Christmas Card

Joyce Manor

Looking at your face in the dark
You don't even look that smart
Could never make it past that part
And now I guess we never will
Looking for the keys to the truck
Your body's saying isn't that enough?
Your brain is going I don't give a fuck
You treat it like a game of skillBut it's more like a work of art
Or money in a Christmas card
You think about it way too hard
I'm gonna stay with you untilYou disappear into the crowd
I don't know what you tried to tell me
You know I think about it stillLooking at your face in the dark
You don't even look that smart
I don't know what you tried to tell me
Disappear into the clouds
I don't know what you tried to tell me
You know I think about it still

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