

# Ray Davies, Thanksgiving Day

(Ray Davies)

Are you going on Thanksgiving Day  
To those family celebrations?  
Passing on knowledge down through the years  
At the gathering of generations

Every year it's the same routine  
All over, all over  
Come on over, it's Thanksgiving Day

Papa looks over at the small gathering  
Remembering days gone by  
Smiles at the children as he watches them play  
And wishes his wife was still by his side

She would always cook dinner on Thanksgiving Day  
It's all over, it's all over  
It's all over the American way  
But sometimes the children are so far away

And in a dark apartment on the wrong side of town  
A lonely spinster prays  
For a handsome lover and a passionate embrace  
And kisses all over, all over  
All over her American face

It's all over, it's all over, it's all over

'Cause today she feels so far away  
From the friends in her hometown  
So she runs for the Greyhound  
She'll spend hours on the bus but she'll reach town  
For Thanksgiving Day

Come on over, come on over  
Come on over, it's Thanksgiving Day  
Come on over, come on over  
Come on over, come on over  
Come on over, it's Thanksgiving Day

At a truck stop a man sits alone at the bar  
Estranged in isolation  
It's been a while now and he seems so far  
From those distant celebrations

He thinks back to all the mistakes that he made  
To a time when he was so young and green  
Innocent days when they both looked forward to that  
Great American dream

Now it's all over, it's all over, all over  
And all over America people are going home  
On Thanksgiving Day

Now Papa looks out of the window  
The sight brings a smile to his face  
He sees all his children coming back home  
Together on this special day

Come on over, come on over  
Come on over, it's Thanksgiving Day  
Come on over, come on over  
Come on over, it's Thanksgiving Day

Come on over, come on over  
Come on over, it's Thanksgiving Day  
Come on over, come on over  
Come on over, it's Thanksgiving Day