

Verse 1:

Take my arm
Take my legs
Take my time
Take my whole damn heart
Crush it into blotched blue splatter art
Maybe then you'll value all my shattered parts
Ed the alchemist can come assist my game with God
So maybe then He'll permit a trade, a bet, a flop, a deal
A river to nourish this world back to real
By then I'm all in
I played to win
And not to offend
But man I intend to demolish the deity keeping you from me
Divorced other outcomes are bad sleeping dreams
My hands flipped and my soul slips into the darkness of the deep abyss
I look Him dead in the eyes, it'll be alright
One thing left to give in life, that's mine

Chorus 1:

Yes, you are a gift with your love and beauty
So I'll buy your gift with these presents and my money, yeah

Verse 2:

Hey, whatcha doin today?
I'm on your voicemail talking 'til I'm blue in the face
Feels like everything we built has been ruined and razed
But even as the walls fall, you are unfazed and that's okay
But I think I can change that
My friends say "it's over" and they think I should face facts
They're wrong
You see I haven't been trying
Love takes work
I found a job
I'm applying my whole self to improve your health,
Bring you the help you need with my wealth,
"Money don't buy happiness?"
That's a damn lie
Comfort's one of many things that money can buy
So I promise to put you on the top of a million mattresses
Cushion so soft that you'll never need to lift another finger for my dumbass
Accept this call and all the gifts to come, I would love that.

Chorus 2A:

Yes, you are a gift with your love and beauty
So I'll buy your gift with these presents and my money, yeah

Chorus 2B:

Yes you are a gift
Everything that you do I want to match back
And you are irreplaceable but I'll come close with this gift, yeah

Bridge:

I'd get better today
I'd get better tomorrow
I'd get better with age
I'd get better with sorrow
Don't get better with rage but I get better with heart stroke
I'm stuck in replay as I sit with my jaw broke
Scheming on a present I could buy you
Dreaming on a play or a song I could write you
I'd ride through the motherfucking gates of Hell to get back what I lost in the vacant spell
When I drifted, let things tumble
Pushed you away, now I'm chasing a fumble
Hoping I could return the dropped ball and we'd pick back up
Return the dropped call
But that's what I like to call a fantasy
'Cause when I daydream about you, people stare at me
I swear that I care
It's unfair
Please bear with me
I'd buy you each and every gift if you'd share with me the contents of your heart again
Opened for me once, but I was smarter then
Or was it all a façade, were you a martyr then?
And is leaving me your way to finally start to mend and start again?
But no, you're more than a gift
This shits legit a pit, a hole
It's a rift
You're gone
I sincerely feel a physical absence
Don't know what's next, but I'm feeling the advent calendar
Get a new gift every day
You're a ray of sunlight in the shade, please stay
Lemme pile up the presents like a sacrifice to compensate for the traits that I lack tonight
It's black and white, my gift to yours

Contrasting
Come back in my life
I'm yours
I'm not asking
I'm begging
I'm pleading
I'm down on my knees
I'd trade the baubles, presents, and all the Christmas trees

Chorus 3:

Yes you are a gift with your love and beauty...
So I'll buy your gift with these presents and my money
Yes, you are a gift with your love and beauty
So I'll buy your gift with these presents and my money, yeah