Stephen Lynch
"Three Balloons"

I call you from my car to say I'll be there in awhile
A short plan ride and I will get to see your pretty smile.
There's nothing on the radio; I'd fiddled the dial
Then I see a sign: the airport is just another mile
I check my bags and think about how much I hate to fly,
And as I near security I almost start to cry.

Well I hope the law enforcement agent's can't tell from
my face,
I got three balloons of coke in an uncomfortable place.
I'm sweating and I'm nervous and I need a little air,
'Cuz with four balloons of heroin, it's getting crowded
up in there.
Crowded up in there.

My mind is all a-jumble and my blood is cold as ice.
I dread the thought of having to unload this
merchandise.
Relax, I say, it's not so bad; it might be kinda nice,
Besides who hasn't had a finger up there once or twice.
I must remember don't leave any drugs inside the host;
I did that once and a girl who tossed my salad
overdosed.

Well I say a little prayer "Hail Maria Full Of Grace",
I've got three balloons of coke in an uncomfortable
place.
I'm sweating and I'm nervous and I need a little air,
And i swear i'm farting lines of blow into my underwear.
Ooh, from my derriere.

I was a little eager when I loaded up my stash
Five balloons of ecstacy, six balloons of hash,
Eight balloons of LSD, nine of sexy mild,
A box of Chinese fireworks, a Guatemalan child.
I made it to the gate and now my joy I can't contain.
I board the aircraft, take my seat in the cockpit of the
plane-

As I taxi down the runway I get a smile on my face,
And I've got three baloons of coke in an uncomfortable
place.

Flight crew, prepare for takeoff, as I lift us the air,
And by the way does anyone want to buy a Guatemalan child.
Oh, from my derriere.

I got Three balloons...

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