

In a Hole

The Jesus and Mary Chain

Grass grows greener
On the other side
Corn grows sweeter
On the other side
And I watch, And I watch, And I watch
And I see too much
And I broke my face
And my head grows too much

God spits
On my soul
There's something dead inside my hole
In my hole
In my hole
In my hole

I step crueller
But less defined
Striped cats cooler
But so refine
And I want to see
What I want to be
And I see me on a toxic screen
And I'm dancing to a scream

God spits
On my soul
There's something dead inside my hole
In my hole
In my hole
In my hole

How can something crawl within
My rubber holy baked bean tin
It's god to me, it's god to me
This is heart and soul

Oh, heart and soul
Yeah, heart and soul
Oh, heart and soul
Oh, heart heart heart heart and soul
Heart and fucking soul
My heart and soul
My heart and soul
My heart and soul
Heart and soul
Heart and soul
Yeah heart and soul
Yeah heart heart heart heart heart