

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

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