

The Red Balloon

Judy Garland

When I was young, I set my heart upon a red balloon
I knew of nothing that was nicer than a red balloon
I tried to hold tightly to the string but still I saw it fly aw
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Now, I am grown and find my heart is in another's hands
And all the love I have to give is in his care
Can our love stay alive until another spring
Will he hold the string or let it go too soon?
Too soon lies the red balloon