

# Jacqueline

## Brianna Carpenter

Jacqueline was seventeen  
Working on a desk when  
Ivor peered above a spectacle  
Forgot that he had wrecked a girl  
Sometimes these eyes  
Forget the face they're peering from  
When the face they peer upon  
Well, you know that face as I do  
And how in the return of the gaze  
She can return you the face  
That you are staring from  
It's always better on holiday  
So much better on holiday  
That's why we only work when  
We need the money  
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So much better on holiday  
That's why we only work when  
We need the money  
Gregor 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 alive  
And how I know it's you  
But for chips and for freedom  
I could die  
It's always better on holiday  
So much better on holiday  
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