

Jack Johnson - Holes to Heaven

Tom: G

Riff 1

Riff 1

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

Riff 1

the bulls were running wild
because their big and mean and sacred
the children were playing cricket with no shoes

B

the next morning we woke up
with a seven hour drive

C
there we were in stuck in port blaire
where boats break and children stare

G D
there were so many fewer questions
Em Bm C Bm Am
when stars were still just the holes to heaven

G D
and there were so many fewer questions
Em Bm C Bm Am
when stars were still just the holes to heaven

Riff 1

disembarking from the port
with no mistakes of any sort
moving south the engine running smooth

Riff 1

officials were quite friendly
once we drowned them with our sweet talk
and bribed them with our cigarettes and booze

B

the next morning we woke up
with the sunrise to the right

C
Moving back north to port claire
Where boats break and children stare

G D
there were so many fewer questions
Em Bm C Bm Am
when stars were still just the holes to heaven

G D
and there were so many fewer questions
Em Bm C Bm Am
when stars were still just the holes to heaven

Riff 1

Riff 2:

Acordes

