

Drilling Holes

Marillion

A man came to drill holes in the afternoon
And by the evening
Most of the afternoon had gone
I seem to have slept through the morning
But in the afternoon
A morning is yet to come
A girl came to help out in the kitchen
And by the evening
We found we were all washed up
We ate on the lawn
With the insects
We burned incense
Most of the band turned up
It was just one of those days
When the mind strays
One of those days
When everyone plays
One of those days
When everyone stays
And all of the dreaming goes on
A woman arrived in a panic
With a picnic
Better to give than receive
A man came to pick holes in the logic
He wore plastic
And shoes you would hardly believe
The evening arrived
Slightly early like a pygmy
Chewing the wrong kind of leaves
We ordered extra tea
Listened to XTC
Under a shady tree
Went back to bed at three
It was cool
As can be
(two sugars for me.)
It was just one of those days
When the mind strays
When everyone plays
One of those days
When everyone stays
And all of the dreaming goes on
One of THOSE days.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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