

Digging Holes

Cameron Whitcomb

I left home just to follow my feet
Had a rough couple years
And I had to retreat
'Cause I was seventeen with too much to prove
But it's hard to grow up when there's rot in your roots

I ain't six feet deep, but I'm getting real close
And I just can't leave, oh

My face feels heavy
And my heart is broke
I've been waiting on dead trees to grow
This much rain will make you pray for snow
And I hate rock bottom, but I'm good at digging holes
Digging holes
Digging holes

I met a girl with a lot of ideas
She had a couple dollars and I had a Cavalier
And we drove all night till that motor was gone
Only made it halfway to Saskatchewan

Now I smoke through lunch, and she still gets high
When you're this far down, it's a real tough climb

My face feels heavy
And my heart is broke
I've been waiting on dead trees to grow
This much rain will make you pray for snow
And I hate rock bottom, but I'm good at digging holes
Digging holes
Oh, digging holes
Oh, digging holes
Oh, digging holes
Digging holes

My face feels heavy
And I sold my soul
To make another payment on my own headstone
Damn this shovel 'cause I can't let go
And I hate rock bottom, but I'm good at digging holes
Digging holes
Oh, digging holes
No, no, no, digging holes
Digging holes

Oh, I hate rock bottom, but I'm good at digging holes