

The Boy In The Bubble
Alec Benjamin

[Primeira Parte]

Bm

It was 6:48, I was walking home

Stepped through the gate, and I m all alone

Em

I had chicken on the plate, but the food was cold

Then I covered up my face so that no one knows

D

I didn t want trouble, I m the boy in the bubble

F#

But then came trouble

Bm

When my mom walked into the living room

She said, Boy, you gotta tell me what they did to you

Em

I said, You don t wanna know the things I had to do

She said, Son, you gotta tell me why you re black and blue

D

I said I didn t want trouble, I m the boy in the bubble

F#

But then came trouble

[Pré-Refrão]

Bm

And my heart was pumping, chest was screaming

Em

Mind was running, air was freezing

D

Put my hands up, put my hands up

F#

I told this kid I m ready for a fight

[Refrão]

Bm

Em

Punch my face, do it cause I like the pain

D

Every time you curse my name

F#

I know you want the satisfaction, it s not gonna happen

Bm

Em

Knock me out, kick me when I m on the ground

D

It s only gonna let you down

F#

Come the lightning and the thunder

You re the one who ll suffer, suffer

[Segunda Parte]

Bm

Well I squared him up, left my chest exposed

He threw a quick left hook and it broke my nose

Em

I had thick red blood running down my clothes

And a sick, sick look cause I like it though

D

I said I didn t want trouble, I m the boy in the bubble

F#

But then came trouble

[Pré-Refrão]

Bm

And my heart was pumping, chest was screaming

Em

Mind was running, nose was bleeding

D

Put my hands up, put my hands up

F#

I told this kid I m ready for a fight

[Refrão]

Bm

Em

Punch my face, do it cause I like the pain

D

Every time you curse my name

F#

I know you want the satisfaction, it s not gonna happen

Bm

Em

Knock me out, kick me when I m on the ground

D

It s only gonna let you down

F#

Come the lightning and the thunder

You re the one who ll suffer, suffer

[Terceira Parte]

Bm

It was 6:48, he was walking home

With the blood on his hand from my broken nose

Em

But like every other day, he was scared to go

Back to his house cause his pops was home

D

Drowning his troubles in whiskey bubbles

F#

Just looking for trouble

Bm

Well, there s no excuse for the things he did

But there s a lot at home that he s dealing with

Em

Because his dad s been drunk since he was a kid

And I hope one day that he ll say to him

D

Put down those bubbles and that belt buckle

F#

In this broken bubble

[Refrão]

Bm

Em

Punch my face, do it cause I like the pain

D

Every time you curse my name

F#

I know you want the satisfaction, it s not gonna happen

Bm

Knock me out, kick me when I m on the ground

D

It s only gonna let you down

F#

Come the lightning and the thunder

You re the one who ll suffer, suffer