

# Hole In the Ground

## Bernard Cribbins

There I was, a-digging this hole  
Hole in the ground, so big and sort of round it was  
And there was I, digging it deep  
It was flat at the bottom and the sides were steep

When along comes this bloke in a bowler  
Which he lifted and scratched his head  
Well, he looked down the hole  
Poor demented soul and he said

"Do you mind if I make a suggestion?"

â€œDon't dig there, dig it elsewhere  
You're digging it round and it ought to be square  
The shape of it's wrong, it's much too long  
And you can't put a hole where a hole don't belongâ€•

I ask, what a liberty, eh?  
Nearly bashed him right in the bowler

Well, there was I stood in me hole  
Shovelling earth for all that I was worth, I was

And there was him standing up there  
So grand and official with his nose in the air

So, I gave him a look sort of sideways  
And I leaned on my shovel and sighed  
Well, I lit me a fag and having took a drag I replied

â€œI just couldn't bear to dig it elsewhere  
I'm digging it round 'cause I don't want it square  
And if you disagree, it doesn't bother me  
That's the place where the hole's gonna beâ€•

Well, there we were discussing this hole  
Hole in the ground, so big and sort of round it was

It's not there now, the ground's all flat  
And beneath it is the bloke in the bowler hat

And that's that

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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