

# Drake Bell, Bloody Holiday

Love is such a bloody holiday  
It seems that every time that I give my heart away  
It comes back to me  
A little worse for wear  
And who I give it to doesn't even care

I could stop myself from loving you  
Ask myself what good would it do  
I'd only find someone else to love me who  
May as well be you

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If I'd ever loved anyone again  
Wonder what would become of me then  
Love leaves my heart behind and then  
Here it comes again

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