

On the 24th

The Twang

On the 24th I planned my course
In the last month of the year
As I drove through the rain that should be snow
It's going home I fear
But it makes no sense cause going back is the safest thing to do
As the ice in my glass rattles
The lights come into view

And this tavern is full of familiar faces
They all must think like me
And the depths that we plunder
It does make me wonder
Do we still believe in Christmas time at all?

Guess I've always been a sucker for drinking on the eve
And I'm feeling kinda guilty, as I know that I should leave
Well I like to talk tequila
But I like to drink it more
You know if I could I'd buy you the world if I wasn't so poor

And this tavern is full of familiar faces
They all must think like me
And the depths that we plunder
It does make me wonder
Do we still believe in Christmas time at all?
And believe when I say
That I love you all of the year
Always, not just today

Yeah I understand its tough on you
But it's tough on me as well
And sometimes you resent your situation, baby I can tell
And I know you think that I don't try
But trying's all I do
But right now I'm trying to forget
But I haven't forgotten you

And this tavern is full of familiar faces
I'm sure they feel like me
And my heart starts to sink
As I ponder and think
Do we still believe in Christmas time at all?
And believe when I say
That I love you all of the year
Always, not just today
Always, not just today