

Mistletoe

Jukebox the Ghost

Oh, my mistletoe called me up on the phone
Tried her best to explain to the hearts that she had known
That though they'd misbehaved, she'd known it all along
No need to feel ashamed, we didn't do nothing wrong

And she said, "I wanted you to know
I believe in the end out of love truth grows
And if I'm to be alone, then I'll be alone
But don't look at me like another lost soul"

Covers her hands with rings, twenty little semi-precious things
Each one for a heart she'd stole from her years out on the road
She talks with the knowledge that she paved her own rocky path
And that the past is past, ain't nothing you can do about that

And she said, "I wanted you to know
I believe in the end out of love truth grows
And if I'm to be alone, then I'll be alone
But don't look at me like another lost soul
You don't look at me like another lost soul"

And if all our time, if it turns out to be lies
I'll go back home to the people that knew me
Before I was old and grown

Oh, my mistletoe called me up on the phone
Tried her best to explain to the hearts that she had known
That though they'd misbehaved, she'd known it all along
No need to feel ashamed, we didn't do nothing wrong

And she said, "I wanted you to know
I believe in the end out of love truth grows
And if I'm to be alone, then I'll be alone
But don't look at me like another lost soul"

'Cause I believe in the end out of love truth grows
And if I'm to be alone, then I'll be alone
But don't look at me like another lost soul

And if I'm to be alone, then I'll be alone
But don't look at me like another lost soul