

Bubbles

James

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
I'm alive, I'm 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
I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive
I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive

Stir the heart with a drum, kiss smoke in his mouth
Show him signs of a life that's a whole lot better
And he calls down the rain, tornadoes and hurricanes
There's a world in his veins that's a whole lot better

I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive
I'm alive, I'm alive

Fingers raised to the sky, a snake for a spine
He's drunk on a life that's a whole lot better
Teach him songs of the bees, double helix and honey comb
Play him wind through the leaves that's a whole lot better

Alive, I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive
I'm alive, I'm alive