

## Bubbles

Tricky

The first hundred years are the toughest  
On this bubble  
An open sky, flying high, take a ride  
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 ingenuous, 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