

House of Balloons / Glass Table Girls

The Weeknd

Been on another level
Since you came
No more pain
You look into my eyes
You can't recognize my face
You're in my world now
You can stay, you can stay
But you belong to me
You belong to me If it hurts to breathe Open the window
Oh, your mind wants to leave
But you can't go
This is a happy house
We're happy here
In a happy house
Oh, this is fun
Fun, fun, fun Fun, fun, fun, fun Fun, fun, fun, fun Music got you lost Nights end so much quicker
than the days did
Same clothes, you ain't ready for your day shift This place will burn you up But baby, it's okay
them my niggas next door And they've been working on the trap, so get naughty if you want
Just don't blame it on me That you didn't call your home
So don't blame it on me, girl
'Cause you wanted to have fun If it hurts to breathe
Open the window Oh, your mind wants to leave
But you can't go This is a happy house We're happy here
In a happy house Oh, this is fun This is fun
This is fun to me Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out
Bring the 7 Two puffs for the lady who'd be down for that
Whatever, together
Bring your whole stash of the greatest
Trade it, roll a dub, burn a dub, cough a dub, taste it
Now watch us chase it
With a handful of pills, no chasers Jaw clenching on some super-sized papers
And she bad and her head bad
Escaping her van is a Wonderland
And its half-past six Weed's nice 'cause time don't exist
But when the stars shine back to the crib
Superstar lines back at the crib And we can test out the tables
Got some brand new tables All glass and it's four feet wide But it's a must to get us ten feet high
She give me sex in a handbag

I got her wetter than a wet nap And no closed doors so I listen to her moans echo "I heard he do
drugs now"

You heard wrong I've been on them for a minute
We just never act a fool, that's just how we fuckin' livin'
And when we act a fool it's probably 'cause we mixed it

Yeah I'm always on that okey dokey
Them white boys know the deal, ain't no fuckin' phony
Big O know the deal, he's the one who showed me
Watch me ride this fuckin' beat like he fuckin' told me

"Is that your girl, what's her fuckin' story?"
"She kinda bad but she ride it like a fuckin' pony"

I cut down on her man, be her fuckin' story
Yeah I'm talking 'bout you, man, get to know me

Ain't no offense, though, I promise you
If you a real man, dude, you gon' side the truth

But I'm a nice dude with some nice dreams
And we could turn this to a nightmare: Elm Street La la la la la la la

I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
Bring the 707 out
La la la la la la la la

I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
Bring the 707 out
La la la la la la la la

I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
Bring the 707 out
La la la la la la la la

I'm so gone, so gone
Bring out the glass tables
Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out
Bring the 707 out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>