

# In My Hole

Gilbert O'Sullivan

Every time a bird sings, every time a bell rings  
I go berserk  
I climb into my hole and sit there like a mole  
Playing with the dirt Contradicting people who think of me as being  
So soft and gentle, very clean  
I used to have a daisy, a purple one called Maisey  
Stuck on my bed It didn't bother me, yet when the landlord Freestone saw it  
He said  
"Take it out at once or evicted you must go"  
So here I am in my hole Watching people pass me by  
Each of them in their own world and me in mine  
I've never bitten off anymore than I can chew  
Never wanted to Every time a bird sings, every time a bell rings  
I go berserk  
And as I've said before I sit there like a mole  
Playing with the dirt Call it what you like and by all means tell a soul  
I'm very happy in my hole  
Running round from time to time, stopping only to unwind  
Everything I have is mine in my hole Length about the width of a pole  
Width about the length of a bowl  
Hollywood style

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