

J Church "Christmas Lights"

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Christmas lights are colorful,
A mini-disco, a pistolero,
Lost in lonely heartache,
It's literal this time,
I'm counting up to half a million,
I used to know all of the presidents,
By name and order of appearance,
In attics in my mind

Traipsing down memory lane,
The streets are all but vacant,
Like some psychic neutron bomb,
Cleaned out this whole town,
Pretty pills once meaning pleasure,
Are now part of the regimen,
I am lost in thought,
There's no need to hang around

Even in a far-off desert,
I can wait a thousand years,
And if I don't know what I'm waiting for,
I can still pretend,
I'm waiting for your guilt assistance,
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I've got nothing better to do,
Some say it's sad but true

Christmas lights are colorful,
Mini-disco, a pistolero,
Lost in lonely heartache,
It's literal this time,
I'm counting on your secret mission,
Save me from my memory,
Some say I love the drama,
No, I just don't mind

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Lost in lonely heartache,
It's literal this time

