

# 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