

Egyptians, The "Balloon Man"

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I was walking up Sixth Avenue when balloon man came
right up to me
He was round and fat and spherical with the biggest
grin I'd ever seen
He bounced on up toward me but before we could be
introduced
He blew up very suddenly, I guess his name was
probably Bruce

And I laughed like I always do
And I cried like I cried for you
And balloon man blew up in my hand

He spattered me with tomatoes, hummus, chick peas
And some strips of skin
So I made a right on 44th and I washed my hands when
I got in

And it rained like a slow divorce
And I wish I could ride a horse
And balloon man blew up in my hand

I was walking up Sixth Avenue when balloon man blew
up in my face
There were loads of them on Bryant Park so I didn't feel
out of place
There must have been a plague of them on the TV
when I came home late
They were guzzling marshmallows and they're jumping
off the Empire State

And I laughed like I always do
And I cried like I cried for you
And balloon man blew up in my hand
Balloon man blew up in my hand

He lumbered up toward me but before we could be
introduced
And I wish I had eaten your horse
And I wish that I'd stayed on course
I wish the Titanic had not sailed on course

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