

## 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

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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

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