

Anjolie, Colombia

I'm tired of the rental car you drive
I'm tired of the waitress job I got
I'm tired of the cold, cold looks of strangers in the city
I'm tired of the same old circumstances
Tired of my sex life, tired of romancing
I could appreciate havin' my skin crawl for a change
It isn't you who makes my mind tick like a clock all day and night
Let's get away a while
Pack your bags, let's go to Colombia
Take the day off work
Boy, I know you got a lot on your mind
But we don't need no holiday
Pack your bags, let's go to Peru, yeah
We could make a million excuses
Got a lot to do tomorrow
If I don't make it, it's okay, yeah

I'm tired of stayin' up so damn late
Starin' at the laptop screen I fade away
To some unseen extraordinary place
Where I feel the wind between my thighs, under my dress
And I'm on fire and it pulls me under
But it isn't you who makes my mind tick like a clock all day and night
Let's get away a while
Pack your bags, let's go to Colombia
Take the day off work
Boy, I know you got a lot on your mind
But we don't need no holiday
Pack your bags, let's go to Peru, yeah
We could make a million excuses
Got a lot to do tomorrow
If I don't make it, it's okay 'cause we don't need no holiday, yeah