

# Andrew Mac - Black Balloon

tom:

Em

We're talking the same talk

We're writin' the same thoughts

We're rolling the same rock

We're riding the same bus

A thousand miles away in summer yesterday

I long to feel the breeze I long to ride your wave

But now

A black balloon is floating on the west horizon

Instead of the sun

(Interlude)

We pickin' the same lock

Beyond the orthodox

We all bout the same lost

We all bite the same dust

I feel it's nice when we can walk inside the rain

We'll have to pay for all we've done but not today

For now

A black balloon is floating on the west horizon

Instead of the sun

Mama

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## Acordes

