Trans-Siberian Orchestra, Christmas Nights In Blu

"(CHRISTMAS NIGHTS IN BLUE)"
Just another night in New York City
Snow comes down looks, real pretty
Don't know how, but suddenly there you are
With Jelly Roll Morton playin' for the bar

Inside here, lights are low
But each song has its own glow
As he floats them through that smokey air
We just can't believe he's really there.

How old is he?
Cannot say.
But claims he taught Cab Calloway
And on this night
I somehow believe him
Knows every song that Christmas got
Even ones my brain has dropped
Just him and that old fir tree
All lit up this night
Electric blue

Just another night in New York City
Snow comes down, looks real pretty
Can't believe, but somehow there you are
Talking with strangers sittin' cross the bar

Suddenly, all are laughin'
This night's smart, always craftin'
Building bridges nearly everywhere
Hits a wall, it just builds a stairs

Outside the colored lights they bleed
For snow is white and colors need
As it just comes down like pure salvation

It offers all its amnesty
And makes your neighbor different see
By the light of that fir tree
And this old bar
Electrified in blue

I gotta drop dead, simple, childhood view of salvation
Perhaps that's how it was always meant to be
And the more I add up all this information
It seems it all comes down in the end to you and me

And you look around till you find a phone
Then you call your mom and everyone at home
And the bar looks on and they start to cheer
When you talk to folks you haven't seen in years

And the snow comes down
And the children play
And they pray to God
It never goes away
And a childhood prayer
Should never be denied
As the night rolls on
Till it's carolized
Carolized, Carolized
Carolized, Carolized

And on this tree

The lights are done
But the colors here are down one
I guess it kind of fits the situation
Ornaments still shining bright
Watch them glitter in the light
Just this old fir tree and me
All lit up this night Electric blue