

# Kind Of Like Spitting, Tyco Racing Set And A Chr

Here comes winter trial  
Wishing I could remember being a child  
On my knees again  
Begging for Jesus or maybe an okay friend  
I have been betrayed  
By an anger that broke me, broke me  
Here's to what I could've done  
Another year passes, I still feel on the run  
Pull the winter inside me  
I draw a picture  
But it's not the way you planned, ever  
Round cold Christmas time, I never feel quite real  
My family fucks me up, some wounds don't ever seem to heal  
I get drunk to forget their faces, but part of me misses a home  
His holy infancy won't fill the hole  
Round yon virgin tenderness be kind  
The faithless, they need you more than you realize  
It seems like around Christmas time we're all hanging by thin strings  
I try to dry my eyes but the rain just seems to cling  
Sleep and hope for January