

Holiday Call

of Montreal

Is that you, my Lord?
Hands on my knee, my Lord?
Fingers running up my sleeve, my Lord?
Asking me to leave with you?
Oh, my Lord

Is that you, my Lord?
Hands on my knee, my Lord?
Fingers running up my sleeve, my Lord?
Asking me to leave with you,
My Lord?

I freaked at the festival
I'm almost sick again
Our memories are sighed away
All the TVs are stoned
It's no construct for prayer

Is that you, my Lord?
Hands on my knee, my Lord?
Fingers running up my sleeve, my Lord?
Asking me to leave with you,
Oh, my Lord?

I freaked at the festival
I'm almost sick again
Our memories are found again
All the telephones are stoned
It's no construct for prayer

Bitch you know it's got to bounce

Don't lie to me, Charlies
I hardly know you
I know enough to stay away
No row boat for you

Wishes granting
Out of date

Don't lie to me, Charlies
I hardly know you
I know enough, enough to stay away
No row boat for you

Don't lie to me, Charlies
I hardly know you