

The Bubble

Status Quo

Would someone be so kind
As to tell me where I am
I feel a time and a space
That I really can't explain
There's a long road behind me
But it's hazy up ahead
Maybe I should draw the curtains
Maybe I should get to bed
I love it in the bubble
I love it in the bubble
I love it in the bubble
It's like being in the womb
And no-one knows the number
To my little padded room

What day is it this morning
Do I know and do I care?
The bag man is calling
We're moving on from here
I'm in and out of focus
I'm in and out of touch
No need and no connection
With reality and such

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And I'm hanging on
Hanging on
Yeh I'm hanging on
Hanging on

I cut a key to the highway
I was barely seventeen
I was gonna do it my way
The best there'd ever been
Born to be a winner
Never ever lose
No deals with the devil
Just the rhythm and the blues

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And I'm hanging on