

Swervedriver, Bubbling Up

Bubbling up and not buckling under
I walked for miles tonight
In the rain, all the way home from Camden Town
But when I got home to Tottenham
I could spin carousels in the park, in the dark
And I can hear you say
What's the point in romanticizing everything?
So what's the point in romanticizing everything?

Bubbling up and not buckling under
I walked for miles and it still feels real 1972
Rocketman on the moon
And all I can hear you say
Is what's the point in romanticizing everything?
But when I get home here
I can feel London, North Europe here
You say What's the point in romanticizing everything?

So I'm gonna do whatever I do
Don't show me the way home yet
I don't wanna go I'm happy here
Don't show me the way home yet

I'm bubbling up and not buckling under
Bubbling up and not buckling under
Bubbling up and not buckling under
Bubbling up and not buckling under