

J.C. Auto

Sugar

I'm on a holiday wasting my time away
Writing a book on you born on a holiday
In the December snow wasting my time away
Writing a book on you born on a holiday Somewhere in this song
A little clue to something (clue to something)
Parts of it seem over now
You expect a real solution (real solution)
I've got to go with what I know
Taking it on a holiday away I've done my share of drugs (they drag me down)
I've done my share of speed (it kept me up)
I've had the strangest love (it's all I need)
I've had the things I need (I need it now) When everthing seems wrong
I need to look to something (look to something)
People outside inside staying
Out for nothing (out for nothing)
And if you're in I can't let go
Short of the long holiday
I think you know what I've been saying When there's nothing left to all
The colors that you sprayed upon it
Passing judgment on my life
You never really got it right
I can't believe in anything
I don't believe in anything
Do you believe in anything Do you believe me now Look like Jesus Christ
Act like Jesus Christ I know...
Here's your Jesus Christ
I'm your Jesus Christ I know... Bleeding to death again (my bleeding heart)
Stuck in the heart again (goes out to you)
Somebody nail my hands (I needed pain)
Somebody take my hand (I bleed again) I knew it all along and now
We're screwed forever (screwed forever)
Shake these demons off my back
And I can make it better (make it better)
But I can't go on knowing I am
Permanent on this holiday
I think you know what I am saying I became the big disgrace
I know that I'm the ugly face
I need some time to reconcile
I need some time to heal a while You'll be sorry when I'm gone

I guess you knew this all along

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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