

# Lights

John Mark McMillan

Our days are gifts  
Wrapped up in nights  
In the lonely abyss  
Our bodies burn bright

'Cause home is talking to us  
And it sounds like God and Christmas

We've lost some friends  
People we loved  
But life it won't quit  
We flitter in the flux

And home calls to who you are  
And sounds like Christmas and God  
And it sounds like Christmas and God

The lights on the tree  
They don't go out  
They don't go out  
For you and me

The lights on the tree  
They don't go out  
They don't go out  
For you and me

There are some things that happened to you  
You know I would fix, I wish they weren't true  
But home is here where you are  
With me and Christmas and God

The lights on the tree  
They don't go out  
They don't go out  
For you and me

The lights on the tree  
They don't go out  
They don't go out  
For you and me  
For you and me  
For you and me  
For you and for me

They'll never go out  
They'll never go out  
They'll never go out  
They'll never go out

They'll never go out  
For you and me  
Oh no

They don't go out  
Oh, oh  
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