

Bob Geldof, A Hole To Fill

Everybody's got a hole to fill
It doesn't matter if your name is Jack or Jill
Everybody's got a hole that they need filled

She wakes up
Still looking lost
And says what's the point of this
And I say not a lot
Still she gets up
And through her weary smile
She tries to find the strength
To carry on a while
Two days ago
She wrote away
To a mail order guru
Her postal sage
Who promised answers
By return of mail
Explaining why
Sometimes it seems
The world has failed
He wrote back

I left the pub last night
And I was just in time
To see them break my windows
And slash my tyres
I'm a liberal I thought
As I felt my anger rise
I was desperately searching
For my feminine side
But my feminine side
Was on her morning coffee break
I beat the shit out of one
And boy, I felt great
Hey Bob, he said don't get annoyed
We all find different ways
To fill up the void
And I said yeah