

Bacchus Jihad**"On Holiday"**

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On holiday
We chase the clouds over
Rolling hills and ancient lakes
Drifting down the runway
High on new free license

On holiday
Romance by the fire's side
Golden whiskey, idol chatter
I make love to everyone
And everyone makes love to me
On holiday

Don't make a date to fly back home
And don't hesitate to break the bones and take a taste
On holiday

On holiday
Lost in a haze of
Guinness and LSD
Dancing at the Hillgrove
With breathless Sharon Shannon
On holiday

I feel the rip cord snap
And free-fall into a smile
Music warms my heart
And all the trees are laughing
On holiday

And in the month of May
When skies begin to clear
All the doors are open
The streets they fill with music
And the river she flows backwards
On holiday, so far away

On holiday
Oh holiday

("Dublin" solo - everyone sing along)

Don't make a date to fly back home
And don't hesitate to scoop the earth up in your hands
On holiday

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