

# James, Bubbles

Take an axe to your past  
To your family tree  
Carve a face from the wood  
An effigy

Make wings from the leaves  
Hide from the bark  
Kindling  
for the hair  
Rose for his heart

Someone to draw you right  
Someone to catch the light

Draw the blue from the skies  
into his eyes  
Carve the lines on his face  
A map of the race

Juice from the root of a beet for his skin  
Set the tides  
of the blood  
with the pulse of the drum

Someone to draw you right  
Someone to catch the light  
Im alive  
Im alive

Wash the boy in the stream  
So tenderly  
Press his lips to your lips  
Give him your breath  
He awakes with the weight  
of the vision he holds  
Sees the rent in time  
through which he must fold

Someone to draw you right  
Someone to catch the light  
Im alive  
Im alive

Stir the heart with a drum  
Kiss smoke in his mouth  
Show him signs of a life  
Thats a whole lot better

And he calls down the rain  
Tornadoes & hurricanes  
Theres a world in his veins  
Thats a whole lot better  
Im alive  
Im alive

Fingers raised to the sky  
A snake for a spine  
Hes drunk on a life  
Thats a whole lot better

Teach him songs of the bees  
Double helix and honey comb  
Play him wind through the leaves  
Thats a whole lot better

Alive, Im alive.