

Jet Set Roger

"Jack Frost And The Hooded Crow"

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Through long December nights we talk in words of rain
or snow,
While you, through chattering teeth, reply and curse us
as you go.
Why not spare a thought this day for those who have no
flame
To warm their bones at Christmas time?
Say Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.

Now as the last broad oak leaf falls, we beg: consider
this:
There's some who have no coin to save for turkey, wine
or gifts.
No children's laughter round the fire, no family left to
know.
So lend a warm and a helping hand:
Say Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.
As holly pricks and ivy clings, your fate is none too
clear.
The Lord may find you wanting, let your good fortune
disappear.
All homely comforts blown away and all that's left to
show
Is to share your joy at Christmas time
With Jack Frost and the Hooded Crow.

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While you, through chattering teeth, reply and curse us
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