

Matchbook Romance, 14 Balloons

What makes us burn every bridge we cross?
Or walk aimlessly into oncoming traffic?
Third times a charm, but would we even get that far?
Though I owed it to everyone, but I really owe it to myself.

Yeah, I've got fourteen balloons
But, I think I'll let them take to the sky
Yeah, I've got fourteen balloons
We can count them one by one, and say goodbye