

God I Hope This Year Is Better Than The Last

SYML

Foot steps without a sound, I'm coming home to you
Snow fall blankets the ground, it covers the ugly truth
Things that we hide from view
I get tired around this time
I blame it on the cold day light
Bring your arms around me fast
Warm my bones and fill my glass
God, I hope this year's better than, the last.

A candle burns in a choir
Held with a righteous hand
And I'm reminded of a silent night
All for a broken Man
One I don't understand
I get tired around this time
But I will try to make things right
Bring your arms around me fast
Warm my bones and fill my glass
God our hope will be better than the past

I wake up around this time
Your sweet face will fill my eyes
Wrap me up and hold me fast
Carry on and don't look back
God, I hope this year's better than the last