

# 1,000 Ruined Holidays

Charlee Remitz

Betrayal in busloads  
All the kids at home  
All the kids who've hear my name  
Been asking their friends a lot about me  
Do you think she'll make it big  
It's okay you can tell me I won't tell her if you don't  
They gettin' desperate tryin' to find someone who doesn't think so They been droppin' surveys in mailboxes  
Waiting outside a hundred garaged  
Hoping someone will finally knock it  
Too threatened to ever drop it Free flowing boxed wine pouring out of spickets  
They scared of parkin' too close and gettin' tickets  
I'm scared of pullin' triggers  
Scared of it slippin' through my fingers I wonder how many dorm room walls have heard my name  
And how many clouds of hookah they been blowin' 'bout me  
They got the freezer door open  
Cooling the whole state  
Flutes in the cupboard  
Ready with the chilled champagne  
Dreaming of bitter ends  
And toasting fallen friends Nursing bruised tiptoes  
Though all the kids I know  
Are gonna talk about me anyway  
I could stand in the corner all night long behind the drunk girls dancing  
And they would chatter all about me while the drunkards get distressed  
If she thinks she's so good then why hasn't she made it yet They been talkin' dates like they can't wait to see me  
They're gettin' nervous that I'm gettin' busy  
The mountains miss you it's been pretty chilly  
How's Hollywood are you close to the city  
Are you close to the city  
Are you close to the city Free flowing boxed wine pouring outta spickets  
They scared of parkin' too close and gettin' tickets  
I'm scared of pullin' triggers  
Scared of it slippin' through my fingers I wonder how many dorm room walls have heard my name  
And how many clouds of hookah they been blowin' 'bout me  
They got the freezer door open  
Cooling the whole state  
Flutes in the cupboard  
Ready with the chilled champagne  
Dreaming of bitter ends

And toasting fallen friends  
I guess I ruin lame parties when I walk in  
Just the fact that I'm on my feet  
Means they can't raise a glass to my efforts yet  
I got a million eyes starin' my way  
Hatin' me  
It's like I ruined their holidays  
They call me back so they can push me away  
Give me a taste  
Of a thousand ruined holidays  
I wonder how many dorm room walls have heard my name  
And how many clouds of hookah they been blowin' 'bout me  
They got the freezer door open  
Cooling the whole state  
Flutes in the cupboard  
Ready with the chilled champagne  
Dreaming of bitter ends  
And toasting fallen friends

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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