

Red House Painters, Bubble

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

i embrace the moment
i'm in love with a dream
and toy with ideas
that burn deep inside me
because a picture is all you are to me
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