

Stephen Lynch, 3 Balloons

Call from my car to say I'll be there in awhile
Short plane ride and I will get to see your pretty smile
Nothing on the radio I fiddle with the dial
Then I see a sign the airport's just another mile
I check my bags and think about how much I hate to fly
And as I near security I almost start to cry

Well I hope the law enforcement agents can't tell from my face
I've 3 balloons of cocaine in an uncomfortable place
I'm sweating and I'm nervous and I need a little air
Cause with 4 balloons of heroin it's gettin' crowded up in there
Crowded up in there

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 it's not so bad it might feel kind of nice
Besides who hasn't had a finger up there once or twice
I must remember don't leave any drugs inside the host
I did that once and a girl who tossed my salad overdosed

Well I say a little prayer Hail Maria full of grace
I've got 3 balloons of cocaine in an uncomfortable place
I'm sweating and I'm nervous and I need a little air
And I swear I'm farting lines of blow in my underwear
From my derriere

I was a little eager when I loaded up my stash
5 balloons of ecstasy and 6 balloons of hash
8 balloons of LSD and 9 of sense mild(?)
A box of Chinese fireworks Guatemalan child
I made it to the gate now
And my joy I can't contain
I board the aircraft take my seat
In the cockpit of the plane

As I taxi down the runway I get a smile on my face
I've got 3 balloons of cocaine in an uncomfortable place
Flight crew prepare for take off as I lift us into air
And by the way does anyone want to buy Guatemalan child
From my derriere
I've got 3 balloons
Mmm I've got 3 balloons
Mmm I've got 3 balloons