

# Type O Negative, Red Water

Wake up, it's christmas mourn  
Those loved have long since gone  
The stocking are hung but who cares  
Preserved for those no longer there  
Six feet beneath me sleep

Black lights hang from the tree  
Accents of dead holly

Whoa mistletoe  
(it's growing cold)  
I'm seeing ghost  
(I'm drinking old)  
Red water

Red water  
Red water chase them away

My tables been set for but seven  
Just last year I dined with eleven  
Goddamn ye merry gentlemen

Whoa mistletoe  
(it's growing cold)  
I'm seeing ghosts  
(I'm drinking old)  
Red water  
Red water  
Red water chase them away.