

Christmas

The Who

Did you ever see the faces of the children,
They get so excited
Waking up on Christmas morning
Hours before the winter sun's ignited.
They believe in dreams and all they mean
Including heaven's generosity.
Peeping round the door
To see what parcels are for free
In curiosity.

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.
He doesn't know who Jesus was
Or what praying is.
How can he be saved
From the eternal grave?

Surrounded by his friends
He sits so silently
And unaware of everything.
Playing poxy pinball,
Picks his nose and smiles and
Pokes his tongue at everything.
I believe in love
But how can men who've never seen
Light be enlightened.
Only if he's cured
Will his spirits future level ever heighten.

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is.
He doesn't know who Jesus was
Or what praying is.
How can he be saved
From the eternal grave?

Tommy, can you hear me?
Tommy, can you hear me?
Tommy, can you hear me?
How can he be saved?

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!

See me, feel me, touch me, heal me!

Tommy, can you hear me?

Tommy, can you hear me?

Tommy, can you hear me?

How can he be saved?

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