Lorraine Feather "The Hole In The Map"

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THE HOLE IN THE MAP

Music, Russell Ferrante/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Slightly below the Equator, Beneath a scalding sun Waits a counterfeit paradise And sure oblivion, Or so they told our hero, In 1925, As he went back to the river That ate so many alive.

It starts as a trickle in the clouds and snow, With more than an America still to go. Steamrollers into the sea, Wide as New York City. Passable only in the worst of the heat, In the winter it rises 40 feet. The green hell is a heady trap, So don' t fall down The hole in the map.

You' d bet such a forest would feed you, You would lose that bet. You thought you learned about fortitude As a gentleman cadet! The painful pranks, the floggings, Were bliss compared to this, As you hack through the lianas Where hanging boas hiss.

There are bugs that' Il kill you with a single bite,
Turn your cotton britches to threads in a night,
Homicidal gnats no bigger than seeds,
Cynanide-squirting millipedes.
Still you know you love it and you won' t be swayed
Though you never are fully unafraid.
Hits your heart like a thunderclap,
So don' t fall down
The hole in the map

Back in the comfort of Devon,
You sweeten your tea and sighâ€"
Free now to sleep till eleven,
And watch the old world go by.
You smile at your civilized heaven,
And say that at last, you' Il stay,
But close by the gates
The Amazon waits
To quietly drag you away.
Drag you away,

Back to the river. Itâ \in TM s passable only in the worst of the heat, In the winter it rises 40 feet. The green hell is a heady trap. Donâ \in TM t fall â \in !

There are bugs that' Il kill you with a single bite, Turn your cotton britches to threads in a night, Homicidal gnats no bigger than seeds, Cynanide-squirting millipedes.

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