

Chris Flew

"Christmas On Ward #7"

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Someone change the picture
Collapsed below a tree
The shadow of a person I used to want to be
Calling out for somebody, but I can't even speak
The irony of drunkenness

And I think it's time for leaving
The club is where we'll win
Holding hands together
I think we'll still get in
And we'll dance to songs we know
But dancing's growing old
The epitome of loneliness

And I didn't see the Christmas lights
As I flipped upside my head
Losing ground in battles I fight only with myself
I'm holding onto next year
And praying that it comes real soon

In the three months since you left here
I've been a total mess
Walking round in circles
Trying to regress to a time when I was happier
A time I was with you
But there's no windows in this room

And I'm screaming at these walls
While trying to tear them down
This suits too tight, I cannot breathe
I'm frozen in a frown
But someone should be visiting at 4 o'clock or so
I hope they bring a present

And I didn't see the Christmas lights
I started seeing red
Fighting losing battles with the voices in my head
I'm holding onto next year
And praying that it comes real soon
I'm holding onto next year
And praying that it comes real soon

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