

# Christmas Card

## Jimmy Eat World

Hey, still staring, little girl  
Are you looking at or past me?  
Worry, simple symptoms won't leave you  
This underweight or red in the eyes  
No more rules, the ones we make don't last the night  
So pick up the pieces  
Start again, start over Tuesday morning  
Conscience clean  
This card, postmarked December 23  
The caption reads 'How does he do it?'  
Ms., too bad, he treats me like I'm dead  
Nothing works to make this easy  
No more lies, the ones we live will work just fine  
So pick up the pieces  
Start again, start over Tuesday morning  
Conscience clean, alone  
I hope you figure out what it is you want

Lyrics provided by

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