

Hot Air Balloon

Adam Young

Intro

Verse

Chorus

We wrote a pre-lude to our own fai-ry tale, and bought a par-a-chute at a race track through your mom's kit-chen chairs, And fought the shad-ows back down your church dark rum base - mage sale. And I with lit a Bb- ment stairs. I lit a mean sew - ing mach - ine, and mi - les of thread, we sewed the day a - bove L. A. in match and let it catch, to light up the room, and then you yelled as we be - held an na - vy and red. We wound a old mar-roon hot air ba-loon. I'll be out of my mind, and you'll be out of i - de-as pret-ty soon so let's spend the aft - er-noon in a cold hot air ba-loon. Leave your ja - cket be - hind. Lean out and touch the tree-tops o-ver town I can't wait to kiss the ground wher-ever we we touch back down.

