

The King Blues "Holiday"

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After 3 long painful hours
We finally step off the train
It don't look like in the brochure
It's all kind of brown and grey
Helter skelter's covered up
Lights out at the fairground
And if the you walk along the pier
You'll see why they burnt it down
Lets wish upon these stones
And we can throw them out to sea
I know it all looks kind of hopeless
But I believe they'll come back to me
And every wave that crashes down
Is a promise I'm making you
Let's take over some old pub
We can make this town brand new

Could have gone for sun and sand
Seen the sights of new Japan
Maybe Thailand or Jamaica
Been enlightened in Malaysia
But I decided we're coming here
It's a washout but we're gonna persevere
In the town that time forgot
We're gonna have fun whether you like it or not

We're going away on holiday
So pack your bags
Away the lads
And leave your dignity behind
For the broken lights on the promenade
And what's left of the skyline

In the pub he's red like lobster
Knocks them back he won't be outdone
Union Jack swimming shorts
In case we don't know where he's from
Goliwog in the shop front window
By the flashing vacancies sign
No wonder when the world turned
It left this town behind
Two lovers in a chip shop doorway

Huddled up 'cos it's howling down
Falling in and out of love tonight
But right now they're stood on common ground
Drunk Romeo and Angry Julie
Cuddly shark and a takeaway
Battered painting
See it fading
From the golden glory days

Who's gonna choose dirt and rain
When you could just fly to Spain
You can get there pretty cheap
Stay for about 'alf a week
But not us we like it here
Greasy food and pricey beer
We're the only ones remaining
We find it all entertaining
Just wake me up when it stops raining

We're going away on holiday
So pack your bags
Away the lads
And leave your dignity behind
For the broken lights on the promenade
And what's left of the skyline

He straightens up his bowtie in the mirror
Checks that his teeth are squeaky clean
For 35 years he's performed
His proudly politically incorrect routine
By the time the punchline arrives at climax
The silence is deafening
He realises he's the punchline
As the cold truth dawns on him
The spotlight fades out and the smoke disappears
And he shines his eyes right to the back of the hall
Aghast he screams as he falls to his knees and he sees
Ain't no audience after all
Just swarms of locusts
Rats and roaches
No applause no bunch of roses
We've moved on now he's dying
Cos we don't want to hear your racist jokes
Or your greased lightening

We're going away on holiday
So pack your bags
Away the lads
And leave your dignity behind
For the broken lights on the promenade
And what's left of the skyline

We're going away on holiday
And we know we won't have to queue
Because there's nobody around
The fortune tellers saw their crystal ball
And all moved out of town

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