Holes

Mercury Rev

Time, all the long red lines, that take control
Of all the smoke-like streams that flow into your dreams
That big blue open sea, that can't be crossedThat can't be climbed, just born between
Oh, the two white lines, distant Gods an' faded signs
Of all those blinking lights, you had to pick the one tonightHoles, dug by little moles, angry jealous spies
Got telephones for eyes, come to you as friends
All those endless ends, that can't be tiedOh, they make me laugh, and always make me cry
Till they drop like flies, and sink like polished stones
Of all the stones I throw, how does that old song go?
How does that old song go?Bands, those funny little plans, that never work quite right

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