

# Mercury Rev, Holes

Time, all the long red lines, that take  
Control, of all th smokelike streams that flow into yr  
Dreams, that big blue open sea, that can't be  
Crossed, that can't be climbed, just born  
Between, oh th' two white lines, distant gods an' faded  
Signs, of all those blinking lites, you had t' pick the one tonite...

Holes, dug by little moles, angry jealous  
Spies, got telephones for eyes, come t' you as  
Friends, all those endless ends, that can't be  
Tied, oh they make me laugh, an' always make me  
Cry, til they drop like flies, an' sink like polished  
Stones, of all th' stones i throw, how does that ol' song go  
how does that ol' song go...

Bands, those funny little plans, that never work quite right.