

Dan Bern, One Thing Real

I come down the steps
I slip on the ice
Santa Claus been lookin'
Who's been naughty, who's been nice
I'm lookin' for one thing real tonight
Jesus, he comes up to me, Jesus, he sits down
Says take this f**kin' cross off my back, I'm goin' downtown
I say aw, but ain't that your uniform
He offers me a toke
Says 2000 years is long enough for this particular joke
He says I'm lookin' for one thing real tonight
I'm up here singin' these songs every night
Sometimes I wanna just make 'em all up on the spot
Maybe they wouldn't rhyme too good, they might not make sense
But then at least I wouldn't be repeating myself
I'm lookin' for one thing real tonight
And you're the one I've chosen
And I guess you've chosen me
Let's turn off the commercials
Let's turn off the TV
How well can we get to know
Each other in an hour
We can fight the daylight
We have that power
I'm lookin' for one thing real tonight
Van Gogh sits next to me, with a bucketful of paste
He rips off my ear and says glue this to my face
I'd like to leave America for someplace where they would
Not know a word of English and I might be understood
I'm lookin' for one thing real tonight