

Ordinary Boys, The "Bubble"

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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
Rubber Johnny and Stanley knife
Either way the night's alright

I can never tell, if you're heaven is my hell
And I can't understand, why you enjoy your callous
man

Your little bubble follows me everywhere
Such a bubble that I just don't care
You throw yourself about everywhere
Your little bubble wooh

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