

# This Will Be the Year

Susan Boyle

Toast to me, hold up my glass, to all mistakes I've made.  
Good intentions washed away, as soon as spring time came.  
I danced a summer, fell an autumn, another candle blown.  
Now winter's come around again, and back where I began.  
And even though you heard it all, I know you don't believe.  
Let me keep the last thing left for me.  
This will be the year, the year

The year I learn to take some time, to stop and breathe it in.  
To keep a promise to myself, to finish what I begin.  
Bad habits stop, no more regrets, a step out of the red.  
Open arms and an open heart to all that lies ahead.  
And even though you've heard it all, and I know you don't believe,  
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Let me keep the last thing left for me.  
This will be the year, the year.

My faith carries me, I'll keep holding on.  
And I'll face finally, what I've been doing wrong.  
I know you don't believe, but just for me, can't you pretend?  
That you'll never ever hear me say these words again.

I know this time I won't be late, this time I will arrive.  
Save my tears, save my doubts, this time I will try.  
I know I can be better, I promise I'll be strong.  
I'll make them see what I had been, seeing all alone.  
I know you've heard it all before, and I know you don't believe  
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But let me keep the last thing left for me.  
This will be the year, the year.