

Dismemberment Plan "That's When The Party Started"

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Fourteen feet tall, and glassy and pale, and covered in
soot
I don't know who he was or what he was, the question
was moot
I laid in bed, too scared to speak, and watched him
watch me
There was no sound but the crickets outside and the
leaves in the breeze, oh
He lit a cigarette and said, "Your chimney's a
bitch."
I said, "Are you old Santa Claus?"
And he said, "You wish," yeah yeah yeah yeah
That's when the party started as far as I know
I grabbed a hold of it and never let go
And if I saw it well then maybe it's so
Oh, whoa, etc
Later that year, I swear to god, it happened again, oh
I was out camping with my baby and a couple of
friends, oh
As we fell asleep I know I saw a light in the east, oh
Spinning around and changing colors with a weird
humming sound, oh
As it got close I felt my sleeping bag rise from the
ground, oh
When we woke up I was yards from the fire
Eyes swollen shut, and buried to my waist
That's when the party started as far as I know

I grabbed a hold of it and never let go
And if I saw it well then maybe it's so
Oh, whoa, etc
I know I know I know I know I saw him again
I was out walking my dog and he followed me home, oh
Fourteen feet tall, a pinstripe suit and the same weird
shadow, oh
He was outside for several weeks and then he
vanished again, oh
I really don't know what to think after twenty-three
years
The only real thing I ever learned is: Maybe it is, if it
has so appeared
That's when the party started--

I grabbed a hold of it and--
And if I saw it well, then
Oh, whoa, etc

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