Pink Mountaintops
"Holiday"

Visit "Holiday" on MotoLyrics.com

Everyone I love deserves a holiday
In the sun
Almost every day
'Til the lions are off of their backs

Oh run away
Things are the gates to the Milky Way
Oh reach for the stars with your brightest gaze
I never let the bastards bite back

Of those who've seen the backs of the cowards
Have seen how fast they can run
A bullet hole through the walls of the summer
Goddamn what have we done?

Well all wicked waves
Collapse working slaves
Oh suffocate
Rattling in their chains

Oh!
Oh!

Run away
Things are the gates to the Milky Way
Oh reach for the stars with your brightest gaze
I never let the bastards bite back

Oh those who've seen the backs of the cowards
Have seen how fast they can run
A bullet hole through the walls of the summer
Goddamn what have we done?

Well everyone I love deserves a holiday
In the sun
Almost every day
'Til the lions are off of their backs