

Hot Air Balloon

Mitch Hedberg

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
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