This Holiday

Number One Gun

It's a lonely holiday
And I'm only thinking of you
It's the simple things that make
An infliction earning all of youInto fear, you tell me how you feel
The only thing that makes a part of this
Is you now, you now, ohIt's so cold this holiday
And I'm only thinking of you
But you give your heart away
And you tell yourself it's okay
But hold on, hold onInto fear, you tell me how you feel
The only thing that makes a part of this
Is you now, you nowIndicate the troubles that you've had
They never bring you back again the same
Here now, here now, ohOh, how lovely would it be
To make a trade for eternal life
Oh, how I walk into fear
I can't be this way again but I can't forgetInto fear, you tell me how you feel
The only thing that makes a part of this
Is you now, you nowIndicate the troubles that you've had
They never bring you back again the same
Here now, here now, oh

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