

Joshua James

"The Bubble Man"

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Early Sunday morning I was walking down the pier,
Talking to myself again, trying to get things clear.
I saw the old man blowing bubbles by Ezekiel's
carousel.

The children hadn't gathered yet, but i was waiting I
could tell.

He said, "I love to watch the children

Chase the bubbles that i blow.

It helps me keep a promise

I made a long long time ago.

I'm gonna love this world the best I can,

Then leave the rest in grace's hands.

Gorgie on the boardwalk in another rent
Shouting it's all over and it's all to late to save.
Preaching to some seagulls and to the rising sun.
Preaching so much sorrow and the world had just
begun.

And I was thinking maybe Gorgie's not so very wrong.

Then I heard the bubble man singing

And I had to sing along.

I'm gonna love this world the best I can,

Then leave the rest in grace's hands.

On my way back homeward feeling kinda strange.
Everything is different now but nothing really changed.
Passing all the laughing children chazing bubbles in
the sky.

The old man saw me waving

But he did not wave goog-bye.

He blow a giant bubble and smiled at what he done

And all of us were spellbound

As it floated to the sun.

I'm gonna love this world the best I can,

Then leave the rest in grace's hands.

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