

# Trans-Siberian Orchestra, Christmas Concerto

(NARRATION)

And so back at the hotel  
Our angel again arrived  
But this time he went up the front steps  
Which, of course, led him inside  
(it's one of those things that architects  
Conveniently decide)

Now hotels are quite like people  
No two exactly the same  
And this one had such a magical past  
The angel found himself quite entertained

The foyer still had an elegance  
That the years could not disguise  
And the shadows of christmas eves long disappeared  
This night, still gently glided by

For in this hotel, here side by side  
The past and the present dwelled  
And the ghosts who lived here not only lived  
They honestly, lived well

The lobby had a steinway piano  
That was steeped in memories  
And some said duke ellington's fingers  
Still lingered on those keys

There was a grand palace ballroom  
Where princesses had once waltzed  
Whose beauty and sense of style  
The newspapers would constantly exult

The ghosts of rockefellers and vanderbilts  
Still met at their christmas eve charity balls  
Raising money not for themselves  
But raising it for all  
(and the sound of their children laughing  
Still echoed in these halls)

Now these spirits of course, could not be seen

By any human eyes  
But each one smiled at the angel  
When they saw him walking by

And these ghosts reminded the angel  
How every human waiting to be born,  
And every life that had already left  
When it was tired out and worn

Were connected by those alive right now  
Which gave the living quite a trust,  
To pass on what was best and good  
Inside of each of us

Now within each guest room he heard many hearts  
And behind each heart there was a life  
And the angel carefully read them all  
With the next hour of that night

When he reached the grand palace ballroom  
It was behind closed mahogany doors

And when the angel was passing by it  
He could hear music begin once more

It seemed that since this room was built  
Musicians did permanently reside  
And then the angel did what we all would do  
He went to look inside

And there he found such a majestic orchestra  
To please all, it would be enough  
But then someone plugged a guitar in  
And the volume, it crept up

So with a song inspired by mozart's  
Famous "queen of the night"  
The orchestra added the word, "winter"  
And some notes, some fog, some lights

(CHRISTMAS CONCERTO)