

# 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 too 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 chasing 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.