

# (I Need A Break From) Holidays

The Strypes

Sitting on the counter in a rented beige kitchen  
Trying to decipher weird Spanish television  
And I don't know what they're saying but the ads really speak to me  
I'm waiting for the part where they tell me shipping's free

There's a commotion outside; a dispute about the parking  
The curtains tweak a little, not enough to show me looking  
And the man greets the gutter with a smile that says "Don't hit me"  
Chalk it up to foreign policy and think of home already

But if you could get a tan from sitting in the pouring rain  
I'd do it in a second 'cause I

I need a break from holidays  
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"Could you ever have imagined a sight like that?"  
Says the uncle who tagged along just for the crack  
And there's a hush at the table as he cracks out the wishbone  
And regales us with the tale that the tour guide told everyone

God I'm glad I got this deal  
Apartments in the south of Spain  
With all my people it'll be the same  
As a day off at home

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Prey to dodgy chicken and foreign toy instructions  
We continue our preamble through busy city junctions  
And if only we could read what the signs were screaming  
But it wouldn't be complete without a trip to A&E...

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I need a break from holidays  
I need a break!  
I need a break!