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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