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 dirtContradicting 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 bedIt 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 holeWatching 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 toEvery 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 dirtCall 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 holeLength about the width of a pole
Width about the length of a bowl
Hollywood style

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