

## Angels With Dirty Faces

Divided By Friday

Can you feel the winter wind,  
Filling up the cloudless sky?  
Things aren't the same again  
And we both know why  
So we bite our tongues  
And decorate  
In efforts to alleviate  
All the awkward pauses  
And frequent "Santa" clause's  
That hinder conversation,  
But despite this celebration  
I have some things that I'd like to say

I won't be the one  
Whose hand you hold tight  
It'd be another holiday  
Another useless fight  
I'm leaving all of that behind  
You're the furthest from my mind  
I won't regret a sentence said  
I won't hold back, in fact, instead  
I'll call you Mrs. Frost  
Because the feelings that we lost  
Are never coming back  
They're frozen in the past  
You're forgotten  
And I won't be the one  
That you kiss  
This Christmas

You never really gave  
But you sure did like to take  
So I decided that for once  
I'd give myself a break  
Oh, I let you go

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Whose hand you hold tight  
It'd be another holiday  
Another useless fight  
I'm leaving all of that behind  
You're the furthest from my mind  
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And I won't be the one  
That you kiss  
This Christmas

You're fading faster  
Than the bows and the wrappers  
You tore from my presence  
And now you're standing all alone

With not a gift to call your own  
You've got nothing to show  
And now you can know  
You've been simply forgotten,

Left all alone  
And you're more incomplete  
Than you thought you would be  
And if you feel there's something missing  
I assure you that it's me  
But don't you cry  
Don't waste your time  
He made his list  
He checked it twice  
He saw that you were far from nice  
So it seems this year,  
You finally got what you deserved.