

Life in the Bubble

Lyrics by Larry Stallman Music by Barry Oreck

I spent too much time on a river of trouble; afloat in the confines of my tiny bubble;
My space is awash in waves of rubble; as I gasp for a breath of fresh air.

I floated downstream while baking my bread,
brushing my teeth; scratching my head;
Playing my music; gluing a chair;
checking my temperature; swallowing fear.

I see you my friends, through the gray window pane;
And recall our embraces, and our laughter profane;
As we scream through our nightmares, hyenas, insane.
And long to return to sweet strolls down the lane.

“How are you doing?” I asked through the glass; While filling a kettle and lighting the gas.
It’s lonely he said but at least were not dead; “Not yet,”
and we laughed and then silence and then
I thought of a neighbor whose brother succumbed;
And the depths of despair that so many have plumbed;
And of all of the others whose hearts have been numbed in this incomprehensible year.

I know this will pass and the river will calm;
and we’ll walk through the valley like souls through a psalm;
And the bubbles will pop, and we’ll all blink our eyes;
and we’ll notice each other, and remove our disguise;
And we’ll hug and we’ll cry; then revisit the plot;
And perhaps we’ll learn something; and perhaps, we will not.

Like the time-less river, so relentless and bold;
We journey in circles, and hope to grow old;
We transform into mist, and then into rain;
And then, before long, we are rivers again. we are rivers again