

# Rubber

Ruston Kelly

Wait and see  
If the stones on my feet  
Turn to rubble  
On the open sea  
Float or sink  
I am rubber  
Only rubber

But the man in the cave is quiet  
Smiling to himself  
God I wish I was quiet  
But my head is full of bells  
Something's always ringing  
My suitcase always smells  
Pour me a drink and then leave it  
On the edge of a wishing well  
On the edge of a wishing well

Can I bounce back  
Or just lay flat

Cathedral songs  
All night long  
Soaked in thunder  
I'm the stretchy man  
So jacked and tan  
Made of rubber  
Only rubber

And she's in a ballroom dancing  
And I'm singing through a hole in the wall  
I wanna build you a mansion  
Just trying to pay some dues is all  
And she's like Agatha Christie  
And I'm more like Voltaire  
Everything is a theory  
Carried away with the morning air  
Carried away with the morning air

Can I bounce back  
Or just lay flat  
Only rubber  
Only rubber