

Stereophonics, Caravan Holiday

Seven day holiday in the rain it's June.
At the time we were plain old me and you.
It didn't matter that the sky came down,
I never really felt like going out.
Seven days watching rain inside with you.
Saturday, watched the game, you fried our food.
Nothing busy, nothing easy but something you.
It didn't matter that we couldn't eat out,
my ship sank and my shoes were damp.
Seven days hearing rain inside with you.
There's always time to complain about the weather,
season's change in a day just like each other,
but we wait for Summer.
Seven day holiday in the rain with you.
Lie awake drinking late is all that's left to do.
Not a sound but the rain on the pale blue roof.
It didn't matter that we couldn't sleep out,
I never really felt like sleeping rough.
Seven day holiday drinking dry with you.
There's always time to complain about the weather,
season's change in a day just like each other,
but we wait for Summer.
Seven day holiday in the rain with you.
Seven days holiday in the rain with you.