

Way Down in the Hole

Young Fathers

How many colors does she need to know
When you're way way way down in the hole
When the night time comes round
When the night time comes around
When the night time comes round
In the night If fortune sides with him who dares
A life in bliss in the Garden of Eden
One bad kiss from Casanova, prestige over, keep the claws
He may be old but his mind's like a razor
Dissipate, disappear like vapour
Cufflinks on a chartered curator
Haven the wager
Work your life, don't ask why
Give your mother good goodbye
Show me where you run and hide
Drop your gun, fix your tie
Don't you know the price is low?
(Fire in the hole)
Way down in the hole
Told you once, told you twice
La de da, roll the dice
I'm gunna tell you twice
[?] but a young man in a suit
Silhouettes and recruits
Snakes in the bushes were none the wiser
Lost direction I'll come to Dada
Call on the doctor, bring on the healing
Insert the brother, hit the kill switch
View my crime but nothing published
Choir-boys singing, my demise it's hunting season
(It's hunting season)
(It's hunting season)
(It's hunting season)
(It's hunting season)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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