

Morten Abel

"A Kind Of Christmas Card"

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All you folks back home
I'll never tell you this
You're not supposed to know
Where your daughter is
There are ways of life
You never understood
It's right here
Downtown Hollywood
It's afternoon on Sunset Boulevard
I've got a stolen moment trying hard
To write a kind of Christmas card
But I am burning cut again
Tonight there is fever in my veins
Mama, dear
All the love you gave
I guess there's really nothing,
Nothing much to save
See this place,
Is as dirty as I feel myself
There are still some riches
At the Roosevelt
That evening prayer, those memories
In my little bedroom, mama, on my knees,
That's where I'm at -
Down in Los-Angeles
And I am burning out again
And I must rise above the shame
Tonight there is fever in my veins...
Oh, just think of the girl I used to be
You were my age once, mama, Twenty-three
I can still hear some of the songs you used to play
From that summer of love in '68
Seems it's turned into a winter of hate
And I am burning out again

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