

# Thank God It's Not Christmas

## Sparks

What do I hear, what do I hear?  
Chit-chat, and clinking glass  
Cheap talk, a lady's laugh  
After hoursWhat do I see, what do I see?  
Some sunken hideaway  
Where people go to play  
After hoursThere I'll spend the night  
Meeting fancy things  
At bistros and old haunts  
Trying very hard to sinThen it is day and in a way  
The pattern's much the same  
In-spots, a matinee  
Everyday  
Blend with the crowd, blend with the loud  
Hypnotic ebb and flow  
Until the day goes slowly  
Into nightSee the same old crowd  
At bistros and old haunts  
'Til the lights grow dim,  
The not-so-subtle hint to be goneChorus:  
Thank God it's not Christmas  
When there is only you  
And nothing else to doThank God it's not Christmas  
Where there's just you to do  
The rest is closed to public viewCaroling kids, caroling kids  
A trifle premature, in tones so rich and pure  
And crystalline  
Call for the day, the popular day  
It's fast approaching now  
But will the mood allow  
One dissentIf this were the Seine  
We'd be very suave  
But it's just the rain  
Washing down the boulevardChorus:Popular days, the popular ways  
Are for the chosen few  
Not meant for me and you  
ObviouslyPopular nights, popular rites  
Great things to say and do  
Aren't said or done by you

Obviously If this were Seine  
We'd be very suave  
But it's just the rain  
Washing down the boulevard  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>