

## Helium

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue,  
Get out the way, here comes Helium Hugh.

Helium

[Takes a toke of helium from his balloon.]

Runnin' round my brain.

A ten buck bottle on the street  
Gets you 'bout a hundred fifty cubic feet  
Of Helium

[another toke]

Runnin' round my brain.

I'm all through with blow and boo,  
Bourbon, cigarettes and airplane glue.  
I no longer waste my breath, singin'  
"Give me librium or give me meth!"

[a double toke]

Breathe it in,  
Up ya go,  
Nice and slow.  
When you're done,  
Down ya come,  
'Cause helium  
Is really um-believable stuff.

Float in space.  
You mind's a blank.  
The only pressure  
Is in the tank.  
Nothing can upset this tranquil mood.

Monsignor James says all his monks  
Got helium hoses up in their bunks.  
Et cum spiritu tuo helium.

Smack is bad and Crack is bad  
And so is LSD.  
And I vaguely recall that pot...  
Does something to your memory.

So when I die please don't skimp.  
Bury my body in the Goodyear Blimp.  
I got to, got to have that helium  
Runnin' round my brain.

Helium, helium, helium, helium,

Helium, helium,

Helium, helium, down ya come, helium, helium, helium...

...Is really um-believable

Stuff.

Oh yeah!

[He mimes mainlining helium into his arm.]

[Dogs bark]

[One last toke on the balloon.]