

# Holidays

Conan Gray

I'm so tired of taking orders from everyone  
And my house is like a hoarder's, my bed undone  
Books that I'll never read, magazines  
Photo strips of you and me  
Felt so old at only seventeen

Took a flight back to Texas just like every year  
We barely talk, but our friendship can't disappear  
At Kerbey Lane, the coffee tastes like gasoline  
Could you order some for me?  
I'm too cold and I'm too tired to speak

All my youth I never knew  
That life would ever change  
But we keep on growing  
Didn't think it'd show  
But I see it on your face  
That years have passed, but you laugh exactly the same  
When I see you for the holidays

In those eyes I see lifetimes I've had with you  
From graduation, whole way back to elementary school  
Teachers hang up the wreaths, children sing  
Years ago that was you and me  
What I'd give to once again be naive

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