

Just a Hole

The Dead Brothers

Cliff is high enough out here
The rocks look hard, the air is clear
No one will miss me, anyway
Remember all that we once had
Some times happy, some times sad
The sea will wash it all away
When you're standing at my grave
It's just a hole that someone named

I think of love, I think of you
Nobody knows it, nobody cares
I think of love, I think of you
I'll never show it
I think of love, I think of you
Nobody knows it
I think of love I think of you
And I'll never show it
No one never will