

Alexa Borden "Wishing Well"

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Ooo, I'll follow you where you will take me.
Through frosted trees.
Blue snow on our boots, metallic moon
sweeping the streets.
And I won't sleep.

Ooo, seeking the true feelings of Christmas
as child's we knew.
Grave stones and cheery carols the air is stale
in mood.
And I won't sleep.

Flush of your cheeks oh, kiss me please.

The rustle of foxes.
This wishing well, snow covered hill.
My love doesn't come in, in boxes.
Ooo.

Flush of your cheeks oh, kiss me please.
The rustle of foxes.
This wishing well, snow covered hill.
My love doesn't come in, in boxes.
My love doesn't come in boxes.

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