

Ida Jenshus**"Loneliest Time Of The Year"**

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Raise your glass and praise the Lord
Another virgin baby's born
Hail the King who's yet to come
Sound the horn and beat the drum

Where am I supposed to sleep tonight?
My tears they stung, you cut the light
Through snow I ran on quiet streets
Down rows of perfect families

The loneliest time of year has come
The loneliest time of year has come
The loneliest time of the year has come

When morning comes I look at you
Your eyes are red, your veins are blue
When all you drink turns into dirt
Do you realize how much I hurt?

The loneliest time of year has come
The loneliest time of year has come
The loneliest time of the year...

Now it's my turn too
To go where you've been too
As the snow steals the last echo from the ground
I hear the wind is now the only friend you've found
Cause the memories of a child do not grow old
I know this from the stories I've been told

You ask if I'll come home this year
Your voice so full of hope and fear
Will I feel the way you do
I guess you thought I never knew

But I have felt the pain it brings
To be alone
It's Christmas coming on
The loneliest time of year
The loneliest time of year
The loneliest time of year has come

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