

American Holes

Brieve Morison

We've got american food
For the body and the soul
So much stuff
They're gonna come and dig holes
We got american fires
To keep out the eastern cold
Where will they be
When the warm wind blows
All be down in their american holes

Well we all make mistakes
That's the way it goes
God made his
Heaven knows
But he says those gates
Are never closed
Can you see yourself
Standing by the heavenly doors
With a punch card full of american holes

In the land of sun
Where the banana grows
A young politician's
Popularity rose
Someone didn't want him in the show
So they booked him a seat
Across the last two rows
With a bad case of american holes

Now from north alaska
Where the land is froze
To the south of france
Where the mistral blows
And right on down
To where they wear no clothes
The president will know when you blow your nose
And we'll all be part of the american whole