

Sam Smith, Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Let your heart be light
From now on your troubles will be out of sight

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the Yuletide gay
From now on your troubles will be miles away

Here we are as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more

Through the years we all will be together
If the fates allow
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
So have yourself a merry little Christmas
Have yourself a merry little Christmas
So have yourself a merry little Christmas... now