

Shawn K. Hall**"Holes"**

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Holes in my pants, i got holes in my shoes
holes in my throat - from singing the blues
all i wants a dollar, for soup and a sub
aint gonna be greedy, and ask for no love
dirt down beneath me - and news up above
cling to the bottle i'm falling in love.

Toss me a penny, a nickle, a dime
your spare change is my red wine
don't got no bills - so i don't need a job
too tired to eat, too lazy to rob
hand me down rags are clingin to me like flies
people pass me by and i sell them my lies

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