

# 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 lets me drive her car, so I can score an eighth  
From the lesbians out west in Venice  
Oh, California in the summer  
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, "It's so much fun  
Out here", but when it's all over  
I'll come back for another year  
I'll look for work today, I'm spilling out the door  
Put my glasses on so no one sees me  
I never thought that I'd be living on your floor  
But the rents are high and L.A.'s easy  
Oh, it's a picture of perfection  
Ah, and the postcards gonna read  
An' 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, "It's so much fun  
Right here"  
Hey Madeline, you sure look fine  
You wore my favorite sweater  
Being poor was never better  
A safety buzz, some cheap red wine  
Oh, the trouble we can get in  
So let's screw this one up right  
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 lie and tell our friends, "It's so much fun  
Out here", but when it's all over  
I'll come back for another  
When it's all over

I'll come back for another year

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