

Joe Wilson, This Time Next Year

It was our first holiday to share and the best I've ever known
These memories come crashing back to chill me to the bone
The tree up in the living room those presents wrapped with bows
Was our attempt to make that damn apartment our own
Do I get your mom and dad a gift this year, it just seems a little weird
It brings me down to think of how much things have changed this year
I wanna hear you say you miss me but don't want to tell you what to say
Just looking for a reason to wake up on Christmas day
It seems like you just don't understand
Losing faith in holidays that slip right through my hands
I'm hoping if you hear this song you know just what I mean
Either happy at last or done for good but no more in between
I wanna feel the way I did last year when we moved into that place
When I finish wrapping gifts, I want my pillow to still hold your face
So tell me that what were working towards
The best gift that you could give me would be something to look for
So tell me that's what were working towards and I'm not your little cheer
In hopes that we could get this right by this time next year
So tell me that's what were working towards and I'm not your little cheer
In hopes that we could get this right by this time next year
This time next year
This time next year