

# One Day

Polly Paulusma

One day, I'll take a bottle  
With a good strong base  
And a cork that fits it  
No label, no maker's mark  
And I'll shout the bile and anger  
And plain disappointment  
In until I've almost filled it  
And then I'll squeeze the cork down hard  
I'll need a boat with a good strong sail  
To weather all the storms and the gales  
I'll grab that bottle, grip the rail  
And say my prayers  
and then I'll throw that bottle  
Out into the deep blue sea  
And then I'll sail away  
I'll throw that bottle out so far, it can't hurt me  
One day  
one day, I'll take some canvas  
With a good strong seam and a hot air burner  
A basket, some sandbags and rope  
And I'll float above the earth  
In my balloon of steam  
Drifting further and further  
Over plains and mountain slopes  
I'll fly 'til I find the deepest lake  
A volcano about to awake  
I'll grab that bottle by the neck  
And say my prayers...  
and then I'll hurl that bottle  
Down into the deep ravine  
I'll never hear it hit the ground  
I'll throw that bottle down  
So far it can't hurt me  
One day, one day...  
one day I'll build a rocket  
With a thick blunt nose and a megatonne engine  
A window to look at the moon  
And I'll burn through the stratosphere  
With fire in my tail, a comet ascending  
'til I float in weightless gloom  
I won't turn back 'til I see a lunar plains  
The detail of the rugged terrain  
I'll grab that bottle full of pain  
And say my prayers...  
and then I'll hurl that bottle  
Down onto the arid sea  
And then I'll fly away  
I'll hurl that bottle down  
So far it can't hurt me  
One day, one day