

Ben Folds Five, Lonely Christmas Eve

I'm not so bad
I just hate to see a good time had
By everyone but me on this lonely Christmas Eve
I hear them up and down, up and down the street
They're makin' noise, noise, noise, noise
How I hate their happy noise
There's only one thing I hate more come to think of it
And that's the people who keep making it
Feast, feast, feast, feast
They'll have more than anyone could ever eat
Me I'm stuck here with my cream of wheat
There's no one here to feast with me
On this lonely Christmas Eve
Don't they know I'm up here all alone in my cave of winter hills
How I wish this would go away, this dreadful holiday
That they call Christmas Day, oh
When they're done with all their Christmas noise
And they had their Christmas feast
Just when I think that I may finally
Get a moment's peace, they start to
Sing, sing, sing, sing
Now I'll never get no sleep
I'm screamin' out the window but it don't do no good
They sing and sing and sing all through the neighborhood
Sing, sing, sing
They take their little break
And then they do it all again
It's a lonely Christmas Eve