

Sam Phillips, Hole In My Pocket

My life fell through a hole in my pocket
I lost my solitude, I lost my balance
I lost my reverence and voice

Pieces of soap building up a mountain
Moving seeds of doubt

My life fell through a hole in my pocket
I can't see anything
Only this moment

I hear my heart breaking into faith
Pieces of soap building up a mountain
Moving seeds of doubt

My life fell through a hole in my pocket