

Phil Wickham

"Wet Winter Holiday"

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My boss doesn't believe, a word I say
He's on my case, for being so late
All the time

I've been dreaming of a wet winter holiday

The sun breaks my heart, while it radiates me
I've been working so hard, while the rich kids play
All the time

Are you dreaming of a wet winter holiday too?
I've been dreaming of a wet winter holiday with you

And if the summer wants to come
Can't we push it back, just a week or two?

You can call me mad, you can call me insane
You can call me Matthew, Mark, Luke, Peter, John or
James
All the time

Are you dreaming of a wet winter holiday too?
I've been dreaming of a wet winter holiday with you

And if the summer wants to come
Can't we push it back, just a week or two?

I've packed my bags, I've bought my ticket
I've thought it through, you smell terrific
I'm ready babe, so please don't make me wait (I've
been dreaming) [x4]

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