

Colombia

Anjolie

I'm tired of the rental car you drive
I'm tired of the waitress job I got
I'm tired of the cold, cold looks of strangers in the city
I'm tired of the same old circumstances
Tired of my sex life
Tired of romancing
I could appreciate havin' my skin crawl for a change

And it isn't you who makes my mind tick like a clock all day and night
Let's get away awhile
Pack your bags let's go to Colombia
Take the day off work boy I know you
Got a lot on your mind
We don't need no holiday
Pack your bags let's go to Peru yeah
We could make a million excuses
Got a lot to do tomorrow
If I don't make it, it's okay yeah

I'm tired of stayin' up so damn late
Starin' at the laptop screen I fade away
To some unseen extraordinary place
I feel the wind between my thighs, under my chest
And I'm on fire (on fire)
And it pulls me under

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Got a lot to do tomorrow
If I don't make it, it's okay
'Cause we don't need no holiday yeah