

# 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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