

Holidays

The Roches

She's the kind of girl who pays for herself
And the money don't come rolling in
Been living here outside of fifteen years
Say how do you do, where does she begin? Those lollipop eyes
No longer surprised
Still willing to try Worried she'll get to be
As big as a house
Her apartment is small
She's got to stay the size of a mouse Walking around
The old neighborhood
There were several wise guys
She'd do over if she could Please no more lies
Warm September skies
Still willing to try
But the holidays, holidays are hard Sun's so bright
She pulls the shade
Puts a dinky dinner in
It's factory made She bought the book
How to help yourself
Climb up on the chair, girl
And take it down from the shelf Cracks open a smile
Ain't she got style
Still willing to try
But the holidays, holidays are hard

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