

The Hole

Glen Phillips

Behind the house
The ground has opened up
And it's so deep, a hole
It's bottom can't be found
It sucks the air inside and makes quiet sea sounds

We sometimes stand
And linger at the edge
We like to dare each other how close that we can get
And there's a pact we made, if one should fall, the other follows in.

Started small with trash and rotten food
And then the neighbors came with cars and Davenports, too
Then the government, midnight dumps of what we never knew

A letter came the other day from clear around the globe
It said "we hope that you're the ones on the other end of the hole"
Could you take a few things back, our country's getting full

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