

Candy Hearts "Red Balloon"

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I'm a receipt for a dollar can of pop,
A ticket stub, or cigarette butt,
Something someone throws away.

You're the chorus to my favorite song,
The flashing lights and siren alarms,
Something something someone would listen to.
No one ever listens to me.

You're an open door or a lightswitch
And sometimes, I know, that I'm a real bitch,
Someone you wouldn't want to talk to.

I'm the seam at the side of your shirt,
A misplaced comma or mild sunburn,
Something no one pays attention to.
Everyone knows who you are.

You're the string of a red balloon,
Something someone would hold on to.
You're the string of a red balloon,
So I'm gonna hold on,
To you.

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