

Steve Kilbey, Spirit Of Christmas Yet To Come

I am the spirit of christmas yet to come
The future, the source of your grief
And all the little details and the things left undone
Catching you up underneath
Gray snow falls, cold night comes down

Into the hearts of the men in this town
Chains on the stairs, a sudden chill
Something beside you is keeping quite still
I am the spirit of christmas yet to come
The future, the source of your grief