Red Balloon

Eyedea

Excuse me
Excuse me
Yeah, you
Excuse me, excuse me...

Excuse me, I'm looking for my childhood
I remember back when, everything was all good
Now it's hard to stay sane searching for a new name -
But I stay afloat in the stream like we all should
I used to love the cool Summer breeze
And grey days with leaves falling off the trees
Now I know what I miss - I can't hold in my fist but -
One last touch would set me free
Somebody set me free from this trap that you all call the real world
It's all old, but in my heart I'm still young
And my soul says that I should have fun but to have one -
You gotta have some kind of billfold to survive, they say:
"You have to have a job you hate. 9 to 5 every day."
Pushing you closer to the grave
What do we throw, what do we save?
What do we know, well, what are we waiting for?
Let's lay on our backs and talk about the cloud's shapes
I know all the different memories are floating in the sky
The ones of the earliest years catch my eye
And as you grow, you find new hills to climb -
But there's nothing like doing something for the first time
Yeah now, instead of the sky, I look at the ceiling
Just trying to get a good feeling
So if you talk and I'm giggling
It's not 'cause I'm not listening
I'm just trying to be a kid again

Flipping up these notebooks
Looking for my childhood
Staring at the sunset
Looking for my childhood
Flowing with the music
Looking for my childhood
Walking through this cold world
Looking for my childhood

But were did it go?
(I don't know, it just disappeared)
But were did it go?
(I don't know - last time I checked it was here.)
But were did it go?
(I don't know, it just disappeared)
But were did it go?
(Man I don't know, somebody must have stole my red balloon)

And if I never get anything, at least my name's common enough to always be o
n the souvenir license plates
The sign says walk and yet they try to cut me off 'cause I was wrong when I
thought pedestrians had the right of way
In the center of my innocence, pretense are a percentage of resent for my in
dolence -
But I can be credited for everything that I finish without a footstep to fol

low
The walls are full of color yet the ground is so hollow
So what happened to the happiness we had inhabited, the magic averages the y
ear were we stop our imagination -
Start with the education, stifling the childhood, I'd turn us all back into
children if I could

I'd turn us all back into children if I could
I'd turn us all back into children if I could
I'd turn us all back into children if I could
And lead us all to play in the woods

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(Excuse me, excuse me.)
Excuse me
Have you seen my red balloon?
I need to catch up with it pretty soon
It makes me complete, while I have a heartbeat
I plan on flying with it to the moon
Why's everybody acting like they grown up?
In a big rush to take on responsibility
I'm telling 'em;
"Stay young, 'cause the day will come, and when it does you can't surrender
willingly."

Now if they're feeling me or not, still, I've gotta get my point across
The coin is tossed into the air into a void of loss
I call both heads and tails, address the trail, and set my sails
But I wanna have fun -
I wanna live like there ain't no tomorrow
With no consequences to my actions - concentrating on my passions
Laughing at the ripples in the lake from the rocks I threw
Innocence of not knowing what's labelled impossible
The curiosity that killed Schrodinger's cat was the only thing that kept him
 alive -
Matter of fact
I wanna wonder -
Wanna be scared of the thunder and the dark and the figments of my mind that
 live under my bed
But nowadays your monsters can't be ignored
They demand full attention, and causing a war
For 18 birthdays I felt fine
But I lost my childhood somewhere down the line

For 18 birthdays I felt fine
But I lost my childhood somewhere down the line

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