

"Little Red Balloon"
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USA

My daddy leaned down, he put a string in my hand
He said Son, hold on tight to that lily-white band
Or it's on through the clouds for to vanish right soon
Up and away, little red balloon

Oh but I felt ya tuggin, when the wind come 'round
Seems there ain't nothing for you here on the ground
But if I were to let go would ya fly to the moon
Would ya take me with you, little red balloon

Where the pencil marks rose on the frame of the door
A young boy grew out of his childhood clothes

Well the world cut a deal for a pile of guns
They traded a kiss for some zeros and ones
If you want the Father, gotta get past the Son
Yeah it's winter in June, little red balloon

So baby I rode down the heel of Atlantis
Chained to the bride of the calico sky
All the bones of her face were like grains of stardust
Every ember of fate in the whites of her eyes

And when she cradled my head all the weight of me fell
There on a bed of abalone shells
Then she leaned down real low, she put a string in my hand
She said Son, hold on tight to that lily-white band