

Fixing a Hole

The Beatles

I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in,
And stops my mind from wandering
Where it will go.

I'm filling the cracks that ran through the door,
And kept my mind from wandering
Where it will go.

And it really doesn't matter
If I'm wrong, I'm right
Where I belong, I'm right
Where I belong.

See the people standing there
Who disagree and never win
And wonder why they don't get in my door.

I'm painting the room in a colorful way,
And when my mind is wandering
There I will go.

Ooh ooh ooh ah. Hey hey hey

And it really doesn't matter
If I'm wrong, I'm right
Where I belong, I'm right
Where I belong.

Silly people run around,
Who worry me and never ask me
Why they don't get past my door.

I'm taking the time for a number of things,
That weren't important yesterday
And I still go.

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ah.

I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in,
And stops my mind from wandering

Where it will go,
Where it will go.

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