

Don Dixon

"Catching Cold"

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Well there're biscuits on the table and turkey on the
stove
Ground rice steaming and green beans stringing and
pie that's??? Almond???
That's the way to spend Thanksgiving, but I'm not there
to sit and??? take it??? in
I live in constant fear of being rolled, 'cause I'm up in
New York city catching cold

Well there are stockings by the chimney, stuffed with
nuts and tangerines
Grandma's chuckle, wild babies gurgle, dad's tie is red
and green
The table is packed with food again, I'm still not there
to lend a hand
And I'll miss the greatest story ever told, 'cause I'm up
in New York city catching cold

Oh I wish that I could be there with the packages and
bows
To catch you smiling sweetly underneath the mistletoe
My chair is sitting empty as they call me on the phone
And the whole damn yule time seasons come and go
The party hats get dusted off, the family resolute
The band parades while cute spring maids give out
flag salutes
Up here where they drink to twelve o'clock and then
tear up the Times Square block
I think I see the ghost of Lombardo; he's up in New York
City catching cold
I'll take his arm and head out for a stroll, two spectres
in a swirling icy blow
Up in New York City catching cold

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