

# Uncle Ho, Bubblehead

In here you are a pale shade of cream,  
Weightless, attractive, a disposable dream.  
Yeah, reality is an empty space.  
You can make things happen, you can sit and waste.

Space, fill it with holes and things.  
For all I care, you can pull all the strings.  
Come now and see the sheen of what  
We take in, fake up, throw out, up.

Blood, electric with joy,  
The urge to cradle and the urge to destroy:  
Take it out on me, out of me, out of sight,  
It's all right if you do not want to make it all right.

HERE IT COMES, I CAN TAKE IT.  
HERE IT COMES, RIDE THE WAVE.  
HEY, BUBBLEHEAD, YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU CAN TAKE.

Whatever moves forward will also move back.  
If you don't expect anything, then that's what you get.  
I see you in silhouette against electric light.  
Warm human magic, you are alive, alight.

For the zoom that is in it we like to hear sung  
The language of bubbles that is spoken there;  
Come clean. You wear me out.  
The lustre of whatever jets out of your mouth.

HERE IT COMES, I CAN TAKE IT.  
HERE IT COMES, RIDE THE WAVE.  
HEY, BUBBLEHEAD, YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU CAN TAKE.