

James "Black Hole"

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I've been digging this grave, but now that it's made
I see that black is one hell of a colour
Want to break out so I start to shout
But the mortician's returned to his parlour

Black hole

Wrapped in my shroud upstairs, the music's so loud
That I can't concentrate on my sorrow
Let down my hair and find something to wear
And then dance myself into tomorrow

Black hole

I'm in a hole here and all I can see
Are these grey walls that are closing in on me
Throw me a ladder, lend me an arm

Beam me up scotty, lift me from harm

Oh why, why deep holes?
Oh I love my holes
Black hole

If the weather would change these clouds might blow
away
And my body'd be wrapped up in sunshine
I want out of this wind that is wearing me thin
Blasting my flesh to the marrow

Why deep holes?
Why deep holes?
Black hole

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