Gilbert O'Sullivan, In My Hole

Everytime a bell rings
I go berserk
I climb into my hole
And sit there like a mole
Playing with the dirt
Contradicting people who think of me as being
So soft and gentle
Very clean
I used to have a daisy
A purple one called Maisy
Stuck on my bed
It didn't bother me
Yet when the landlord, Freestone saw it he said
Take it out at once or evicted you must go
So here I am in my hole
Watching people pass me by
Each of them in their own world and me in mine
I've never bitten off any more than I can chew
Never wanted too-
Every time a bird sings
Every time a bell rings
I go berserk
And as I've said before
I sit there like a mole
Playing with the dirt
Call it what you like
And by all means tell a soul
I'm very happy in my hole
Running round from time to time
Stopping only to unwind
Everything I have is mine
In my hole-
Length about the width of a pole
Width about the length of a bowl
Hollywood style!