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Of Montreal ''Holiday Call''

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Is that you, my Lord Hands on my knee, my Lord Fingers running up my sleeve, my Lord Asking me to leave with you My Lord [x2]

I freaked at the festival, I'm almost sick again Our memories are sighed away All the TV's are stoned It's no construct for prayer

Is that you, my Lord Hands on my knee, my Lord Fingers running up my sleeve, my Lord Asking me to leave with you My Lord

I freaked at the festival, I'm almost sick again Our memories are found again All the telephones are stoned It's no construct for prayer

B*tch you know it's got to bounce

Don't lie to me, Charlize I hardly know you I know enough to stay away No row a boat for you

Don't lie to me, Charlize I hardly know you I know enough, enough to stay away No row a boat for you

Don't lie to me, Charlize I hardly know you

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