

# Holiday by the Sea

The Bolshoi

Took himself away  
Said it was a holiday  
Took himself away  
Said it was a holiday

Holiday by the sea  
Holiday by the sea

Found a date to keep  
Put it in his overcoat  
Lost himself that day  
Such stolen moments

Took himself far away  
To a faceless house  
Full of fear  
He's waiting to reach out, to reach out  
And grasp his own hand  
For maybe he could be...

Holiday by the sea  
Holiday by the sea

He's waiting, he's looking  
Don't trust him  
White water

He's waiting, he looks alone  
Don't trust him  
White water

He needs to, he wants to  
You know I, you know I  
I really, I really think that he likes you

He gives you, He wants to  
He needs to, to trust you

Holiday by the sea  
Holiday by the sea

Yet he still finds time to bleed  
And he still finds time to feel  
And he still finds things... real

Your hand contracted  
And stole that moment  
He gave you, he gave you  
Took himself away

He said it was a holiday  
Took himself away  
He said it was a holiday  
Said it was holiday  
Take him on a holiday

Holiday

Holiday  
Holiday...