

Joy Electric, The Confectionary

Perched upon the lap of hope and northern slopes
Nestled in the wooded oak, a dream unfolds

Come and see
The confectionary
Very merry
The confectionary

The continued hum of notes and needle pokes
Garland with a hint of snow 'round the windows

Come and see
The confectionary
Very merry
The confectionary

You stir all the sweetened pots and watch the clocks
The time has come to close the shop that time forgot....