

The Weeknd

"House Of Balloons / Glass Table Girls"

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Been on another level
Since you came
No more pain
Look into my eyes
You can't recognize my face
You're up and now
You can stay
You can stay
But you belong to me
You belong to me

If it hurts to breathe
Open the window
Hold my mind
What's the read
What you came for?

This is a happy house
We're happy here
In a happy house
Oh this is fun

These are angel eyes
Nights ends so much quicker than the days did
Same pose, are you ready for your day shift
This place will burn you up
But baby its okay and my niggas don't start
And they working on the tramp
So get on me if you want
So don't pin it on me
I didn't call your home
So don't blame it on me girl
Cause you wanted to have fun

If it hurts to breathe
Open the window
Hold my mind
What's the read
What you came for?

This is a happy house
We're happy here

In a happy house
Oh this is fun
Fun for me

Bring the seven on seven now

Two puffs for the lady who be down for that
Whatever, together
Bring your whole stash of the greatest
Trade it, roll it, dark
Offer, dark, taste it
Now watch us chase it
With a handful of pills
No chasers
John Legend on some super-sized papers
And she bad in a head band
Sleeping fan is a wonderland
And its half-past six
Weed's nice cause time don't exist
But when the stars shine back to the crib
Superstar lines back at the crib
And we can test out the tables
Got some brand new tables
All glass and its four feet wide
But it's a must to get us ten feet high
She give me sex in a handbag
I got her wetter than a wet nap
And no closed doors
So I listen to her moans echo
"I heard he do drugs now"
You heard wrong I been on them for a minute
We just never act a fool
That's just how we fuckin' livin
And when we act a fool
Its probably cause we mixed it
Yeah I'm always on that okey dokey
Them white boys know the deal
Ain't no fuckin phony
Big O know the deal
He the one who showed me
Watch me ride this fuckin beat
Like he fuckin told me
Is that your girl, what's her fuckin story?
She cut her bag but she ride it like a fuckin pony
I cut down on her man
Be her fuckin story
Yeah I'm talking 'bout you man
Get to know me
Ain't no offense though
I promise you
If you a real man dude you gon' side the truth

But I'm a nice dude with some nice dreams
And we could turn this to a nightmare; Elm Street

La la la la la la la la
I'm so gone so gone
Bring out the glass tables
With the seven on seven now

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