Decemberism

Man Overboard

We all wait for the snow to fall.
And I hate this time of year
Because it kills us all and we
Run around like kids on the loose.
Chasing dreams like the babies playing duck, duck, goose.
And I wait by the window
Cause you said you would call.
And when you finally do
I watch the words fall out of
My mouth and stick to my shirt.
The summer's always lovely,
But the winters always hurt.
And maybe next year,
You can find it somewhere in the dirt.

Who could forget?
It was almost 2003.
We kissed under your Christmas tree
While your parents were asleep.

I was 15; on top of the world.
I was 15; and you were my girl
And all I'm saying is for Christmas this year,
I would kinda like to see you.

Happy holidays, let's hope for the best.
And I'll try to ignore the feeling that I get in my chest
When I think about all the time that we missed.
Being caught up growing up and acting selfish, and pissed,
But I wait by the airport cause you said you'd come home.
And by now my hands are glued to my phone as you
Walk on a plane to fly home from LA.
I'm missing you on Christmas in the worst kind of way.
And maybe next time it won't be so easy for you to stray.

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