

## **Morten Harket**

# **"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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