

Anne Heaton, Make You Sad

Christmastime makes you confess
You've wanted to be mine / You lower your head
The other eleven months I can forget
But for the holidays it surfaces
And I wanna make you sad
I wanna make you fall apart
I wanna be the best at breaking your heart
I was surprised to hear you say it
I guess I realized I already knew it
You have wanted to be in my family
And I will hold this in my memory
When I wanna make you sad
I wanna make you fall apart
I wanna be the best at breaking your heart
I'll let you cry on my shoulder
Even though I know tomorrow it will be over
If you stay, it'll hurt worse
That's no consolation to my aching heart
Chorus
So I can take you home with me
So I can take you home
So I can take you home with me
Come home
How can I go home without you?