

# Holiday From Real

## Jack's Mannequin

She thinks I'm much too thin  
She asks me if I'm sick  
What's a girl to do with friends like this  
She let's me drive her car  
So I can score an eighth  
From the lesbians  
Out west in Venice Oh-oh-oh  
California in the summer  
Ah-ah-ah  
And my hair is growing long  
Fuck yeah we can live like this  
But if you left it up to me  
Everyday would be a holiday...  
From real  
We'd waste our weeks beneath the sun  
We'd fry our brains and say its so much fun...  
Out here  
But when its all over  
I'll come back for another year  
I look for work today  
I'm spilling out the door  
Put my glasses on,  
So no one sees me  
I'd never thought that  
I'd be living on your floor  
But the rents are high  
And L.A. easy Oh-oh-oh  
It's a picture of perfection  
Ah-ah-ah  
And the postcard gunna read...  
Fuck yeah we can live like this  
We can live like this  
But if you left it up to me  
Everyday would be a holiday...  
From real  
We'd waste our weeks beneath the sun  
We'd fry our brains and write its so much fun...  
Out here  
Hey Madeline  
(Hey Madeline)  
You sure look fine  
(You sure look fine)  
You wore my favorite sweater  
Being bored was never better  
A safety buzz  
Some cheap red wine

Oh the trouble we can get in  
So let's screw this one up rightBut if you left it up to me  
Everyday would be a holiday...  
From real  
We'd waste our weeks beneath the sun  
We'd lie, and tell our friends its so much fun...  
Out hereBut when its all over  
I'll come back for another...  
But when its all over  
I'll come back for another year

Songwriters

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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