

# Priest with Balloons

Tiny Ruins

Not regular party size;  
Waves crash on either side  
He's wearing polypropylene  
Clutching at straws, holding onto string

What was he looking for -  
Truth, or was it Heaven?  
Or did he just want to go out with a bang  
So to speak?

He's put his helmet on  
Steps out floats on into the sky  
Goodbye!

It's funny, but I can understand why:  
I want to live where the traffic controllers  
Are ballet dancers  
And billboards painted over with colours;  
Where unkindness is fined  
In numbers of roses  
And nobody feels like taking the commons  
Nobody feels like taking the commons

While some were meant for sea, in tug-boats  
'Round the shore's knee  
Milling with the sand  
And always coming back to land  
For others, up above  
Is all they care to think of  
Up there with the birds and clouds, and  
Words don't follow  
There are times when I sit down to tea  
Some well-meaning companion will ask me:  
How's it going with everything?  
Quite nicely, but I want to live

Where the traffic controllers are  
Ballet dancers  
And billboards painted over with colours;  
Where unkindness is fined  
In numbers of roses  
And nobody feels like taking the commons  
Nobody feels like taking the commons  
Nobody feels like taking the commons

'Though time has soldiered on  
I still think upon him;  
Waging with the sky, he's crying Goodbye!  
What was he looking for -  
Truth or was it Heaven?  
Or did he just want to go out with a bang  
So to speak?