

Hole in the Bucket

Spearhead

Money Money Money Money
Nothing but money I work 9 to 5 but it starts in the P.M.
And I love the sunrise so I step out in the A.M.
The street is black and shiny from the nightly rainin'
The glory of the light it brings evaporation Morning's fresh oxygen cleanest
I take a deep hit help my mind stay the greenest
I'm already wake so I'm not drinkin' coffee
Don't wanna cigarette, 'cause it's a form of slavery I walk into the store 'cause I need a few items
The sun heats the blood like a hit of vitamins
As I need to buy some food and some poo for my dreads
I can't remember why but I need a spool of thread Well a man with dirty dreads, he steps around the corner
He asks me for a dime, a nickel or a quarter
I don't have any change so I'm steppin' along
But as I'm walkin' past he sings to me a song There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza, Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza The day is pickin' up cause I'm hummin' his song
The buses and the people all keep movin' along
To the shopkeeper I say, "what's up?"
And I'm thinkin' about the man who's holdin' up the cup I pay for all the stuff and get a pocketful of change
Well should I give it to the man's the question in my brain
What's gonna happen if I give the man a dime?
I don't wanna pay for another brother's wine What's gonna happen if I give the man a quarter?
Will he find a dealer and try to place an order?
What's gonna happen if I give the man a nickel
Will he buy some food or some pork that's been pickled? I'm not responsible for the man's depression
How can I find compassion in the midst of recession?
How come all these questions keep fuckin' with my head
And I still can't remember why I need a spool of thread 'Cause there's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza He's starin' in my eyes just as I'm walkin' past
I'm tryin' to avoid him 'cause I know he's gonna ask
Me about the coinage that is in my pocket
But I don't know if I should put it in his bucket I walk right past him to think about it more
Back at the crib I'm openin' up the door
A pocketful of change it don't mean a lot to me
My cup is half full but his is empty I put back on my cap and I start headin' back
I reach into my pocket and I have a heart attack

Well as I'm diggin' deep I scream, "Oh no"
There's nothin' in the pocket but a great big hole
While I was busy thinkin' if he would buy smack
The jingle in my pocket it slipped through the cracks
No one has the change and it's fuckin' up my head
But now I no the reason why I had to buy the thread
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
I said, "There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza"
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a bigger hole
There's a bigger hole dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket
Hole in the bucket
Dear Liza, dear Liza

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