

Jack Johnson - Holes to Heaven

Tom: **G**

Riff 1

Riff 1

the air was more than human
the heat was more than hungry **Em**
the cars were square and spitting diesel fumes

Riff 1

the bulls were running wild
because their big and mean and sacred **Em**
the children were playing cricket with no shoes

B

the next morning we woke up
with a seven hour drive

C
there we were in stuck in port blaire
where boats break and children stare

G **D**
there were so many fewer questions
Em **Bm** **C** **Bm** **Am**
when stars were still just the holes to heaven

G **D**
and there were so many fewer questions
Em **Bm** **C** **Bm** **Am**
when stars were still just the holes to heaven

Riff 1

disembarking from the port
with no mistakes of any sort **Em**
moving south the engine running smooth

Riff 1

officials were quite friendly
once we drowned them with our sweet talk **Em**
and bribed them with our cigarettes and booze

B

the next morning we woke up
with the sunrise to the right

C
Moving back north to port claire
Where boats break and children stare

G **D**
there were so many fewer questions
Em **Bm** **C** **Bm** **Am**
when stars were still just the holes to heaven
G **D**
and there were so many fewer questions
Em **Bm** **C** **Bm** **Am**
when stars were still just the holes to heaven

Riff 1

Riff 2:

Acordes

