Jacqueline

Broonzy, Big Bill + Washboard Sam

Jacqueline was seventeen
Working on a desk when
Ivor peered above a spectacle
Forgot that he had wrecked a girlSometimes these eyes
Forget the face they're peering from
When the face they peer upon
Well, you know that face as I doAnd how in the return of the gaze
She can return you the face
That you are staring fromIt's always better on holiday
So much better on holiday
That's why we only work when
We need the moneyIt's always better on holiday
So much better on holiday
That's why we only work when
We need the moneyGregor was down again
Said, "Come on, kick me again"
Said, "I'm so drunk
I don't mind if you kill me"Come on you gutless
Yeah, I'm alive
Oh, I'm alive
Oh, I'm aliveAnd how I know it's you
But for chips and for freedom
I could dieIt's always better on holiday
So much better on holiday
That's why we only work when
We need the moneyIt's always better on holiday
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We need the money

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