Flicker

Calamine

Christmas lights hung up outside
Middle of the day
Middle of July
Don't ask me why
'Cause holidays are best that way
In time you please
Hang up lights on ceiling fans
And hang them up on treesAnd watch them flicker
Watch them flash
Get used to the fact
That she's not coming backYou've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in JulyAnd since she's gone the world goes on
And you, you still exist
You're surprised you realize
That no one gives a shit
About your bad T.V. reception
Or your broken heart
Sit down in your favorite chair
And suffer in the darkAnd watch them flicker
Watch them flash
Get used to the fact
That she's not coming backYou've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out
You've gone out
You've gone out
You've gone out of styleShe's gone away
You think that you might die
But you're a strong boy you'll survive
You sit around and contemplate
The things that you might say

If she calls,
She's never gonna callShe's gone away
And you think that you might die
But you're a strong boy you'll survive
You sit around and contemplate
The things that you might say
If she calls,
She's never gonna callShe's gone away
And you think that you might die
But you're a strong boy you'll survive
You sit around and contemplate
The things that you might say
If she calls,
She's never gonna call

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/