

## Owl City "Hot Air Balloon"

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We wrote a prelude  
To our own fairy tale  
And bought a parachute  
At a church rummage sale

And with a mean sewing machine  
And miles of thread  
We sewed the day above L.A.  
In navy and red

We wound a race track  
Through your mom's kitchen chairs  
And fought the shadows back  
Down your dark basement stairs

I lit a match, then let it catch  
To light up the room  
And then you yelled as we beheld  
An old maroon hot air balloon

I'll be out of my mind  
And you'll be out of ideas  
Pretty soon  
So let's spend  
The afternoon in a cold hot air balloon  
Leave your jacket behind  
Lean out and touch the treetops over town  
I can't wait  
To kiss the ground  
Wherever we touch back down

La la la laa laaaa  
La la la la  
La la laa laaaa  
We drank the Great Lakes  
Like cold lemonade  
And both got stomach aches  
Sprawled out in the shade

So bored to death you held your breath  
And I tried not to yawn  
You made my frown turn upside down

And now my worries are gone

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And you'll be out of ideas  
Pretty soon  
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The afternoon in a cold hot air balloon  
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