

18-30

Reverend and the Makers

Je, je suis anglais,
I stay in bed past midday,
But in the night time I play,
Smash up your hotel it's okay.

I wanna get away, on a holiday.
I wanna get away, on a holiday.

Dos bier mate, por favor
Don't see the sun 'til I've got four
Put on my best shirt, I'm gonna score
Two San Miguels and we'll hit the floor.

I wanna get away, on a holiday.
La la la la la la
I wanna get away, on a holiday.
La la la la la la

Je je je suis anglais
I know you think that we're all the same
And causing trouble is our forte
In Portugal, France, Greece or Spain

I wanna get away, on a holiday.
La la la la la la
I wanna get away, on a holiday.
La la la la la la
I wanna get away, on a holiday.
La la la la la la
I wanna get away, on a holiday

Rotate the loungers as the sun goes round
Screaming royal brittania while the shit goes down
And I wanna get away, I wanna get away from you.

La la la la la la
La la la la la la