The Holes You Leave (Guy Clark/Buddy Mondlock)

The rain is coming down in sheets
The rain is coming down in ropes
It's coming down like cats and dogs
Like geniuses and dopes
And it's making such a racket
Even lazy men get up
And start to drink their coffee
Out of yesterdays cup

The grass is growing in the garden
The daffodils are blooming in the yard
In the leaky porch roof puddle
Floats a handyman's card
There's a pile of rolled up papers
Still in their rubber bands
All the news that's fit to fool you
Think I'll throw 'em in the can

CHORUS
Sometimes you have to ask yourself
What do you want to leave out?
You thought that you could do it all
But that's what it's not about
It's about the holes you leave
It's about space to breathe

BRIDGE
If you fill up every space you see
There'll be no place left to be
There's no need to waste your breath
All you get is life and death
Got a million things to do
I'm gonna pick one or two
I'll take my time - it's all I got
Do it right or do it not

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