

# 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

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And there's no Christmas in July  
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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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