

The 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?"

“Don'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 belong”

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

“I 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 be”

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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