

# Bubbles

## Tricky

The first hundred years are the toughest  
On this bubble  
An open sky, flyin' high  
Take a bride, get some troubleThe 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 beforeSpringtime falls, summer calls  
You slip an' slide until you hit December  
Believe my eyes, they'll bleed you dry  
If I wasn't a genius, I'd lose my temperThe first one will do  
I'm just passing through  
Second one needs more  
I've been here before  
I've been here beforeWanna make me weak while you cry  
It's not such a thing as peace till you die  
Gotta go, I get high  
Gotta go, I get highDeceiver deceive us  
And I deceived them  
Carry my troubles home  
Married with the humble homeThe first hundred years are the toughest  
I'm gettin' smothered  
And life is just one bloody thing  
After another

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