

# Anjulie, 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