

Holes to Heaven

Jack Johnson

The air was more than human and
The heat was more than hungry and
The cars were square and spitting diesel fumes

The bulls were running wild
Because they're big and mean and sacred and
The children were playing cricket with no shoes

The next morning we woke up, man
With a seven hour drive
There we were stuck in Port Blaire
Where boats break and children stare

There were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to Heaven
And there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to Heaven

Disembarking from the port
With no mistakes of any sort
Moving south the engine running smooth

Officials were quite friendly
Once we drowned them with our sweet talk
We bribed them with our cigarettes and booze

The next morning we woke up
With the sunrise to the right
Moving back north to Port Blaire
Where boats break and children stare

There were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to Heaven
Yes and there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to Heaven

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