

## **Lanzarote**

Early starts and filthy plane food  
Ten days sweating in the sun  
Funny how the sun makes you sweaty  
Burns you to a crisp when it's done  
I won't find myself in Lanzarote  
But if I meet my maker in the bar  
I know I'll be among friends  
And when the holiday ends  
I'll be underneath the same old star

In the sun I'm hot and highly strung  
And from across the sea  
All those things that work and worry brings  
Have stowed away with me so  
Let's get lost in Lanzarote  
And if we crash the hire car  
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