

House of Balloons / Glass Table Girls

The Weeknd

Been on another level
Since you came
No more pain
You look into my eyes
You can't recognize my face
You're in my world now
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 (A happy house)
We're happy here (We're happy here)
In a happy house
Oh this is fun, fun, fun fun (This is fun)
Fun, fun fun fun (This is fun to me)
Fun, fun fun fun Music got you lost
Nights ends so much quicker than the days did
Same clothes, you ain't ready for your day shift
This place will burn you up
But baby it's okay, they my niggas next door
They be working in the trap, so get louder if you want
Just don't blame it on me girl
That you didn't call your home
Just don't blame it on me girl
'Cause you wanted to have fun 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, fun, fun fun
Fun, fun fun fun,
Fun, fun fun fun Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out

Bring the 7Two 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
 Then, watch us chase it
 With a handful of pills, no chasers
 Jaw clenching on some super-sized papers
 And she bad in a head band
 Escaping, her van is a Wonderland
 And it's half-past six
 Weed's nice 'cause time don't exist
 And when the stars shine back to the crib
 Superstar lines back at the crib
 And we can test out the tables
 We 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' livin'
 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 fuckin' phony
 Big O know the deal, he the one who showed me
 Watch me ride this fucking beat like he fuckin' 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 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' decide the truth
 But I'm a nice dude with some nice dreams
 And we could turn this to a nightmare, Elm StreetLa la la la la la la
 I'm so gone, so gone
 Bring out the glass tables
 Whip the 707 outLa la la la la la la la
 I'm so gone, so gone
 Bring out the glass tables
 Whip the 707 outLa la la la la la la la
 I'm so gone so gone
 Bring out the glass tables

Whip the 707 outLa la la la la la la la
I'm so gone so gone
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Whip the 707 out

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