

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