

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)