

Holiday

Jimmy Buffett

The weather channel girl
With her perfect weather curl
Is talking cold, cold, cold
You can't get out of bed
You can't remember what you said
You're feeling old, old, old

Is it a fever or depression
Anger or aggression?
What's the remedy?
We're not talking rocket science
The answer to your question's very plain to see

You need a holiday
Take a holiday
Find a far-off wonderland
Where you might regain command of your life today

So take a holiday
You need a holiday
Grab a pack and hit the trail
Take a sail and wind up in some moonlit bay

You're caught up in the Internet
You think it's such a great asset
But you're wrong, wrong, wrong
All that fiber-optic gear
Still cannot take away the fear
Like an island song

Disregard confession
Stop trying to make impressions
On your corporate climb
It might come as quite a shock
But you can't really own that rock
It's just a waste of time

So take a holiday
You need a holiday
Find a place to find yourself
Take your life down off that shelf, quit acting so blasé

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Grab a pack and hit the trail
Take a sail and wind up in some moonlit bay

Well, it's only up to you
No one else can teach you to
Go out and have some fun
If you want to stay alive
Evade the big nose dive
Be a comedian

And take a holiday
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Find a far-off wonderland

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