

Holiday From Life by Florian Tristan and the Garage Band

I'm hiding,
Longing for the comfortable,
My gun is rusted and I'm all out of ammo.

You keep on shooting,
Bullets from your mouth,
While I take cover in the middle of the crowd.

When I asked you,
Are you going to be my wife you said,
Ask me later this is not the right time.

I want to slow down,
Forget our fight,
I need a new start, a holiday from life.

Refrain:

This is going to be a permanent vacation,
Say goodbye 'cause this will be the last station,
I'm so sorry I know I should have fought more,
But it's peaceful and bright in front of heavens door.

Why is there pain,
While I'm surrounded by light?
Someone is screaming, strangers are blocking my sight.

They brought me back,
Who gave 'em this right?
I made it clear I want a holiday from life.

Refrain:

This is going to be a permanent vacation,
Say goodbye 'cause this will be the last station,
I'm so sorry I know I should have fought more,
But it's peaceful and bright in front of heavens door.

Is it getting better?
Is it getting better?
Is it getting better tomorrow?

Refrain:

This is going to be a permanent vacation,
Say goodbye 'cause this will be the last station,
I'm so sorry I know I should have fought more,
But it's peaceful and bright in front of heavens door.