

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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