Holland

Stuart McLean

A slew of gypsy acid cats
On their way off to Holland;
With their witchy veiny claws,
They're grabbing at your wallet.
You too, they kissed your heart.
You too, they kissed your heart.
They are the only ones
That we ever did connect with
All that we wanted
Was to act like someone's lover.
Well I, I'd rather die.
Yeah I, I'd rather die.
Made for the weeping tide

Of vermin dawning red veils;
Looking like a wealthy white
On their way back from Holland.
Yeah I, I'd rather die.
Yeah I, I'd rather die.
Than be with you tonight,
With you tonight.
Yeah I, I'd rather die.
Yeah I, I'd rather die.
Than be with you tonight,
With you tonight.
You too, you kissed your heart.
You too, you kissed your heart.

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