

Hot Air Balloon

Owl City

We wrote a prelude
To our own fairy tale
And bought a parachute
At a church rummage sale And with a mean sewing machine
And miles of thread
We sewed the day above L.A.
In navy and red We wound a race track
Through your mom's kitchen chairs
And fought the shadows back
Down your dark basement stairs I lit a match, then let it catch
To light up the room
And then you yelled as we beheld
An old maroon hot air balloon
I'll be out of my mind
And you'll be out of ideas
Pretty soon
So let's spend
The afternoon in a cold hot air balloon
Leave your jacket behind
Lean out and touch the treetops over town
I can't wait
To kiss the ground
Wherever we touch back down La la la la laaaa
La la la la laaaa We drank the Great Lakes
Like cold lemonade
And both got stomach aches
Sprawled out in the shade
So bored to death you held your breath
And I tried not to yawn
You made my frown turn upside down
And now my worries are gone I'll be out of my mind
And you'll be out of ideas
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