

# 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

there we were in 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

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

Moving back north to port claire  
 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

Riff 1

Riff 2:

## Acordes

