

People Need Holes

Guided by Voices

In the space
Of breathing concrete
The man down the hall
Is 9 days old

Dense politician
Mailman and mother
They all come to retire
Where one wills ire

Provided with nothing
But themselves
A chance on the ledge
For jumping
With a faulty parachute

People need holes
To climb inside
People need cars
To go for a ride...