

Holiday From Real (Acoustic)

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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