

Hole In The Bucket

Spearhead

Money Money Money Money
Nothing but money

I work 9 to 5 but it starts in the P.M.
And I love the sunrise so I step out in the A.M.
The street is black and shiny from the nightly rainin'
The glory of the light it brings evaporation

Morning's fresh oxygen cleanest
I take a deep hit help my mind stay the greenest
I'm already wake so I'm not drinkin' coffee
Don't wanna cigarette, 'cause it's a form of slavery

I walk into the store 'cause I need a few items
The sun heats the blood like a hit of vitamins
As I need to buy some food and some poo for my dreads
I can't remember why but I need a spool of thread

Well a man with dirty dreads, he steps around the comer
He asks me for a dime, a nickel or a quarter
I don't have any change so I'm steppin' along
But as I'm walkin' past he sings to me a song

There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza, Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza

The day is pickin' up cause I'm hummin' his song
The buses and the people all keep movin' along
To the shopkeeper I say, "what's up?"
And I'm thinkin' about the man who's holdin' up the cup

I pay for all the stuff and get a pocketful of change
Well should I give it to the man's the question in my brain
What's gonna happen if I give the man a dime?
I don't wanna pay for another brothers wine

What's gonna happen if I give the man a quarter?
Will he find a dealer and try to place an order?
What's gonna happen if I give the man a nickel
Will he buy some food or some pork that's been pickled?

I'm not responsible for the man's depression
How can I find compassion in the midst of recession?
How come all these questions keep f**kin' with my head
And I still can't remember why I need a spool of thread

'Cause there's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza

He's starin' in my eyes just as I'm walkin' past
I'm tryin to avoid him 'cause I know he's gonna ask
Me about the coinage that is in my pocket
But I don't know if I should put it in his bucket

I walk right past him to think about it more
Back at the crib I'm openin' up the door
A pocketful of change it don't mean a lot to me
My cup is half full but his is empty

I put back on my cap and I start headin' back
I reach into my pocket and I have a heart attack
Well as I'm diggin' deep I scream, "Oh no"
There's nothin' in the pocket but a great big hole

While I was busy thinkin' if he would buy smack
The jingle in my pocket it slipped through the cracks
No one has the change and it's f**kin' up my head
But now I no the reason why I had to buy the thread

There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
I said, "There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza"
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket dear Liza, dear Liza

There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a hole, there's a
There's a hole, there's a hole
There's a bigger hole
There's a bigger hole dear Liza, dear Liza
There's a hole in the bucket
Hole in the bucket
Dear Liza, dear Liza