

Hole in the Weather

David Gray

Crawling out through a hole in the weather
That I might go and see
We came out from it light as a feather
Not in my wildest dreams
Not in my wildest dreams

Possibility loomed like a city
Repeated every phrase
Found it in every cell of my body
The senses [?] in me
The senses [?] in me
The senses [?] in me

Ride the punches, a slave to the rhythm
Brace for the full impact
Someone else starin' back from the mirror
Checks that it's still intact
Checks that it's still intact
Checks that it's still intact

It's always been there
I forgot to notice it, is all
Forgot to notice

How much I love this place
I really love this place
How much I love this place
Yeah, I really love this place

Dear God, I love this place
I forgot to notice it, is all
I really love this place
I forgot to notice it, is all
How much I love this place
I forgot to notice it, is all
I really love this place
Forgot to notice

Such a cynic, and loathe to admit it
[?] to your shell
See the hawk in the teeth of the gale
Mark out his eye-hole still
See how he's had his [?]
[?] higher still