

# Carry Me Home

## Hey Rosetta!

This hotel is cheap  
And the pillows stink  
And there's not a single thing  
To say it's Christmas Eve  
    Oh Saint Nicholas  
    I know I ain't in your list  
    But if you're listening  
        I need a bus ticket  
    I came through Montreal  
        I lost a lot of dough  
    Could find no honest job  
    So I did some other ones  
        Got into trouble and  
        I had to run or suffer  
        And then a long road  
    Into a long DecemberOver the water and  
        Over the border and  
        Over the open land  
        To this Ramada Inn  
        No overbooking here  
        No sort of holy birth  
        No miracles occurring  
    No nodding creatures stirring  
        Oh Saint Stephen  
        Where is your feast when I  
        When I so sorely need it  
    When I've been hardly eating  
    But I'd give my food and drink  
        To see my home again  
        To see my mother's hand  
        Against her apron edgeOh  
        Oh  
    Oh (x2)Oh Saint Christopher  
        Send me a Christian word  
        Send me a southern wind  
        Oh send me up to my kin  
        Hear the boys singing  
    Through their drunken grinning  
        Oh Jesus, Joseph, Mary

I hear their voices carryCarry me home  
Home  
Home (x2)Can any saints hear me?  
Is there any angel near me?  
If you won't lift me up  
Then would you send my love  
Back to my home  
Back to my only shelter  
Where in the awful weather  
I will be warm and welcomeBack to my home  
Home  
Home...

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