Holes To Heaven

Jack Johnson

The air was more than human
And the heat was more than hungry
And the cars were square and spitting
Diesel fumesThe bulls were running wild
Because they're big and mean and sacred
And the children were playing cricket with no shoesThe next morning we woke up, man
With a seven-hour drive
Well there we were stuck in Port Blair
Where boats break and children stareAnd there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to heaven
And there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to heavenDisembarking from the port
With no mistakes of any sort
Moving south the engine running smoothOfficials were quite friendly
Once we drowned them with our sweet talk
And we bribed them with our cigarettes and boozeThe next morning we woke up man
With the sunrise to right
Moving back north to Port Blair
Where boats break and children stareAnd there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to heaven
Yes, and there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to heaven

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