

## Holiday

## The Prostitutes

Well the money's all gone now  
And you're all on your own  
And you ask yourself lately  
Why the hell was I born  
And the fire inside you  
Has almost gone out  
And you refuse to admit  
You can find a way out  
Well I can't stand it here no more  
I can't stand it here no more  
And it's driving me wild  
It's driving me wild  
Won't you take me on a holiday  
Away  
Away

>From here  
The wheel you keep turning  
You can't seem to get off  
And day after day now  
It all turns to rot  
You try and try, but  
As try as you might  
Don't give it up baby  
Don't give up the fight  
Well I can't stand it here no more  
Won't you take me on a holiday  
Away from here  
Take me on a holiday  
Away from here  
Won't you take me on a holiday  
Away from here  
Take me on a holiday  
Away from here  
Won't you take me on a holiday  
Well day after day now  
Everything's wrong  
Well day after day now  
Everything's gone  
You try and you try but  
As try as you might  
Don't give it up baby  
Don't give up the fight  
Won't you take me on a holiday  
Away from here  
Won't you take me on a holiday  
Away from here  
Lyrics by Adrian T. Bell  
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