

## **Murder City Devils**

### **"364 Days"**

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(spoken) An open letter to Saint Nicholas...  
Whiskey and cookies on the mantle  
The children asleep wait for St. Nick  
While they sleep we can drink  
The tree is hung - tribute to you  
And three hundred and sixty for days til I see you again  
And a thousand more tears  
And a thousand more tears  
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole  
364 days spent all alone  
Take off your boots, pour a drink  
Try not to cry, try not to think  
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole  
364 days spent all alone  
Take off your boots, pour a drink  
Try not to cry, try not to think  
Try not to think...  
And you drink your eggnog and I'll drink my wine  
Toast the season, but just one more time  
The morning is coming, the whiskey is empty  
The gifts have arrived, St. Nick has come and gone  
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole  
364 days spent all alone  
Take off your boots, pour a drink  
Try not to cry, try not to think  
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole  
364 days spent all alone  
Take off your boots, pour a drink  
Try not to cry...  
And it ends like it started, the hugs and the kisses  
The bullshit flows, the bullshit flows  
You raise your bottle, and I'll raise my flask  
Toast Christmas future, and toast Christmas past  
And when they're all gone, sit down in peace  
Wait one more year  
And pour just one more drink  
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole  
364 days spent all alone  
Take off your boots, pour a drink  
Try not to cry, try not to think  
St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, at the North Pole  
364 days spent all alone

Take off your boots, pour a drink  
Try not to cry, try not to think  
Try not to think...  
St. Nicholas... All alone...

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