

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