

# 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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