

Nazareth, Holiday

Drinkin' my wine, makes me feel fine
Gonna have me a holiday
Poor man's party, rich man's daughter
Gettin' hotter and hotter

She's pushin' way too hard
I don't want any part of her way
Drinkin' my wine, makes me feel fine
Gonna have me a holiday

It's a holiday... It's a holiday

Chorus:

Mama mama please, no more jaguars
I don't want to be a pop star
Mama mama please, no more deckhands
I don't want to be a sailor man
Mama mama please, no more face lifts
I just don't know which one you is
Mama mama please, no more husbands
(I don't know who my daddy is)

Drinkin' my wine, wastin' my time
Hidin' out in my rented dream
Lookin' for attention
A cover story mention in
Life magazine
Ask the chauffeur who he knows
Numbers he's got, lots of those

Drinkin' my wine, spendin' my time
Tryin' to run from this Halloween

It's a holiday... It's a holiday

(Chorus:)

It's a holiday... It's a holiday