If I wanted to know
Who you were hanging with
While I was gone, I would've asked you
It's the kind of cold
Fogs up windshield glass
But I felt it when I passed you
There's an ache in you
Put there by the ache in me
But if it's all the same to you
It's the same to me

So we could call it even
You could call me "babe" for the weekend
'Tis the damn season, write this down
I'm staying at my parents' house
And the road not taken looks real good now
And it always leads to you and my hometown

I parked my car
Right between the Methodist and the school that used to be ours
The holidays linger like bad perfume
You can run but only so far
I escaped it too
Remember how you watched me leave
But if it's okay with you
It's okay with me

We could call it even
You could call me "babe" for the weekend
'Tis the damn season, write this down
I'm staying at my parents' house
And the road not taken looks real good now
Time flies
Messy as the mud on your truck tires
Now I'm missing your smile, hear me out
We could just ride around
And the road not taken looks real good now
And it always leads to you and my hometown

Sleep in half the day
Just for old times' sake
I won't ask you to wait
If you don't ask me to stay
So I'll go back to LA
And the so-called friends who'll write books about me if I ever make it
And wonder about the only soul who can tell which smiles I'm faking
And the heart I know I'm breaking is my own
To leave the warmest bed I've ever known

We could call it even
Even though I'm leaving
And I'll be yours for the weekend
'Tis the damn season

We could call it even
You could call me "babe" for the weekend
'Tis the damn season, write this down

I'm staying at my parents' house
And the road not taken looks real good now
Time flies
Messy as the mud on your truck tires
Now I'm missing your smile, hear me out
We could just ride around
And the road not taken looks real good now
And it always leads to you and my hometown
It always leads to you and my hometown