

One Eskimo "Balloons"

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It's only five miles to heaven
With all the usual stops
I took the right directions
And I'm farther than I was at the start

And you keep telling me the story about some killer
bees
Seems I've gone crazy and they're trying to kill
everybody and me

So whatever comes will come
And maybe we're all balloons full of air
And the reason we're deflatin' is to remind us that the
ground is air

La la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la

Only the craziest of the bees know the branches like
you do
Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference between the
honey and the glare
This split direction is eventually gonna tear us all apart
You know you're going nowhere
But hey at least you know where you are

So whatever comes will come
And maybe we're all balloons full of air
And the reason we're deflatin' is to remind us that the
ground is air

La la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la

Way up in this sort of air
Way up in this sort of air

So whatever comes will come
And maybe we're all balloons full of air
And the reason we're deflatin' is to remind us that the

ground is air

La la la la la la

La la la la la la

La la la

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