

House of Balloons / Glass Table Girls

The Weeknd

Been on another level
 Since you came
 No more pain
 You look into my eyes
 You can't recognize my face
 You're in my world now
 You can stay, you can stay
 But you belong to me
 You belong to me
 If it hurts to breathe
 Open the window
 Oh, your mind wants to leave
 But you can't go
 This is a happy house
 We're happy here
 In a happy house
 Oh, this is fun
 Fun, fun, fun
 Fun, fun, fun, fun
 Fun, fun, fun, fun
 Music got you lost
 Nights end so much quicker
 than the days did
 Same clothes, you ain't ready for your day shift
 This place will burn you up
 But baby, it's okay
 them my niggas next door
 And they've been working on the trap, so get naughty if you want
 Just don't blame it on me
 That you didn't call your home
 So don't blame it on me, girl
 'Cause you wanted to have fun
 If it hurts to breathe
 Open the window
 Oh, your mind wants to leave
 But you can't go
 This is a happy house
 We're happy here
 In a happy house
 Oh, this is fun
 This is fun
 This is fun to me
 Bring the 707 out
 Bring the 707 out
 Bring the 707 out
 Bring the 707 out
 Bring the 707 out
 Bring the 7
 Two puffs for the lady who'd be down for that
 Whatever, together
 Bring your whole stash of the greatest
 Trade it, roll a dub, burn a dub, cough a dub, taste it
 Now watch us chase it
 With a handful of pills, no chasers
 Jaw clenching on some super-sized papers
 And she bad and her head bad
 Escaping her van is a Wonderland
 And its half-past six
 Weed's nice 'cause time don't exist
 But when the stars shine back to the crib
 Superstar lines back at the crib
 And we can test out the tables
 Got some brand new tables
 All glass and it's four feet wide
 But it's a must to get us ten feet high
 She give me sex in a handbag

I got her wetter than a wet nap And no closed doors so I listen to her moans echo "I heard he do
drugs now"

You heard wrong I've been on them for a minute
We just never act a fool, that's just how we fuckin' livin'
And when we act a fool it's probably 'cause we mixed it

Yeah I'm always on that okey dokey
Them white boys know the deal, ain't no fuckin' phony
Big O know the deal, he's the one who showed me
Watch me ride this fuckin' beat like he fuckin' told me

"Is that your girl, what's her fuckin' story?"
"She kinda bad but she ride it like a fuckin' pony"

I cut down on her man, be her fuckin' story
Yeah I'm talking 'bout you, man, get to know me

Ain't no offense, though, I promise you
If you a real man, dude, you gon' side the truth
But I'm a nice dude with some nice dreams

And we could turn this to a nightmare: Elm Street La la la la la la la

I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
Bring the 707 out
La la la la la la la la
I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
Bring the 707 out
La la la la la la la la
I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
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La la la la la la la la
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