

# The Jesus And Mary Chain, In A Hole

Grass grows greener  
On the other side  
Corn grows sweeter  
On the other side  
And I watch, And I watch, And I watch  
And I see too much  
And I broke my face  
And my head grows too much

God spits  
On my soul  
There's something dead inside my hole  
In my hole  
In my hole  
In my hole

I step crueller  
But less defined  
Striped cats cooler  
But so refine  
And I want to see  
What I want to be  
And I see me on a toxic screen  
And I'm dancing to a scream

God spits  
On my soul  
There's something dead inside my hole  
In my hole  
In my hole  
In my hole

How can something crawl within  
My rubber holy baked bean tin  
It's god to me, it's god to me  
This is heart and soul

Oh, heart and soul  
Yeah, heart and soul  
Oh, heart and soul  
Oh, heart heart heart heart and soul  
Heart and fucking soul  
My heart and soul  
My heart and soul  
My heart and soul  
Heart and soul  
Heart and soul  
Yeah heart and soul  
Yeah heart heart heart heart heart