

Every Holiday

Mt. Joy

Every holiday I feel that depression from all this division
And we don't care, no we don't care, we're just sitting in my garage
Talking to my aunt about the storm surge, icebergs, and spring
in New England
And a new ring on an old friend and mothers get impatient

But maybe it's all worth it just to see if we can outrun it
And I look at you across the room
Your eyes like sinking balloons
Merry Christmas, babe, I hope we make it through

And it gets heavy, it starts raining
And I start noticing the placement of your hand upon my spine
The fading love is the darkest kind
But somehow we'll forget tonight
And go up on ladders stringing lights
The gutter never shined so bright

When every holiday I feel that depression from all of this pressure
And we don't care, no we don't care, we just hope it don't stay long
Talking to my aunt about the warm earth, cold words, and men that
at make decisions
Lying on the TV cause the money skips the women

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