

Holiday

Cameron Whitcomb

I was abused, overused, dumb, and underrated
I said here try this, I know you're gonna hate it
She got good grades, lovely, educated
And she swore one day that I was gonna make it

I said, "Mmm, probably not"
My father kicked me out for drinking all his scotch
He said, "Mmm, kid get lost" (What)
I tried to break back in, he changed the locks

Don't got nowhere to go
Don't got nowhere to stay
So can I stay with you, my holiday?
Don't got no change of clothes
But I got a song to play
So can I stay with you, my holiday?
'Cause you could be my honey bee
And I could be your wild, wild flower bouquet
And I don't got nowhere to be
So can I stay with you, my holiday?

You could be my Lucy
I could be your Ricky
Bet your dad'll freak out
If he sees that hickey
You'll be wearing turtlenecks in the middle of July
Heard he got a Smith & Wesson
Do I really wanna die?

I said, "Mmm, probably not"
Probably not
But I like your bed way better than the one I got
Way better, way better, way better

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I still got the scars from jumping out your window
A rebel with no cause
And your mom said I was simple
And she's not wrong, all that I want is some bourbon and a bed
Honey, I'll put in the work to pay the rent

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He said, "Mmm, kid get lost" (What)