

It's okay to have scars, they will make you who you are
It's okay to have fear, as long as you're not scared of
coming here
And in the middle of the night, just call if you wanna
talk
'Cause you know that I wanna talk too

It's not bad of you to think 'bout what might go wrong
But you can't blame me for secretly hoping that I'll
prove you wrong
It's okay that I pray that you will miss your flight
And have to stay with me another night

It is brutal, it's brutal, why can't you see
It's brutal, it's brutal, where have you been
'Cause we're far apart and my lonely heart
Finds it hard to get through the night
You pull me out of the dark and now it's light
You pull me out of the dark and now it's light

When we're out in the market and out on the streets
I've got a pocket full of problems and a pocket full of
seeds
Hoping something good might grow out of this mistletoe
And I won't have to erase your memory

I like the way that our arguments stop when we fall
asleep
And the way that your body feels when it's wrapped
around me
And I'd like it if you made it to mine by Christmas Eve
So you can hold me
And we'll watch Christmas TV

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So come on home, just come on home
Just come on home, just come on home... (repeat)