

Holes

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 to
night

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.