

# Holes to Heaven

Jack Johnson

The air was more than human and  
The heat was more than hungry and  
The cars were square and spitting diesel fumes

The bulls were running wild  
Because they're big and mean and sacred and  
The children were playing cricket with no shoes

The next morning we woke up, man  
With a seven hour drive  
There we were stuck in Port Blaire  
Where boats break and children stare

There were so many fewer questions  
When stars were still just the holes to Heaven  
And there were so many fewer questions  
When stars were still just the holes to Heaven

Disembarking from the port  
With no mistakes of any sort  
Moving south the engine running smooth

Officials were quite friendly  
Once we drowned them with our sweet talk  
We bribed them with our cigarettes and booze

The next morning we woke up  
With the sunrise to the right  
Moving back north to Port Blaire  
Where boats break and children stare

There were so many fewer questions  
When stars were still just the holes to Heaven  
Yes and there were so many fewer questions  
When stars were still just the holes to Heaven

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