

# Black Hole

James

I've been digging this grave, but now that it's made  
I see that black is one hell of a color  
Want to break out so I start to shout  
But the mortician's returned to his parlor Black hole  
Wrapped in my shroud upstairs, the music's so loud  
That I can't concentrate on my sorrow  
Let down my hair and find something to wear  
And then dance myself into tomorrow Black hole  
I'm in a hole here and all I can see  
Are these grey walls that are closing in on me  
Throw me a ladder, lend me an arm  
Beam me up Scotty, lift me from harm Oh why, why deep holes?  
Oh I love my holes  
Black hole If the weather would change these clouds might blow away  
And my body'd be wrapped up in sunshine  
I want out of this wind that is wearing me thin  
Blasting my flesh to the marrow Why deep holes?  
Why deep holes?  
Black hole

Songwriters

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