

## 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