

# Under the Mistletoe

[Kyle Andrews](#)

There's no telling how far a kiss'll go  
Wish on the highest star that this'll go  
On right here where we are under the mistletoe  
On christmas night, it seems so right  
That a lovely holiday dish made a mess of me  
If love is this, it's my favourite recipe  
The kind that fits to remind the rest of me  
There's room to grow, under the mistletoe  
But I made this "mist" as a christmas wannabe  
With a christmas list that insists I've gotta be  
Hugged and kissed by this sweet miss in front of me  
On christmas night and every night  
Just right here, in the doorway where they found us  
They'd like to leave but there's no way around us  
I believe there's a spell that bound us  
I've gotta know, is it only the mistletoe  
Gotta know, I'm afraid to go  
Don't want out if we're in the throes  
Flames die out in the afterglow  
And I've gotta know, is it only the mistletoe  
Don't think so  
Gotta know, I'm afraid to go  
Don't want out if we're in the throes  
Flames die out in the afterglow  
And I've gotta know, is it only the mistletoe  
Don't think so  
I gotta know  
Say it ain't, say it ain't ... just the mistletoe

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