

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, What Is Christmas?

What is Christmas?
Tinsel fairytales
Day-old stockings lined up in a row
What is Christmas?
Could someone tell me that?
What is Christmas?
Surely, I don't know

And everywhere there's lights
Who needs to color night?
Could this whole thing be planned?
I do not understand

This Christmas
Trees with colored lights
Underneath they still are only trees
Do you think that one day perhaps they might
Find that Christmas
Is kind of a disease?

Every year it's waiting for me
Waiting for me
Every year it constantly defies
Placing strangers
There before me
There before me
Spreading hope and cheer
Mixed in with happiness
Fraternal bliss and other Christmas lies!

And there's one more thing that I have discovered
That I would now like you to know
The reason for Christmas, I now realize
Is an excuse to tolerate snow
Snow!
I don't even like the sound of it
Anyway, where was I?

Oh, yes!

What is Christmas?
Candles everywhere
A fire hazard any other day
Children light them
No-one seems to care
All for Christmas
Every year it returns here
And every year it's waiting for me
Why can't Christmas disappear
And just pretend it never saw me
Every year I get my hopes up
That it will somehow just leave
But every year I wake to find
That once again it now is Christmas Eve