This Christmas card is contrived A mannequin looks more alive Haven't meant a word I've written here The page is full not one thing sincere

I can't, I can't
I can't, I can't take it
This is the time to smile,
I can't fake it
Please allow me the chance now
To break it down

It's not snow, It's rain coming down
And the lights are cool,
But they burn out
And I can't pull off the cheer
Not this year
Not this year
Not this year

When I look into the mirror
No happiness is present here
Not supposed to whine,
Not supposed to cry
Try to hold it in, but not this time

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Don't know, don't know
If you can hear me
I will, I will
Speak louder for you

No more whispering Are you listening I am pleading I am pleading

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