

## An Horse "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  
... 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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