

## Holiday

Electric Guest

Top shelf, girl is made of gold  
Step into it, close enough to feel the cold  
Where I wait days with no return  
The sun, one, loves to make feel the burn, the burn

She's my holiday  
Only here for the game  
My favorite mistake  
Living inside the maze

Night fall, she's a painted face  
Not the only one who wants to win the race  
While I wait days become the same  
Heart still, in the end she calls my name, my name

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Only here for the game  
My favorite mistake  
Living inside the maze

We can make it together  
And I know  
We can make it on our own

Always finds a way to run  
Only when the heart begins to sound a drum  
As we play I can feel the way  
Half gone must be close to her escape, escape

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