

Ane Brun, Balloon Ranger

Your voice
Morphine in my ear
I see you down there
Holding on to me

Balloon Ranger
Balloon Ranger
Balloon Ranger
Balloon Ranger

You're holding on to this thread
Connecting you to me
I'm filled with laughing gas and polluted air
This silk lasso 'round my neck
It's pulling me down
Down gently
Gently

I'm softly exhaling
You give me release
I'm softly exhaling
You give me release

You leave me deflated
You give me release
My own private Balloon Ranger
You know what I need
You know what I need
You know what I need
You know what I need

Balloon Ranger
Balloon Ranger
Balloon Ranger
Balloon Ranger