

Holiday

Albert Hammond, Jr.

Wake up, months have changed, have fucked me up
I've got the breaks, I've got the breaks
Your laughter takes me from disaster to tears
All washed away on holiday, come on
Jamaica, ooh, I'm gonna take ya away
On holiday, on holiday

Our problems, time will have to solve them someday
On holiday, on holiday
Warm sun tells me that it's more fun to stay
On holiday, on holiday

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