Hot Buttered Rum

Sharpshooters

When chimney smoke hangs still and low
across the stubbled fields of snow
And angry skies reach down and seize
the sorry blackened bones of trees
In the dead of winter when the silent snowbirds come
You're my sweet maple sugar, honey, hot buttered rum
When dreary Christmas decorations
line the streets and filling stations
And dime store Santas can't disguise

their empty hands and empty eyes
In the dead of winter when the tinsel angels come
You're my sweet maple sugar, honey, hot buttered rum
When gloves and boots and woolen parkas
bring cold comfort to the heart
and bitter memories freeze the tongue
and songs of love are left unsung
In the dead of winter when the cold feelings come
You're my sweet maple sugar, honey, hot buttered rum

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