

# Stephen Lynch, 3 Balloons

Call from my car to say I'll be there in awhile  
Short plane ride and I will get to see your pretty smile  
Nothing on the radio I fiddle with the dial  
Then I see a sign the airport's 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 agents can't tell from my face  
I've 3 balloons of cocaine in an uncomfortable place  
I'm sweating and I'm nervous and I need a little air  
Cause with 4 balloons of heroin it's gettin' crowded up in there  
Crowded up in there

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 feel kind of 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 3 balloons of cocaine 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 in my underwear  
From my derriere

I was a little eager when I loaded up my stash  
5 balloons of ecstasy and 6 balloons of hash  
8 balloons of LSD and 9 of sense mild(?)  
A box of Chinese fireworks Guatemalan child  
I made it to the gate now  
And 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  
I've got 3 balloons of cocaine in an uncomfortable place  
Flight crew prepare for take off as I lift us into air  
And by the way does anyone want to buy Guatemalan child  
From my derriere  
I've got 3 balloons  
Mmm I've got 3 balloons  
Mmm I've got 3 balloons