

New Atlantic, Holidays

Its warmer inside, don't complain
your fathers coming on a jet plane
close to midnight, in a worn out suit and tie
up the driveway in swing and stride

he comes around, a weekend at most
a holiday dinner, fruitless toast
he comes around, one year at a time
singing the same song since last time

holidays
holidays
when the heart was young
and every song wasn't sung by you alone

the night got colder, but its warm inside
the dining room lights grew dim with the wine
after midnight of christmas eve
he gave you a handshake and a sarcastic plea