

## 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 you

Into fear, you tell me how you feel  
The only thing that makes a part of this  
Is you now, you now, oh

It'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 on

Into fear, you tell me how you feel  
The only thing that makes a part of this  
Is you now, you now

Indicate the troubles that you've had  
They never bring you back again the same  
Here now, here now, oh

Oh, 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 forget

Into fear, you tell me how you feel  
The only thing that makes a part of this  
Is you now, you now

Indicate the troubles that you've had  
They never bring you back again the same  
Here now, here now, oh