

The Front Bottoms

"Fool's Holiday"

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It's late, I know
I should pick up my pieces and go
Somewhere, far away
I won't leave until I hear you say

Chorus:
You don't want me, hanging around
You don't need me, bringing you down
I just don't want to let go
Of a feeling that we used to know
But you give me the word I won't stay
In this fool's holiday

I guess I thought
You would stay by me no matter what
Where you won't, I will
I would be waiting here for your still

Chorus

I put my faith in you just like a child
Can't you see
I'm blinded by the light you could not find in me

You don't want me, hanging around
You don't need me, bringing you down
I just don't want to let go
Of a feeling that we used to know
I just don't want to admit
That you want me to call it quits
But you give me the word I won't stay
In this fool's holiday

It's late, I know

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