

Peter Hammill, Bubble

Let's begin at the top:
there's no reason to think that this will ever stop,
so let's go back and start again;
in this finite uncertainty we'll circle round and then
sail a craft of self-conviction
across tomorrow-never-knows
where the surface stays unruffled
while the coral clusters quietly down below.

Cutting figures of pride and will like Leonardo cartoons
we go flying formation in our hot-air speech balloons.

Can't go back, can't reverse...
no-one here really quite believes
the bubble's going to,
the bubble's going to,
the bubble's going to burst.

I fell off the raft of self-assurance
into undertow that sucked me dry and deep;
bent double by thought bubbles flooding through my blood
I surfaced from a lifetime's worth of sleep.
I remember once I gave myself the lecture,
swore on life as both a blessing and a curse
but all solid faith seems nothing but conjecture
now the bubble's going to,
bubble's going to,
bubble's going to,
bubble's going to burst.

And our bones become the coral of the future
and we slake the life-long thirst;
with a pin-prick, on a reef like a razor
the bubble's going to burst,
the bubble's going to burst.

The bubble's sure to burst.