Hot Air Balloon

Derek Minor

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
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Wherever we touch back down

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