

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