

Christmas Morning (D.O.A.)

Words and music by Alexander Sands, 2003

Up, up, and away...

It's raining my dear, don't let the reins slip away

We're out of control, wrapped around the North Pole

"Dead on arrival" they'll say:

"To the child at heart, that's lost in your head,

It'll be Christmas morning when you get out of bed"

Empire built in a day

By a jack-in-the-box, by a jack of all trade

But the master of none, has left so much undone,

An Election Day promise was made:

"To the pigeons and the poor who can't make amends

It'll be Christmas morning when you get up again"

24 hours a day,

The sun always rises and the moon takes it's place

But the sun takes the moon, then again too soon,

A blind man spoke softly and said:

"Are evergreens ever green and is a black cherry red?

My Christmas morning is just a feeling instead"

Chess on Chesapeake Bay

Time flies away as the bare cypress sway

And as you plan your next move, in comes the new-

A white knight checks you and says:

"Though you're old and forgotten and nearing the end,

It'll be Christmas morning when you wake up again"