

American Scene

"X-mas In The Suburbs"

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There's ice on all the cars,
A girl that I don't love hanging on my arm
Who says that every winter just feels the same as the
last year
There's lights on in all the bars,
Full of kids back from college set to tear this town
apart,
And every bottle tastes just like home, just like last year

If you'll forget that I'm an asshole I'll pretend that this is
where you
Want to be.
'Cause you don't want to be alone in December so
you're stuck here with me

The walk won't be very far
From your front seat to my front door
But this air is cold and I've been dying to get you home
Where we'll talk about all my flaws
Until my eyes are tired and our bodies warm.
But you'll stick around as long as we're both bored

You can call me if you're lonely, I'll be waiting up for
you.
I've got a bottle in my bedroom and nothing else to do

I'll forget you're not that interesting if you pretend not
to hate my band
Nobody wants to be alone in December, I thought you'd
understand.

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