

Angus Stone

"Looking For The Holes"

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I am looking for the holes
The holes in your jeans
Because I want to know
Are they worn out in the seat
Or are they worn out in the knees

There are so many ways to wear
What we've got before it's gone
To make use of what is there
I don't wear anything I can't wipe my hands on

Do your policies fit between the headlines
Are they written in newsprint, are they distant
Mine are crossing an empty parking lot
They are a woman walking home
At night
Alone
They are six string that sing
And wood that hums against my hipbone

We can't afford to do anyone harm
Because we owe them our lives
Each breath is recycled from someone else's lungs
Are enemies are the very air in disguise

You can talk a great philosophy
But if you can't be kind to people
Every day
It doesn't mean that much to me
It's the little things you do
The little things you say
It's the love you give along the way

When we patch things up
They say a job well done
But when we ask why
Where did the rips come from
They say we are subversive
And extreme, of course
We are just trying to track a problem to it's source

Because we know we can't sit back
And let people come to harm
We owe them our lives
Each breath is recycled from someone else's lungs
Our enemies are the very air
Our enemies are the air

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The holes in your jeans
Because we want to know
Are they worn out in the seat
Or are they worn out in the knees

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