

Last Martyrs Of A Lost Cause

"Merry Christmas Little Match Girl"

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There's a boy lying awake on Christmas Eve,
Listening for ol' St. Nick as he counts his sheep.
And somewhere there's a man lying awake in his prison
cell,
Reading letters addressed to daddy that came in the
mail.

Oh they both pray for morning but for far different
reasons.
One is opening his presents while the other's watching
seasons,
As they change outside if these prison walls.
He's been talking to God a lot more these days,
He's worried about his soul.

There's a girl taking her time walking down the street.
You'd think she had no place to be the way she shuffles
her feet.
But she's in no hurry to get back to that place.
To be bruised and beaten in the home where she was
raised.

And even though it's Christmas, that don't give her too
much comfort,
That just means that he'll be drinking that much more
before he hurts her.
And this house smells just like cigarettes all year
round.
Once she gets away she'll never come back home,
Until they put him in the ground.

But this is the season to be jolly fa la la la la la la,
And there's carolers in the town,
And I'll hold your hand on this cold winter night,
I'll make you feel better if I can.

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