

Cole Jude, Hole At The Top Of The World

The earth was trembling on their wedding day
The sun was cold, the sky was chrome
They spoke their lines like actors in a play
Changed their clothes and hurried home
Now in their dreams the season lingers
There is no wisdom in this pain
She turns the ring around her finger
He hopes that somehow things will change
We cry to the wind to mend what's broken
But where on earth can we rest assured
Who'll spin these dreams into something golden
Who'll fix the hole at the top of the world
The top of the world
The dogs were howling around the White House
Election day in the land of the mall
I have no hopes, no expectations
I watch my shadow grow on the wall
And through my heart this empty wind blows
There is no wisdom in this pain
There are no bars across these windows
But I'm a prisoner just the same
We cry to the wind to mend what's broken
But where on earth can we rest assured
Who'll spin these dreams into something golden
Who'll fix the hole at the top of the world
The top of the world
If our hearts became our anvils
If wisdom's hammer was in our hands
Could you and I build something better
Do you think our hearts would understand
(Solo)
We cry to the wind to mend what's broken
But where on earth can we rest assured
Who'll spin these dreams into something golden
Who'll fix the hole at the top of the world
Top of the world, yeah