Holiday

Olivia Chaney

She's a Goddess, she calms you down,
Went to Italy, ran from town,
But the dirt of England calls her back,
Those rolling hills leave her flatPuts her arms around your pain,
She's the weighing scale of your day,
As you push them one by one into the car,
'Round the merry-go-round of a West country parkYou wouldn't take it on holiday with you,
Take it away on holiday with you,
Said you couldn't take it away,
On holiday with you
She's a goddess, she's not faking,
Seeks your approval in all she's making,
Sees you in the dark,
Feels you see her a thousand partsIn keeping a cautious eye,
Lost control, the child died,
With your bags forever packed, your letters unsent,
Her belly aches with your empty intent
And you wouldn't take it on holiday with you,
Take it away on holiday with you,
Said you couldn't take it away,
On holiday with you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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