

Walkabouts

"Life Full Of Holes"

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A life full of holes, a life full of wind
The devil's dust it blows through me again
Don't look for me, I ain't easy to find
The Barbary trail is where I've gone to hide
That's where I go to hide

Me and Reeves walk down to the square
Rings of fire burnin' everywhere
The pariah dogs and the acrobat kings
I tell Reeves I have to laugh at everything
Always laughed at everything

(inst.)

A life full of holes and a life full of wind
Got a nomads temper and a shepherds skin
Got my head in the sun,
And my feet in the water cool
This life full of holes, it leads me back to you
I'm coming back to you

Follow the cross of the south
And I will find my home
Neath the marble sky, and the amber moon
By the graves of stone and the volcano tall
There's a traveller's truth, it says
There is no truth at all
In a life that's full of holes

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