

Mark Eitzel, Helium

Life is short in the laughing gallery
A secret handshake gets you ice cream and a key
To a brand new car that only drives into walls
Sugarcoat their eyes
All they want
Is your silence

Breathe in helium
Throw away the key
Dissolve in the air
Never free

In the Mile High City
All that's good is the air
A moon that follows
Any road out of there

Gunslingers and John Denver
They only make me sad
Anyway I always thought
The Wild West was a drag
Like your silence
Like your silence
Like your silence

Breathe in helium
Lost to the day
A sense of the future fades away

There's a cotton thread all wound into a ball
Don't try and talk, caught in mid-fall
Your eyes are firecrackers, hopeless for tomorrow
Your clothes were made for dolls
You're clothed in sorrow like your silence

Breathe in helium
You're lighter than air
A sense of the future that disappears