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 mileI check my bags and think about how much i hate to fly
And as I near security I almost start to cryWell 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 thereMy 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 overdosedWell 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 derriereI 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 ChildIve made it to the gate now and my joy i cant contain
I board the aircraft; take my seat in the cockpit of the planeAs 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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