

Mark Eitzel, Xmas Lights Spin

Well, haven't you seen that big sign
Over on First and Seventh that says
With words ten feet high and made of teeth
"Oh reason not the need" and underneath
Is a man doing an imitation of Satan
But there is nothing evil in him
He was just another saint that was made broken
Next to an old doorway
With a dark history of being left open

Saint Nicholas
Left your toys again behind at the bar
A silver gun
Aome dollar bills
A lump of coal
And wolves howling at your door

A ceiling full of inflatable worlds
And Xmas lights that spin all year round
The question is always bigger than the answer
It takes a nurse to ease you into your surrender
As she smiles 'cause she knows you won't remember
Things you should only be telling your mother
As she counts you down, your drowned soul
Tired and hard, defeated and getting mean
And what's worse, the humiliations of a good time
Or slipping into the routine
Or for you is it
All the same thing

Saint Nicholas
Left your toys again at the bar
A silver gun
Some dollar bills
A lump of coal
Wolves howling at your door

Most people want to inhabit their lives
Like ghosts and drift from room to room
And brag about what imprisons them
And wait for the sweep of a broom
And written in the dust beneath your drink
It says, Deadness needs nothing to justify it
Like the ache that's crawling though your chest
Needs nothing to amplify it

For years you wore the crown
Now the wolves are hunting you down
And you're dead serious in your face
You're dead serious now
Want someone to see you

Saint Nicholas
The wolves all believe you
Saint Nicholas
The wolves all believe you