

1,000 Ruined Holidays (feat. 24hrs)

[Charlee Remitz](#)

Betrayal in busloads
All the kids at home
All the kids who've heard my name
Been asking their friends a lot about me
Do you think she'll make it big
It's okay you can tell me I won't tell her if you don't
They gettin' desperate tryin' to find someone who doesn't think so
They been droppin' surveys in mailboxes
Waiting outside a hundred garages
Hoping someone will finally knock it
Too threatened to ever drop it
Free flowing boxed wine pouring out of spickets
They scared of parkin' too close and gettin' tickets
I'm scared of pullin' triggers
Scared of it slippin' through my fingers
I wonder how many dorm room walls have heard my name
And how many clouds of hookah they been blowin' 'bout me
They got the freezer door open
Cooling the whole state
Flutes in the cupboard
Ready with the chilled champagne
Dreaming of bitter ends
And toasting fallen friends
Nursing bruised tiptoes
Though all the kids I know
Are gonna talk about me anyway
I could stand in the corner all night long behind the drunk girls dancing
And they would chatter all about me while the drunkards get distressed
If she thinks she's so good then why hasn't she made it yet
They been talkin' dates like they can't wait to see me
They're gettin' nervous that I'm gettin' busy
The mountains miss you it's been pretty chilly
How's Hollywood are you close to the city
Are you close to the city
Are you close to the city
Free flowing boxed wine pouring outta spickets
They scared of parkin' too close and gettin' tickets
I'm scared of pullin' triggers
Scared of it slippin' through my fingers
I wonder how many dorm room walls have heard my name
And how many clouds of hookah they been blowin' 'bout me
They got the freezer door open

Cooling the whole state
Flutes in the cupboard
Ready with the chilled champagne
Dreaming of bitter ends
And toasting fallen friends
I guess I ruin lame parties when I walk in
Just the fact that I'm on my feet
Means they can't raise a glass to my efforts yet
I got a million eyes starin' my way
Hatin' me
It's like I ruined their holidays
They call me back so they can push me away
Give me a taste
Of a thousand ruined holidays
I wonder how many dorm room walls have heard my name
And how many clouds of hookah they been blowin' 'bout me
They got the freezer door open
Cooling the whole state
Flutes in the cupboard
Ready with the chilled champagne
Dreaming of bitter ends
And toasting fallen friends

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>