

The Almost

"Yule Be Sorry"

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The song I sang goes on, come on, oh
More and more this is you
I think if I hide
So what should it be?

Something's got me in the mood to
Spill my guts and let you know

Three hundred days and sixty-five
To set things right
So do what you say this time
You know I wouldn't lie

Something's got me in the mood to
Spill my guts and let you know
I know it's not the cleanest slate
But I'll try this year and that's all it's gotta take
I need to get it right next holiday

You never show
When I, want you to
And I'm drawing blanks
On an empty page

Well something's got me in the mood to
Spill my guts and let you know
I know it's not the cleanest slate
But I'll try and take and that's all it's gotta take
I need to get it right next holiday

Here I've made you a card
Not from the shelf
But straight from the heart
And here's what it says
I made some mistakes
But you're gonna miss me

Cause now I'm cracking a smile
I'm fixing a meal, I'm making my bed
I'm taking a while, I'm soaking it in
Cause here comes a new year

Oh I've made a mistake
And you imitate that I've been at loss
And I've been afraid of making a change
And marking a new year

I'll try and take and that's all its gonna take
I need to get it right next holiday

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