

## Christmas TV

Slow Club

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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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

So come on home, just come on home

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