

Pete Townshend, Christmas

Did you ever see the faces of children
They get so excited.
Waking up on Christmas morning
Hours before the winter sun's ignited.
They believe in dreams and all they mean
Including heavens generosity.
Peeping round the door
to see what parcels are for free
In curiosity.

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.
He doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is.
How can he be saved?
From the eternal grave.

Surrounded by his friends he sits so silently,
And unaware of anything.
Playing proxy pin ball
picks his nose and smiles and
Pokes his tongue at everything.
I believe in love
but how can men who've never seen
Light be enlightened.
Only if he's cured
will his spirits future level ever heighten.

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Doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is.
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