

# The Friday Night Boys, Crismikkah

Snow is falling down here tonight  
When winter comes, I want you by my side  
You don't have to go, you could stay here all December  
I can't stand the thought of the Holiday  
Without you here with me, so far away  
So don't say a word  
I won't see you till the New Year  
And on Hanukkah, I hope you think of me  
Then on Christmas Eve, you know just where I'll be  
I'll be here waiting for you, here alone in my room  
Just try and make sure  
That you call me when this holiday is over  
We're driving around in my car all night  
Her head on my shoulder, watch stars in the sky  
I won't make a sound  
I hope all of this works out  
And on Hanukkah, I hope you think of me  
Then on Christmas Eve, you know just where I'll be  
I'll be here waiting for you, here alone in my room  
Just try and make sure  
That you call me when this holiday is over  
Cold out tonight, rushing in to me  
You misunderstood me, now  
I'll wait out the nights  
Watched all the lights go out in your eyes somehow  
But just for now, the days I will count down  
And on Hanukkah, I hope you think of me  
Then on Christmas Eve, you know just where I'll be  
I'll be here waiting for you, here alone in my room  
Just try and make sure  
And on Hanukkah, I hope you think of me  
Then on Christmas Eve, you know just where I'll be  
I'll be here waiting for you, here alone in my room  
Just try and make sure  
(That you call me when this holiday is...)  
Just try and make sure  
That you call me when this holiday is over