

The Ordinary Boys, (Little) Bubble

Friday night and you're on the phone
To everyone you've ever known
Nothing grand to celebrate
With all the people that you hate
Half an hour spent in the bath
Dry your hair in the aftermath
... Johnny and a Stanley knife
Either way the nights are right

And I can never tell
If your heaven is my hell
And I can't understand
Whether you enjoy your callous plan

Your little bubble follows me everywhere
Inside your bubble where you just don't care
You throw yourself about everywhere
Your little bubble

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