

The Boy Least Likely To "A Balloon on a Broken String"

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I'm not a boy
I'm a big fat balloon
Flapping in the wind
Floating over the treetops
On a broken string
I've never been tied down
To anything
Because I'm free
I suppose I can go
Where I want to go
I drift carelessly on a summer breeze
I bounce above the trees
I try to be cheerful
But I can feel myself deflating all the time
Up in the sky
Because I'm a balloon
On a broken string
I'm not attached to anyone or anything anymore
Oh oh oh, shooby doo, tra la la
I'm sad and alone
But you'd never know it to look at me
I look ever so happy up here by myself
But I wish sometimes I looked the way I felt
Because I'm a balloon
On a broken string
I don't belong to anyone or anything anymore
Anymore
I'm a balloon on a broken string
I'm not attached to anyone or anything
I'm a balloon on a broken string
I don't belong to anyone or anything
And I know I look shiny and bouncy
But I'm all empty inside
And I worry
That if I was to just burst suddenly
Then nobody would even notice me
I know I look shiny and bouncy
But I'm all empty inside
And I worry
That if I was to just burst suddenly
Then nobody would even notice me

I know I look shiny and bouncy
But I'm all empty inside
And I worry
That if I was to just burst suddenly
Then nobody would even notice me
I know I look shiny and bouncy
But I'm all empty inside
And I won't even
And if I was to just burst suddenly
Then nobody would even notice me

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