

Calamine, Flicker

Christmas lights hung up outside
Middle of the day
Middle of July
Don't ask me why
'Cause holidays are best that way
In time you please
Hang up lights on ceiling fans
And hang them up on trees

And watch them flicker
Watch them flash
Get used to the fact
That she's not coming back

You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July

And since she's gone the world goes on
And you, you still exist
You're surprised you realize
That no one gives a shit
About your bad T.V. reception
Or your broken heart
Sit down in your favorite chair
And suffer in the dark

And watch them flicker
Watch them flash
Get used to the fact
That she's not coming back

You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out of style
And there's no Christmas in July
You've gone out
You've gone out
You've gone out
You've gone out of style

She's gone away
You think that you might die
But you're a strong boy you'll survive
You sit around and contemplate
The things that you might say
If she calls,
She's never gonna call

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