

Hours Outside In The Snow

Modern Baseball

I spent all of Christmas Eve fake angry at you for
Who knows what or then and you spoke so fast
I just sat back relaxed and took you all in

I spent all of Christmas Eve trying to get warmer
After standing outside for hours knowing at this point
I'd be lucky to get any sleep

And I'll toss and turn until the early morning
Happily ignoring that my blue jeans
Didn't do a fucking thing for me
Against this cold

Sober or not, I locked everything you sent me
Cause what's better than seeing
What I'm missing daily
I guess what I'm trying to say is that

You might run but I won't hide
Shed an ounce of light
On my half-hopeless life
Don't let me go back

And though I'd like to say more
I guess, I'll just duck in cover
Almost praying that you trip over
The cluster of words I laid out before having to leave

But since you've taken the time to read so carefully
Everything I've ever sent
I guess I'll spend the few lines
Hoping and wishing
Yet thanking appropriately

You might run but I won't hide
Shed an ounce of light
On my half-hopeless life
Don't let me go back

To Erin: Please read later
Cause I don't think I have the heart
To let you read this now
But if I had the heart
You know that I know better
This isn't how you say aloud

'Don't let me go back'