

## **Boomtown Rats "A Hole To Fill"**

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Everybody's got a hole to fill  
It doesn't matter if your name is Jack or Jill  
Everybody's got a hole that they need filled

She wakes up  
Still looking lost  
And says what's the point of this  
And I say not a lot  
Still she gets up  
And through her weary smile  
She tries to find the strength  
To carry on a while  
Two days ago  
She wrote away  
To a mail order guru  
Her postal sage  
Who promised answers  
By return of mail  
Explaining why  
Sometimes it seems  
The world has failed  
He wrote back

I left the pub last night  
And I was just in time  
To see them break my windows  
And slash my tyres  
I'm a liberal I thought  
As I felt my anger rise  
I was desperately searching  
For my feminine side  
But my feminine side  
Was on her morning coffee break  
I beat the shit out of one  
And boy, I felt great  
Hey Bob, he said don't get annoyed  
We all find different ways  
To fill up the void  
And I said yeah

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