

Christmas At 22

The Wonder Years

Winter break always seems so cold.
I took my brother's keys and I drove.
Turned the headlights on because it's already dark at 6 PM.
I'll navigate familiar roads to the Christmas songs on the radio.
I'll turn it off for "Let it Snow." I won't be snowed in.
We're visiting some friends I haven't seen since August
to catch up on all the things we missed while we were in college.
We'll find a house party when the bars close
and I'll drive all my drunken friends home.
Proving once again that no one we've ever met
has really changed that much since high school.

Let's turn on the TV and wait for Christmas specials.
We'll make some frozen pizza and watch your stolen cable.
We'll thank whoever's in charge here that this year
didn't treat me so bad.

The day the ground starts to get wet,
everyone that I've ever met has an away message that says,
"Faintest snow keep falling." New diners are packed out
with old friends. We're overwhelmed but unimpressed.
I miss the days when I knew every single waitress.
We'll find a house party when the bars close.
We'll never spend the holidays alone.
Proving once again that there's a reason my friends
still tend to call this place home.