

# Sugar, J.C. Auto

I'm on a holiday wasting my time away  
Writing a book on you born on a holiday  
In the December snow wasting my time away  
Writing a book on you born on a holiday

Somewhere in this song  
A little clue to something (clue to something)  
Parts of it seem over now  
You expect a real solution (real solution)  
I've got to go with what I know  
Taking it on a holiday away

I've done my share of drugs (they drag me down)  
I've done my share of speed (it kept me up)  
I've had the strangest love (it's all I need)  
I've had the things I need (I need it now)

When everthing seems wrong  
I need to look to something (look to something)  
People outside inside staying  
Out for nothing (out for nothing)  
And if you're in I can't let go  
Short of the long holiday  
I think you know what I've been saying

When there's nothing left to all  
The colors that you sprayed upon it  
Passing judgment on my life  
You never really got it right  
I can't believe in anything  
I don't believe in anything  
Do you believe in anything

Do you believe me now

Look like Jesus Christ  
Act like Jesus Christ I know...  
Here's your Jesus Christ  
I'm your Jesus Christ I know...

Bleeding to death again (my bleeding heart)  
Stuck in the heart again (goes out to you)  
Somebody nail my hands (I needed pain)  
Somebody take my hand (I bleed again)

I knew it all along and now  
We're screwed forever (screwed forever)  
Shake these demons off my back  
And I can make it better (make it better)  
But I can't go on knowing I am  
Permanent on this holiday  
I think you know what I am saying

I became the big disgrace  
I know that I'm the ugly face  
I need some time to reconcile  
I need some time to heal a while

You'll be sorry when I'm gone  
I guess you knew this all along