground  
Wherever we touch back down  
We drank the great lakes  
Like cold lemonade  
And both got stomach aches  
Sprawled out in the shade  
So bored to death, you held your breath  
And I tried not to yawn  
You made my frown turn upside down  
And now my worries are gone  
I'll be out of my mind  
And you'll be out of ideas pretty soon  
So let's spend the afternoon  
In a cold hot air balloon  
Leave your jacket behind  
Lean out and touch the tree tops over town  
I can't wait to kiss the ground  
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