

Sam Smith, Night Before Christmas

The treetops are leaning, they're covered in snow
The fire is burning and you're nearly home
The bars are all empty, I can't hear a soul
With everything closed now, there's nowhere to go

Come rest your weary head on my chest
The year is behind us, we're still at our best
The magic of Christmas is what's coming next
So lean in and kiss me and all of the rest

Baby, this time of year
Can make you feel old
But when I am with you
I don't feel the cold

So let's dance in the kitchen and climb up the stairs
I hope when we wake up there's love everywhere

Baby, this time of the year
Can make you feel old
But when I am with you
I don't feel the cold

Hold on to your lovers, be good to your friends
Remember the people who are no longer there
Lean into the moment, the memories you share
And have a Merry Christmas, everyone, everywhere