

# Christmas In Paradise

Mary Gauthier

Davey stole a Christmas tree from K-Mart last night  
Red ribbons and silver bells, angels dressed in white  
He tied, it to the bridge rail so passing cars could see  
He danced a little dance up there, looked down and smiled at me  
My bed is a lawn chair, cushions keep it soft  
I sleep in the open air, under the Southern Cross  
Next to the golf course by the Hyatt Hotel  
Davey he is a friend of mine and we get along pretty well  
Christmas in paradise under the Cow Key Bridge  
Where the warm breeze blows so nice  
And the landlord forgives  
Snowbirds on the golf course wear Bermuda shorts and Polo shirts  
Some play pretty good some play so bad it hurts  
We pick up their golf balls that fly over the fence  
We shine 'em up a little bit and sell 'em back for fifty cents  
Christmas in paradise under the Cow Key Bridge  
Where the warm breeze blows so nice  
And the landlord forgives  
I won't lie, we just get by but we'll be eating good tonight  
Christmas dinner at 5 o'clock over at the Church of Life  
They don't care who you are, they don't ask what you done  
Come on down and bring a friend there's plenty for everyone  
Christmas in paradise under the Cow Key Bridge  
Where the warm breeze blows so nice  
And the landlord forgives  
The radio plays Christmas songs while we get high  
And Davey shouts, Merry Christmas y'all  
To the cars passing by  
Davey shouts, Merry Christmas y'all  
To the cars passing by

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