

# 3 Balloons

Stephen Lynch

I call you from the car to say ill be there in a while  
A short plane ride and i will get to see your pretty smile  
Theres nothing on the radio- I fiddle with the dial  
Then i see a sign- the airports just another mile  
I check my bags and think about how much i hate to fly  
And as I near security I almost start to cry  
Well i hope that law enforcement agents cant tell from my face  
Ive got 3 balloons of coke in an uncomfortable place  
Im sweating and im nervous and i need a little air  
cause with 4 balloons of heroin its getting crowded up in there  
crowded up in there  
My mind is all a jumble and my blood is cold as ice  
I dread the thought of having to unload this merchandise  
Relax, I say, its not so bad- it might feel kinda nice  
Besides, who hasnt had a finger up there ince or twice?  
I must remember dont leave any drugs inside the host  
  
I did that once and a girl who tossed my salad overdosed  
Well I say a little prayer- Hail Maria, Full of Grace  
Ive got 3 balloons of coke in an uncomfortable place  
Im sweating and im nervous and i need a little air  
And i swear im farting lines of blow into my underwear  
from my derriere  
I was a little eager when i loaded up my stash  
5 balloons of ecstasy, 6 balloons of hash  
8 balloons of L.S.D, 9 of sensi mild  
A box of chinese fireworks- a Guatemalan Child  
Ive made it to the gate now and my joy i cant contain  
I board the aircraft; take my seat in the cockpit of the plane  
As i taxi down the runway, i get a smile on my face  
Ive got 3 balloons of coke in an uncomfortable place  
Flight crew prepare for takeoff as i lift us into air  
And by the way, does anyone want to buy a Guatemalan child?  
From my derriere

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