

## 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