

# Richard Thompson, Mole In A Hole

(Mike Waterson)

Like the flowers, like the bees  
Like the woodlands and the trees  
I like the Byrds on their LP's  
And I'm a refugee

[Chorus:]

I wanna be a mole in a hole, digging low and slow  
I wanna be a fly flying high in the sky  
I wanna be a mole in a hole, digging low and slow  
I wanna be a fly flying high in the sky

I had a friend who had a friend in Jesus  
He used to read the good book every day  
But my friend got so friendly with friend Jesus  
Friend Jesus took my only friend away

[Chorus]

Well, my feet are smelly and hair's a mess  
My teeth are yellow and I've got bad breath  
I may look great but I feel like death  
And I'm a refugee

[Chorus]

My friend he was as wise as Mister Wise Owl  
He could count from one to ten, from A to Z  
My friend he was so wise he got religion  
That's why I'm alive today and he is dead

[Chorus]