Balloons

Tom MacDonald

I miss the days when no one even knew my name
Now everywhere I go I wear a hat to hide my face
I got weapons hidden inside every room in my place
Now I have to keep a pistol on me always just in case
This is a nightmare, never expected the fame
To be something I would wrestle with and fight to embrace
Sometimes I feel like the love I get's outweighed by the hate
I hid the tears, but I can't hide from the pain
I'm workin' 20-hour days, can't even lie to y'all, I'm burnt out
I sleep on my weight bench, tryna find the strength to work out
Should be happy I'm successful, I just went and bought my first house
Thought money would help cure my depression, but it's worse, how?
Tired of it, lucky I don't have a manager 'cause I'd be firin' him
Tired of talkin' to other artists
Who just wanna tell me I'm inspirin' them
Parents keep tellin' me they have a kid
And they're thankful the child is admirin' me
Great, you wanna know how I feel?
I might kill myself before retiring

I'm in the clouds
I can't reach the ground
They're comin' in crowds

Blew me up like a balloon and let me go
Watch me float away while I scream "no"
Every time I get close, they pull out their phones
Like, "Maybe this time we can see him explode"
Blew me up like a balloon and let me go
They all throwin' rocks 'cause they're tryna poke holes
They wanna see me pop, they don't wanna see me blow
They're the reason that I'm gone, they don't wanna see me glow
Blew me up like a balloon and left me

I miss the times when I could go outside
I didn't have to watch my back out of the corner of my eye
I didn't have to fake a smile and pose for pictures all the time
Can't even lie, I miss when time was really mine
Now I just belong to everybody else but me
These panic attacks are makin' it awful hard to breathe
Built a vocal booth inside the crib and stopped makin' beats
Don't even rap, I stand inside of it and scream
Like this is not what I expected, I worked my hands to the bone
And my anxiety is triggered by the apps on my phone
I tried deleting them so the Internet would leave me alone
But the lack of attention made me feel worse than before
I'm sick of it all, the Internet watchin' me trip when I fall
Embarrassed that everyone witnesses all
My illnesses in real-time, man, I'm addicted to y'all
Rappers on Twitter don't get me involved
I'm posing for photos with fans in the mall
I'm dying inside, pretending I'm strong
I'm not a celebrity, I am just Tom

I'm in the clouds
I can't reach the ground
They're comin' in crowds (Fuck)

(I just can't do this shit anymore)

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I miss the years when every Friday wasn't spent with my therapist
Then I realized I hated fame and accepted that I'm scared of it
I got Ativan, Cipralex, Xanax and Seraquel
In a Tupperware container, I don't touch, I just stare at 'em
Breathin' exercises supposed to help me to cope
But nothin' works quite as good as a bottle of jack and a smoke
I try to focus on my breath but it gets stuck in my throat
This never happened back when I was young and happy and broke
I never thought I'd be the rapper all these rappers try to be
Posting twenty times a day, now I don't have no privacy
Meeting with these major labels, CEOs with giant teams
If y'all wanna do business, why are y'all tryna lie to me?
I'm bored of the fame
Every time it feels fresh again I'm gettin' more of the same
Interviewers think they know who I am
They made up their mind before I explain

Well, because you asked so nice, I guess I'll tell
Ain't been feelin' too hot lately, Jim, is there anything else? Great
'Cause lately every day I feel like I'm livin' in hell
I'm glad the music helps you, but I might really kill myself
When this magazine gets printed, can you send one to my house?
I'd like to own a tiny piece of me like everybody else

Go
Watch me float away while I scream "no"
Every time I get close, they pull out their phones
Like, "Maybe this time we can see him explode"
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