

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