

George Fox, Holiday

Nice time of year, for a holiday
Such a pity you've no words to say
And your flying in on this thin imagination
Flying out with a brand new prescription

And I can't believe it looks just like the brochure
The other side of the world seems somehow closer
Yet he'll be bouncing off the hotel walls
And you'll be having no fun at all.

And I'm just here for a few days
Gonna take a holiday to fade away
And I'm just here for a few days
I need to take a holiday to fade away

And the sun is shining in your tanning parlour
He's bought everything for his favourite starlet
And sun, surf and sand and a bruising backhand
And cocktails of sorts at his demand

I didn't come to swim in your pool
Yet you're drowning just like the fool
It's not for us to understand
We'll just wait for the happy snaps to hit the stand

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