

## Admiral Fallow "Old Balloons"

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Throw them down your throat.  
Many rivers to cross.  
Laugh under granite-grey skies,  
As if it's their loss.

Slip on your floor; bound aftermath.  
That which has stolen your years.  
Son, don't become one more shadow.  
Don't drop your anchor here.

Broken down liver and withered frame.  
Lungs wrinkled like old balloons.  
Dampen your spirits by sunrise  
And swear at the moon.

'Cause sometimes it's like trying to breathe through a  
pillow,  
Trying to dance on the tightrope in the pouring rain.  
Sometimes it's like, like you're treading on egg-shells,  
Trying to floss up your top-set with a rusty chain.

It's all because of you  
It's all because of you  
It's all because of you  
It's all because of you  
It's all because of you  
It's all because of you

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