

# 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

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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>