

# The Beatles, Fixing A Hole

I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in  
and stops my mind from wandering  
where it will go  
I'm filling the cracks that ran though the door  
and kept my mind from wandering  
where it will go

And it really doesn't matter if I'm wrong  
I'm right where I belong  
I'm right where I belong  
See the people standing there  
who disagree and never win  
and wonder why they don't get in my door

I'm painting the room in a colorful way,  
and when my mind is wandering  
there I will go

And it really doesn't matter if I'm wrong  
I'm right where I belong  
I'm right where I belong  
Silly people run around  
they worry me and never ask me  
why they don't get past my door

I'm taking my time for a number of things  
that weren't important yesterday  
and I still go

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and stops my mind from wandering  
where it will go  
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I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in  
and stops my mind from wandering  
where it will go