

Merciless

"Holes"

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Time, all the long red lines
That take control
Of all the smokelike streams
That flow into your dreams
That big blue open sea
That can't be crossed
That can't be climbed
Just born between
Oh the two white lines
Distant gods and faded signs
Of all those blinking lites
You had to pick the one tonite

Holes, dug by little moles
Angry jealous spies
Got telephones for eyes
Come to you as friends
All those endless ends
That can't be tied
Oh they make me laugh
And always make me cry
'til they drop like flies
And sink like polished stones
Of all the stones I throw
How does that old song go
How does that old song go

Bands, those funny little plans
That never work quite right

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