

Joys Of Christmas

Chris Rea

I see all the tough guys still not 25
Dying on their feet
Coughing, honking, cadging cigarettes
And still out on the street
Well, they got no money, nowhere to go
Fathers of 2, 3 maybe 4, what are they gonna do
Jimmy got a busted mouth in a fight last night
He says he's ok
Going down to the workies club (that's a laugh)
To buy something strong and take the pain away
Joys of christmas
Joys of christmas
Northern style
Flashing christmas light of police blue
Go spinning down the street
Women try to drag the men from pubs
Into the stores
And work hands in empty pockets deep
We stand outside the neon ice and wish ourselves the best
He says he's ok, out of work and fighting
Is all he's ever known
And laughs and says I worry too much anyway
Joys of christmas
Joys of christmas
Northern style
Let's drink to the likes of jim
Before we all go insane
And please don't ask me why
It'll take too long to explain
Joys of christmas

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