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 meMy 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 wellChristmas in paradise under the Cow Key Bridge
Where the warm breeze blows so nice
And the landlord forgivesSnowbirds 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 centsChristmas in paradise under the Cow Key Bridge
Where the warm breeze blows so nice
And the landlord forgivesI 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 everyoneChristmas in paradise under the Cow Key Bridge
Where the warm breeze blows so nice
And the landlord forgivesThe 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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