

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

