

Angels With Dirty Faces

Divided By Friday

Can you feel the winter wind,
Filling up the cloudless sky?
Things aren't the same again
And we both know why
So we bite our tongues
And decorate
In efforts to alleviate
All the awkward pauses
And frequent "Santa" clause's
That hinder conversation,
But despite this celebration
I have some things that I'd like to say

I won't be the one
Whose hand you hold tight
It'd be another holiday
Another useless fight
I'm leaving all of that behind
You're the furthest from my mind
I won't regret a sentence said
I won't hold back, in fact, instead
I'll call you Mrs. Frost
Because the feelings that we lost
Are never coming back
They're frozen in the past
You're forgotten
And I won't be the one
That you kiss
This Christmas

You never really gave
But you sure did like to take
So I decided that for once
I'd give myself a break
Oh, I let you go

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Whose hand you hold tight
It'd be another holiday
Another useless fight
I'm leaving all of that behind
You're the furthest from my mind
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That you kiss
This Christmas

You're fading faster
Than the bows and the wrappers
You tore from my presence
And now you're standing all alone

With not a gift to call your own
You've got nothing to show
And now you can know
You've been simply forgotten,

Left all alone
And you're more incomplete
Than you thought you would be
And if you feel there's something missing
I assure you that it's me
But don't you cry
Don't waste your time
He made his list
He checked it twice
He saw that you were far from nice
So it seems this year,
You finally got what you deserved.