

City Boy

"Heaven For The Holidays"

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(Mason, Slamer, Ward)

Long, hot summer night, kisses by the street light
Button up, missed the bus, you'll never be home
For midnight...
It's a cruel world, it's a cruel world

Krushchev, Kennedy, a little piece of history
Daddy said we're coming close, we took it with a pinch
of glory
What a cruel world...

Heaven for the holidays, heroes on the radio
Heaven for the holidays, searching for a place to go

Hiding in the alleyway, choking on a cigarette
Heaven for the holidays, the sun's awful red
And it scares me to death

Back seat, heartbeat, making out from memory
Hands up, heads low, eyes looking out
The window...
At the cruel world...

Space talk, moonwalk, it's all right, Ma
Prime time merchandise, it certainly pays to advertise
In the cruel world..

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