

# Bubble

## Red House Painters

I know I don't know you  
I know that we don't think along the same lines  
But what do I do when I can't reach out  
Through this iron built bubble of pain Your house settled in deep country  
With acres and a farm and a stream to cleanse me  
Your house with a view of purity  
Overlooks a hillside of green, green as your eyes I embrace the moment, I'm in love with a dream  
And toy with ideas that burn deep inside me  
Cause a picture is all you are to me  
A picture is all you'll ever be I know you don't know me  
A nervous, wordless face brings shade to your light  
But I want so bad to walk beside you  
But fall back into a world where I believe

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