

# Holes

Michael Malarkey

Hmmmm, hmmm

In the old city now  
All the cars have turned brown  
And the skyscrapers sway  
And prepare to fall down

In the evenings, we sleepwalk these sidewalks alone  
But return to our dim-lit rooms  
And the drone of our bones  
And these bodies we know

When we try to leave town  
We just turn back around  
And forget we were trying to leave anyhow

In the mornings, we wake to the birth of the light  
Forgetting the night  
And we go and we work and we talk  
And we laugh and pretend that we know  
We'd rather be  
Alone

So, we crave the day  
That we can escape  
But the only way out of this place  
Is too scary  
So we stay

And these holes in our hearts  
Are like diamonds to some  
But to us, they're just holes  
And they'll never go numb  
These holes in our hearts  
Are like diamonds to some  
But to us, they're just holes  
And they hurt  
And they'll never go numb

Hmmmm, hmmm

If I could retrace the deeds  
In my old trajectory  
Maybe then I would be  
On my way out to sea  
But I tried so hard  
To find something to believe  
I just found the gaps in the holes  
And they told me to solve  
Where nothing would grow

When our minds fizzle out  
When our skin has gone cold  
When the oceans run red  
When our stories unfold

Then we'll disappear entirely

And nobody will know who we were at all  
It's the best way to fall  
And return to this world as another  
And wander this place like a stranger  
Wondering why  
We're here

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