

Fixing a Hole

Cheap Trick

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 though 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 a room in a colorful way
And when my mind is wandering
There I will go, 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
Of silly people who 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, whoa, oh

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

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