

Murder City Devils, 364 Days

(spoken) An open letter to Saint Nicholas...

Whiskey and cookies on the mantle
The children asleep wait for St. Nick
While they sleep we can drink
The tree is hung - tribute to you
And three hundred and sixty for days til I see you again
And a thousand more tears
And a thousand more tears

St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole
364 days spent all alone
Take off your boots, pour a drink
Try not to cry, try not to think
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole
364 days spent all alone
Take off your boots, pour a drink
Try not to cry, try not to think
Try not to think...

And you drink your eggnog and I'll drink my wine
Toast the season, but just one more time
The morning is coming, the whiskey is empty
The gifts have arrived, St. Nick has come and gone

St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole
364 days spent all alone
Take off your boots, pour a drink
Try not to cry, try not to think
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole
364 days spent all alone
Take off your boots, pour a drink
Try not to cry...

And it ends like it started, the hugs and the kisses
The bullshit flows, the bullshit flows
You raise your bottle, and I'll raise my flask
Toast Christmas future, and toast Christmas past
And when they're all gone, sit down in peace
Wait one more year
And pour just one more drink

St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole
364 days spent all alone
Take off your boots, pour a drink
Try not to cry, try not to think
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole
364 days spent all alone
Take off your boots, pour a drink
Try not to cry, try not to think
Try not to think...

St. Nicholas... All alone...