

# Holes (Live Version)

## Mercury Rev

Time, all the long red lines, that take  
Control, of all the smoke like streams that flow into your  
Dreams, that big blue open sea, that can't be  
Crossed, that can't be climbed, just born  
Between, oh the two white lines, distant gods an' faded  
Signs, of all those blinking lights, you had t' pick the one tonight  
Holes, dug by little moles, angry jealous  
Spies, got telephones for eyes, come to you as  
Friends, all those endless ends, that can't be  
Tied, oh they make me laugh, an' always make me  
Cry, til they drop like flies, an' sink like polished  
Stones, of all the stones i throw, how does that old song go  
how does that old song go.  
Bands, those funny little plans, that never work quite right.

Songwriters

WHITE, JOHN PAUL/BECKER, GREG /Published by

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