

# Northern Lights

Gretchen Peters

Deep in December, the year has grown old  
The days have grown dark and the nights have turned cold  
And the hurts that we harbor, the debts that we owe  
Are sleeping down under a blanket of snow  
It covers the grasses, the bench in the park  
The scars in the earth where man's made his mark  
And high in the sky there's an unearthly glow  
Like a miracle sent to delight us below  
And all our cares seem immaterial  
Beneath a light so ethereal  
As if all our wrongs could be made right  
Oh darling, under the northern lights  
We wound and we're wounded by the tiniest acts  
We run from our ghosts and we cover our tracks  
And we try to make up for mistakes that we've made  
With presents and parties and Christmas parades  
But I'm tired of the running, I'm taking my leave  
And the fire's burning low on this cold Christmas Eve  
All that I have is this evening to spend  
All that I want is to hold you again  
To linger awhile in the mystery  
To know the gift that's been given me  
Just to lie beside you this Christmas night  
Oh darling, under the northern lights

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