

Bubbles

Tricky

The first hundred years are the toughest
On this bubble
An open sky, flying high, take a bride
Get some trouble

The first one will do
I'm just passing through
The second one needs more
I've been here before
I've been here before
I've been here before

Springtime falls, summer calls
You slip and slide until you hit December
Believe my eyes, they'll bleed you dry
If I was an ingenious, I'd lose my temper

The first one will do
I'm just passing through
Second one needs more
Been here before
Been here before
Wanna make me weak while you cry
It's not such a thing as pass till you die
Gotta go, I get high
Gotta go, I get high
Deceiver deceived us
And I deceived them
Carry my troubles home
Married with the humble home

The first hundred years are the toughest
I'm getting smothered
And life is just one bloody thing
After another