

Melissa Ferrick, Beijing

I'm digging a hole
In my backyard
I hit a rock and sprung water
I dove in
And ended up in Beijing
Stole me a bike
Joined up with the monks
Because silence
Is worth more these days
Oh than AOL Time Warner
Or Martha Stewart stocks

If you can get it
Grab as much as you can
And hide it in your basement
For the next disaster
Silence for the next disaster

Oh and my guitar
Sounds so good
Because I can't tell you why
And if distance makes the heart grow fonder
Than oh look at you and I yea
Look at you and I

If you can get it
Grab as much as you can
And hide it in your basement
For the next disaster
A little perfection
During your disaster

So bring me down
To where I can't see
I'll pray for some medicine
Explain to you I'm lost
You said you're not lost, you're free
You said you're free baby
You're free
You said you're free

If you can get it
Grab as much as you can
And hide it in your basement
For the next disaster
Yea during your disasters

I'm digging a hole yeah I'm digging a hole