

Grapevine Christmas Eve

The Rocket Summer

Going home on Christmas Eve
Flying over Grapevine as the older me
Breathing in the memories
The awkward nostalgia is straight wrecking me

Later on
They said
Later on
I'll get used to it

My father said all along
God has a sense of humor because I'm his son
Coffee down on Grapevine Main
Kids that weren't walking are talking now making me feel so strange

Later on
They said
Later on
I'll get used to it

Going back again feels different
Going back again...
We used to climb the city tower, now I'm tempted to go
Tip top, better not, don't got sense in my head
I can't stop it, I'll probably end up in jail
Oh well.

Downtown, it's snowing
Christmas is coming
Everybody needs to be at home
Cold wind blowing
A warm homecoming
But oftentimes the place you feel alone