

# Hot Air Balloon

## OK Vancouver OK

We wrote a prelude  
To our own fairy tale  
And bought a parachute  
At a church rummage saleAnd with a mean sewing machine  
And miles of thread  
We sewed the day above L.A.  
In navy and redWe roamed a racetrack  
Through your mom's kitchen chairs  
And fought the shadows  
Back down your dark basement stairsI lit a match, then let it catch  
To light up the room  
And then you yelled as we beheld  
An old maroon hot air balloonI'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 balloonLeave your jacket behind  
Lean out and touch the tree tops over town  
I can't wait to kiss the ground  
Wherever we touch back downWe drank the great lakes  
Like cold lemonade  
And both got stomach aches  
Sprawled out in the shadeSo 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 goneI'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 balloonLeave your jacket behind  
Lean out and touch the tree tops over town  
I can't wait to kiss the ground  
Wherever we touch back downI'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 balloonLeave 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

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