

Heading Home to the Pole

Get Well Soon

You woke up in a strange mood
In a room with a thousand candles around

A taste of cinnamon bread in your mouth
And trees and stars and angels and love

You should have known all along,
That ride's not good on your own
Alone

Last time I gave you my heart,
But the very next day, you were off with a sleigh

Wake me up before you go, go, go
Tonight we're heading off to the pole

You should have known all along
That ride's not good on your own.

You have (?) feet when you got home
Home, home, home.