

# 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 crossed That 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 tonight Holes, dug by little moles, angry jealous spies  
Got telephones for eyes, come to you as friends  
All those endless ends, that can't be tied Oh, 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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