# 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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