

Christmas Time In the City

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Well I walked to town in the pouring rain
Paid my fare and I rode that train
To the station under the avenue
Hit the air at the stroke of noon
At the cross streets where I staked my claim
I played in tune with the winter rain
Collecting dimes and dollar bills
While the noisy traffic played the fills And its Christmas time in the city
When the air is filled with cheer
And the storefronts look this pretty only once a year Well the vendors huddled and the taxis honked
As I played for change beneath the neon clock
Was dressed up looking like a Christmas tree
Blinking down on that busy street
When the crowd thinned out and the rain had quit
And my fingers felt cold and stiff
I took their money and I closed my case
And I headed back towards home again And its Christmas time in the city
When the air is filled with cheer
And the storefronts look this pretty only once a year As I walked back to the subway stairs
I had twenty eight dollars in change for fare
There was an old bag lady with an outstretched hand
And a small Salvation Army band
Playing Angels We Have Heard on High
The First Noel and O Holy Night
I folded up one dollar bill
And I tucked it down into the till And its Christmas time in the city
When the air is filled with cheer
And the storefronts look this pretty only once a year And its Christmas time in the city
When the air is filled with cheer
And the storefronts look this pretty only once a year And its Christmas time in the city

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