

# Mole In A Hole

Richard Thompson

Like the flowers, like the bees  
Like the woodlands and the trees  
I like the Byrds on their LP's  
And I'm a refugee

I wanna be a mole in a hole, digging low and slow  
I wanna be a fly flying high in the sky  
I wanna be a mole in a hole, digging low and slow  
I wanna be a fly flying high in the sky  
I had a friend who had a friend in Jesus  
He used to read the good book every day  
But my friend got so friendly with friend Jesus  
Friend Jesus took my only friend away

Well, my feet are smelly and hair's a mess  
My teeth are yellow and I've got bad breath  
I may look great but I feel like death  
And I'm a refugee

My friend he was as wise as Mister Wise Owl  
He could count from one to ten, from A to Z  
My friend he was so wise he got religion  
That's why I'm alive today and he is dead