

Didjits

"Christmas Day"

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The young gentleman came riding past
On a snow-blue winter's day
He asked to drink by our fire and
I was pleased to let him stay
He drank there quietly for a while
And then he turned and said to me

Your eyes are green
Like summer grass
Your lips are red
Like a fresh-cut rose
Your hair is soft
Like an Irish stream
And your voice is filled with sweet beauty

And the last words I heard him say were
I shall return for you my love on Christmas Day

And the night will come but I won't sleep
As I watch the stars that lead him
I cannot place where he is
But still my heart goes with him
I'm saving all my Sunday clothes for the day
That I'll be leaving
Father knows
My sister knows

And my friends
They're happy for me
And the priest he says
You should thank God
For the blessing of such beauty

And the last words I heard him say were
I shall return for you my love on Christmas Day
I shall return for you my love on Christmas Day

On Christmas Day
I shall return for you
My love...

And the last words I heard him say
Were the last words I ever heard him say

I shall return for you my love on Christmas Day
I said I will return on Christmas Day
And yes, I shall return on Christmas day
I shall return, for you, on Christmas Day
My love
I will return on Christmas Day
I shall return ,my love, on Christmas Day
On Christmas Day

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