

Beautiful Balloon

Mew

There's a shooting star
Can you tell me
How I'm supposed to screw this up?
Add my tremolo
Likes to shine on yours and mine
All my emptiness
Is confined in metric rhyme
Make all your lies come true
I've been a liar too
Follow the things you need
Make your whole life complete

There's a puking girl trying
There's a puking girl trying
To defend herself
If spontaneously congealed into nothing

Idiot, you could have become you
There's a friend
Trapped in this dream, too

It's like I said before
Like in the notes you tore
Laying there on the floor
Until you knock the door
What did you hope to find?
Leaving it all behind

Should I say goodnight to you?
Really I tender feel for sin
Tell me honestly, am I adorable?

In her beautiful balloon
She's got hands
But she cannot reach the moon
Wish I was gay
Then I wouldn't have to play
All her games
Get her started