

## Holes in My Pockets

Tiny Ruins

You know me, I lose everything  
There's holes in all the pockets of my coats  
And all the buckles broke off of my bags

You know me, I lose everything  
But there's holes in everything  
Don't fall through on me

Like that old red woollen scarf you liked  
She came back happily  
Changed our washing pink  
Never to be treated so carelessly  
Oh but don't fall through on me

You know so many  
Looking for something they feel they lost  
You know so many  
Looking for something they feel they lost  
They feel they lost...

Maybe there's a nest of rings and shiny things  
In the trees around me  
Come to think of it, the magpies on the field  
Cunningly eye me  
Hello mister magpie, how's your wife and family?  
Don't fall through on me

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