

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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