

Switchfoot, Old Borego

(It's almost Christmas Eve)
I've seen snow on Christmas Eve
Gracing frosted evergreens
After most the trees go brown
I'm still standing
I've been miles away from home
Trapped in Charles Dickens' poems
I've been freezing in this town
But I'm still standing

It's almost New Year, San Diego
Another Christmas in Old Borego
Face down in a little white shack
In the back room
This town is a thirty-five Ford in a bad mood
In a bad mood

I hear you when I'm asleep
Missy, you're the love I keep
But I still got no cash to send in my pocket
It's been months since we first kissed
But your face is what I miss
And I keep your picture bent in my pocket

Hey, yeah, it's almost New Year, San Diego
Another Christmas in old Borego
Face down in a little white shack
In the back room
This town is a thirty-five ford in a bad mood
In a bad mood
Face down in a little white shack
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This town is a thirty-five Ford in a bad mood
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