

Grapevine Christmas Eve

The Rocket Summer

going home on christmas eve
flying over grapevines
the older year
breathing in the memories
the awkward nostalgia
is straight wrecking me

later on
they said
later on
i'll get
used to it

my father said more than once
god has a sense of humor
because i'm his son
coffee down on grapevine main
kids that were walking, now talking
now making me feel so strange

later on
they said
later on
i'll get
used to it

going back again
feels different
going back again
used to come back so tired
now i'm tempted to go

tip-top been and
i don't got a sense in my head
i can't stop it
i'll probably end up in jail
(oh, well)

downtown and snowing
christmas is coming

everybody needs to be at home
cold wind a blowing
a warm home-coming
but oftentimes the place you feel alone
x2

Lyrics submitted by Paul Herrin.

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