

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