

Balloon Man

Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians

I was walking up Sixth Avenue when balloon man came right up to me
He was round and fat and spherical with the biggest grin I'd ever seen
He bounced on up toward me but before we could be introduced
He blew up very suddenly, I guess his name was probably Bruce
And I laughed like I always do
And I cried like I cried for you
And balloon man blew up in my hand
He spattered me with tomatoes, hummus, chick peas
And some strips of skin
So I made a right on 44th and I washed my hands when I got in
And it rained like a slow divorce
And I wish I could ride a horse
And balloon man blew up in my hand
I was walking up Sixth Avenue when balloon man blew up in my face
There were loads of them on Bryant Park so I didn't feel out of place
There must have been a plague of them on the TV when I came home late
They were guzzling marshmallows and they're jumping off the Empire State
And I laughed like I always do
And I cried like I cried for you
And balloon man blew up in my hand
Balloon man blew up in my hand
He lumbered up toward me but before we could be introduced
And I wish I had eaten your horse
And I wish that I'd stayed on course
I wish the Titanic had not sailed on course

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