

# The Birds Attacked My Hot Air Balloon

Pile

The birds attacked my hot air balloon  
Their shrieks heard over the torch  
These skies belong to them  
So I begin my descent

The wind keeps my eyes from being opened  
So in roaring dark  
I plummet quietly  
And try to think of nothing

A breath has been hanging and securely from a hook  
A wild swipe at control to see which takes me first

I could see your house from here if I bothered to look  
Oh, without light all I can do is think of those birds