

Children 18:3, All My Balloons

Sing, sing

Oh so sucker for the sugar substitute and artificial flavoring

Small wonder I felt so safe inside nothing more

than a smoke screen and masquerade

But outside a car bomb's ticking

Inside a car bomb's ticking

The words I wrote are a broken chain

Holding me from the criminally insane

But its gone and there's no stopping

All my balloons are popping

But the tree was not yet down as she lifted the flag

from the bloody ground, whispering:

'Gallons of gas and a makeshift cast

and I'm still no further from nowhere fast'

Listen! Downstairs the doorbell's ringing

We've been waiting

I've been waiting

The words I wrote are a broken chain

Holding me from the criminally insane

But its gone and there's no stopping

All my balloons are popping

The words I wrote are a broken chain

Keeping me from the criminally insane

But it's gone and there's no stopping

The words I wrote and the songs I sang

Kept this ship from sinking to its grave

But it's gone and there's no stopping

All my balloons are popping