If I wanted to know who you were hanging with While I was gone, I would've asked you It's the kind of cold, fogs up windshield glass But I felt it when I passed you There's an ache in you, put there by the ache in me But if it's all the same to you It's the same to me So we could call it even You could call me "babe" for the weekend 'Tis the damn season, write this down I'm stayin' at my parents' house And the road not taken looks real good now And it always leads to you and my hometown I parkеd my car right between the Methodist And thе school that used to be ours The holidays linger like bad perfume You can run, but only so far I escaped it too, remember how you watched me leave But if it's okay with you, it's okay with me We could call it even You could call me "babe" for the weekend 'Tis the damn season, write this down I'm stayin' at my parents' house And the road not taken looks real good now Time flies, messy as the mud on your truck tires Now I'm missing your smile, hear me out We could just ride around And the road not taken looks real good now And it always leads to you and my hometown| Sleep in half the day just for old times' sake I won't ask you to wait if you don't ask me to stay So I'll go back to L.A. and the so-called friends Who'll write books about me if I ever make it And wonder about the only soul Who can tell which smiles I'm fakin' And the heart I know I'm breakin' is my own To leave the warmest bed I've ever known We could call it even Even though I'm leaving And I'll be yours for the weekend 'Tis the damn season We could call it even You could call me "babe" for the weekend 'Tis the damn season, write this down I'm stayin' at my parents' house And the road not taken looks real good now Time flies, messy as the mud on your truck tires Now I'm missing your smile, hear me out We could just ride around And the road not taken looks real good now And it always leads to you and my hometown| It always leads to you and my hometown