

Better on Holiday

Franz Ferdinand

Jacqueline was seventeen
Working on a desk
When Iver
Peered above a spectacleForgot that he had wrecked a girl
Sometimes these eyes
Forget the face they're peering from
When the face they peer uponWell, 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 fromIt'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 gutlessI'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive
And how I know it
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 money

Songwriters

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