

# Sparks, Thank God It's Not Christmas

What do I hear, what do I hear?  
Chit-chat, and clinking glass  
Cheap talk, a lady's laugh  
After hour

What do I see, what do I see?  
Some sunken hideaway  
Where people go to play  
After hour

There I'll spend the night  
Meeting fancy thins  
At bistros and old haunts  
Trying very hard to sin

Then it is day end in a way  
The pattern's much the same  
In-spots, a matinee  
Every day

Blend with the crowd, blend with the loud  
Hypnotic ebb and flow  
Until the day goes slowly  
Into night  
See the same old crowd  
At bistros and old haunts  
'Til the lights grow dim,  
The not-so-subtle hint to be gone

Chorus:  
Thank God it's not Christmas  
When there is only you  
And nothing else to do  
Thank God it's not Christmas  
Where there's just you to do  
The rest is closed to public view

Caroling kids, caroling kids  
A trifle premature, in tones so rich and pure and crystalline  
Call for the day, the popular day  
It's fast approaching now  
But will the mood allow  
One dissent

If this were the Seine  
We'd be very suave  
But it's just the rain  
Washing down the boulevard

(Chorus)

Popular days, the popular ways  
Are for the chosen few  
Not meant for me and you  
Obviously

Popular nights, popular rites  
Great things to say and do  
Aren't said or done by you  
Obviously

If this were Seine  
We'd be very suave  
But it's just the rain

Washing down the boulevard