

# Jeff Finlin, Holes In My Hands

Put the money in your pocket  
The key in the door  
The neon is screaming  
The world cries for more  
And down by the river there's a voice in the night  
It comes in a shiver as you're losing the light

It says, hey now  
Get it while you can  
The world's at your feet  
Find the map  
Draw your plans  
You could have had it all  
Could have been superman  
If it wasn't for the fall  
And these old  
Holes in my hands

It came to her late in a cool t.v. dream  
In a blue sequin flash on the flying trapeze  
In a picture of something she's long since forgot  
Sparked by a kiss and some liquor she'd shot

It said, somewhere is love  
Somewhere is now  
Somewhere is better  
Oh somewhere, oh somehow  
Somewhere is happy  
Somewhere is clear  
If only the weather  
Were with us, my dear