

# Broadcast, Lunch Hour Pops

I wait on the stairs for a break in my mind  
Let the balloons go outside  
Let the balloons go outside  
I wait on the stairs for my thoughts to align  
You are the sun in my mind  
You are the sun in my mind

Clouds rock like a ship at sea  
Sooth the waves of injury  
Clouds rock like a ship at sea  
Sooth the waves of injury

I wait on the stairs, there's a view in my mind  
Objects of love in the sky  
Objects of love in the sky  
I wait on the stairs for my thoughts to be kind  
What better view will I find  
What better view will I find

Inflated with transparency  
Float away my injury  
Inflated with transparency  
Float away my injury

Let the balloons go outside  
Let the balloons go outside

I wait on the stairs for a break in my mind  
Let the balloons go outside  
Let the balloons go outside

Let the balloons go outside...