

# Too Deep to Fill

[Ryan Bingham](#)

Oh baby, me baby, you kiss these poor lips of mine  
Please tell me that you love me, and your heart is forever mine  
I gotta hold it down inside me, and I feel it's too deep to fill  
I've drowned my poor heart in misery  
For so long, it's too far gone to heal I'm going out to the country,  
I'm going to see if I can find out why  
That lonesome place where once was lost  
And I hope to be home on supper time  
And I'm going out to the desert  
I'm going to see if I can find out why  
The people on the land are pausing in the sand  
And I hope to be home for supper time And I'm going up on a mountain  
I'm going to see if I can find out why  
That cold mountain river, no long makes me shiver  
But I hope to be home on supper time And I'm going out to the forest  
I'm going to see if I can find out why  
People all around are still cutting it all down I hope to be home on supper time And I'm going upon the ocean  
I'm going to see if I can find out why  
No one wants to bother with cleaning up the water  
But I hope to be home on supper time And I'm going to New York city  
I'm going to see if I can find out why  
Them boys on my street stole the shoes off of my feet  
And left me without food for supper time And I'm going to join the protest  
I'm going to stand up and sing  
This time once again, stand up and be a man  
Cause this land was made for you and me Oh baby, me baby, you kiss these poor lips of mine  
Please tell me that you love me, and your heart is forever mine  
I gotta hold it down inside me, and I feel it's too deep to fill  
I've drowned my poor heart in misery  
For so long, it's too far gone to heal

Songwriters

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