

# Christmas Morning

Lyle Lovett

The girl at the grocery she's pretty and seems nice  
But she looks right through me with eyes cold as ice  
She never answers when I ask her name  
She only says I should have a great day But hey what could she mean by that?  
Perhaps I'm the fool she takes me for  
Not anything more I guess it's the season the time of the year  
When people they're happy and full of good cheer  
Well they'll wish you and kiss you and wish you again  
And they'll tell you it's peace and good will to all men But hey what could they mean by that?  
Perhaps I'm the fool they take me for  
Not anything more We stood at the altar and you held my hand  
And everyone watched as the preacher he asked  
Will you take him and love him for bad and for good  
You looked at me then you told him you would But hey what did you mean by that  
Perhaps I'm the fool you take me for  
And not anything more Now each Christmas morning I sit in my chair  
And I look up at the angels that float through the air  
Some look down upon me, some come to my side  
They tell me that Jesus he said to say "Hi"

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