

Triffids

"Vagabond Holes"

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Holes in my body, holes in my shoes
You can put your fingers in me
Let the north wind blow straight through
When you left I almost disappeared
Now you've gone, I'm not quite here

My friends say they call me, but there's nobody home
And they say talking to me these days
Is like squeezing blood from a stone
They say I'm fading fast, my signal's weak
You told me to forget about us,
I just forgot how to speak

Holes in my body. holes in my shoes
Who can mend these vagebond holes?

No one's going to love you when you're wrinkled and
old
No teeth in your gums, your hair the colour of snow
Up two flights of stairs to your ten dollar room
With the smell of all your cats and dust
And the newspapers strewn

Holes filled with whiskey, holes filled with damp and
mould
Days get short, and the nights get cold
Days go missing when the bottle closes in
Weak grow sickly and the sick grow thin

Holes in my body, holes in my shoes
Who can mend these vagebond holes?
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