

Liam Payne, Dixie D'Amelio, Naughty List

Turned on the lights
Party was over so
I said my goodbyes
Step out the club
And you were waiting outside
Gave you my coat I could see
That you were cold

The driver messaged said he's stuck in the snow
I said there's no way I am not walking you home
Next thing you know it we were drying our clothes
But I didn't mean to get you in trouble

Now we're on the naughty list
must have been the way we kissed
Santa saw the things we did
and put us on the naughty list
underneath the mistletoe
we were supposed to take it slow
baby, you're my favourite gift
now we're on the naughty list

under the tree
it's Christmas morning and there's nothing to see
one hundred messages like where have you been
no, I don't wanna
but it's time for me to go

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