

# Remy Zero, Christmas

Sounds,  
the summer sun comes down.  
I can hardly see the window  
from here now.  
Here and now.

The snow,  
in waves you'll never know,  
through this ever-changing midnight.  
Just let it go.

Hey, on this sacred, sun-rinsed day.  
They'll sell our culture and  
they'll sell the ways, the blaming.  
Standing still, we'll fall.  
Burn this sadness from my soul, babe.  
I guess that's all.

Fear, and the sky begins to clear.  
Through this ever-changing midnight.

Christmas cheer.

Christmas cheer.