

# Trans-Siberian Orchestra, Old City Bar

In an old city bar  
That is never too far  
From the places that gather  
The dreams that have been

In the safety of night  
With its old neon light  
It beckons to strangers  
And they always come in

And the snow it was falling  
The neon was calling  
The music was low  
And the night  
Christmas Eve

And here was the danger  
That even with strangers  
Inside of this night  
It's easier to believe

Then the door opened wide  
And a child came inside  
That no one in the bar  
Had seen there before

And he asked did we know  
That outside in the snow  
That someone was lost  
Standing outside our door

Then the bartender gazed  
Through the smoke and the haze  
Through the window and ice  
To a corner streetlight

Where standing alone  
By a broken pay phone  
Was a girl the child said  
Could no longer get home

And the snow it was falling  
The neon was calling  
The bartender turned  
And said, not that I care  
But how would you know this?  
The child said I've noticed  
If one could be home  
They'd be all ready there

Then the bartender came out from behind the bar  
And in all of his life he was never that far  
And he did something else that he thought no one saw  
When he took all the cash from the register draw

Then he followed the child to the girl cross the street  
And we watched from the bar as they started to speak  
Then he called for a cab and he said J. F. K  
Put the girl in the cab and the cab drove away  
And we saw in his hand  
That the cash was all gone  
From the light that she had wished upon

If you want to arrange it

This world you can change it  
If we could somehow make this  
Christmas thing last

By helping a neighbor  
Or even a stranger  
And to know who needs help  
You need only just ask

Then he looked for the child  
But the child wasn't there  
Just the wind and the snow  
Waltzing dreams through the air

So he walked back inside  
Somehow different I think  
For the rest of the night  
No one paid for a drink

And the cynics will say  
That some neighborhood kid  
Wandered in on some bums  
In the world where they hid

But they weren't there  
So they couldn't see  
By an old neon star  
On that night, Christmas Eve

When the snow it was falling  
The neon was calling  
And in case you should wonder  
In case you should care

Why we're on our own  
Never went home  
On that night of all nights  
We were already there

THEN ALL AT ONCE INSIDE THAT NIGHT  
HE SAW IT ALL SO CLEAR  
THE ANSWER THAT HE SOUGHT SO LONG  
HAD ALWAYS BEEN SO NEAR

IT'S EVERY GIFT THAT SOMEONE GIVES  
EXPECTING NOTHING BACK  
IT'S EVERY KINDNESS THAT WE DO  
EACH SIMPLE LITTLE ACT