

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.