

Perfect Holiday

Big Data

They called it modern love
I call it giving up
We're running out of space
The cracks are in the screen
The data's never clean
I think we'll be replaced

This is my perfect holiday
I don't need my knees to pray
I'm checking out, going back
That's my holiday
And on my perfect holiday
I won't need my hands to say
I'm breaking out, I don't care
That's my holiday

If you could break the chain
And pull us back again
From the nightmares that we faced
That norm will take the rain
That lead us through the pain
And your are being erased

This is my perfect holiday
I don't need my knees to pray
I'm checking out, going back
That's my holiday
And on my perfect holiday
I won't need my hands to say
I'm breaking out, I don't care
That's my holiday

They are all the same
But we can break the chain
The pleasure's in the pain

If I come back again
You'll know just who I am
The kid who got away

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I don't need my knees to pray
I'm checking out, going back
That's my holiday
And on my perfect holiday
I won't need my hands to say
I'm breaking out, I don't care
That's my holiday