

Ten Times A Day

"Merry Christmas, Dad"

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Once again thinking of times we shared
And then realizing they were never there
Cause when I close my eyes
And I see that you're not there
Once again can we stop pretending...
Such a mess...
Now and then I feel ashamed I have your genes
Because when the past catches up
I see that then I was so young
I was so small so blind to see
All these things define you in my memory...
Such a mess
Lack of class all integrity is left behind.
Constant grasping just now realizing it's not fair
But never there it's better off the same...
Mom was always there for me
But you were not
Why can't you see the time has gone so far
Mom was always there for me
I love you mom
Dad can't you see that I don't need
Your fucking Christmas card

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