Paper Route, City Trucks

I noticed what you did When you came to see the kids You snuck in the back door

But you couldn't fool me I knew the woman you could be I just can't have anymore

There's something about the quiet snow Reminds me I should know This is the only time of year That I can't have you here

Make it a Merry Christmas and leave

By the 27th day I'll have put the tree away Decorations filling a box Then I'll take them outside With every year you took in stride To be carried away in city trucks

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