

Xmas Cake

[Rilo Kiley](#)

it's almost Christmas when I take off my makeup I look old and defeated, I'm not so dangerous
cry in to my Christmas cake
starin' holes into me, all night
you should just give up
cause our loves' become selling secrets to the Russians, they dont need the cold war is on between you and
metwenty-five years old and a bachelors degree
your parents helped out with graduation fees
the loans were never enough
the credit cards are calling your bluff, fold your hand cut them up, move away
or you'll be payin' them off till your kids grow old
and do the same
theres no more runin' water
wrappin' presents in the dark
move into your car
change where you park
too bad that job carolin' department stores fell, through
but the new year is writhin' friend of you, cry in to your Christmas cake
dont know what else to do
dont know what else to do I fear I'm goin deaf
I've got some sense left
give up some more to be with you
cause what good is seein', if love's not lookin' back at you
and what good is feelin' if my hands aren't touchin' you and another angel came down
he was wearin only a cloud
he said "sew up the bad that you done, tomorrow Christmas day comes." cry in to your Christmas cake
dont know what else to do
cry in to your Christmas cake
dont know what else to do
the new year is right in front of you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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