

# James Taylor, Down In The Hole

Watch your head on that root, got to let your eyes adjust.  
I'm sorry about your suit, can't do nothing about the dust.  
Welcome down underground, hunker down a spell.  
Gets to feel like home to me though I know it looks like hell.

Down in the hole, Lord, it's deep and the sides are steep.  
And the nights are long and cold, down in the hole.  
Light and love and the world above mean nothing to the mole.  
(Don't mean nothing to the mole.)

Never gets real hot down here, fifty five degrees.  
It's always a little bit damp, I fear but I've never seem to freeze.  
Mushrooms and earthworms, fancy stuff to eat.  
A world of quiet contemplation, oh, yes, just below the street.

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And the nights are long and cold, down in the hole.  
Light and love and the world above mean nothing to the mole.  
(Don't mean nothing to the mole.)

I'm in a hole since I lost my baby, living in a hole since I lost my girl.

Would you play in the moonlight, would you dance in the dirt,  
come home way past daybreak, cockleburs all stuck in your shirt?  
Come back home to twilight, come back home to me,  
subterranean river you are meets the molten sea.

Down in the hole, Lord, it's deep and the sides are steep.  
And the nights are long and cold, down in the hole.  
Light and love and the world above mean nothing to the mole.  
(Don't mean nothing to the mole.)