

# 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