

Tom Jones, No Hole In My Head

Everybody thinks my head's full of notjin'
They wanna pull their own special stuff in
Fill up the space with Candy wrappers
Keep out sex and revolution
But there's no hole in my head
Too bad

They call me a dupe for this and other
Call me a puppet on a string
They don't know my head's full of me
And that i have my own special thing
And there's no hole in my head
Too bad

I have lived since early childhood
Figuring out what's going on
I know what hurts
I know what's easy
When to stand and when to run
But there's no hole in my head
Too bad

So please stop shouting in y ear
There's something i wanna listen to
There's kind of birdsong up there somewhere
Feel walking when i want to run
And there's no hole in my head
Too bad

Everybody thinks my head's full of notjin'
They wanna pull their own special stuff in
Fill up the space with Candy wrappers
Keep out sex and revolution
But there's no hole in my head
Too bad
No, there's no hole in my head
Too bad