

## 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

