Casiotone for the Painfully Alone "Cold White Christmas"

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cap and gown in purple and gold you're 22 years old and a woman now you're told Aunt Beth and Charlie cut a check for the graduating niece

and you marked your independence with a signature on a lease

but home was a photograph you taped to your wall it's gonna be a cold white Christmas in St Paul

beer for breakfast who's gonna scold you've got your early hours dulled by the cigarettes you rolled

second shift as a fry cook that's your holiday in grease and you trudge to work through the snow in a coat down to your knees

and you linger at the twinkle lights as you pass by the mall

and count the days to a cold white Christmas in St Paul

feather down the nights get so cold and you ignore the smell of mold as you smooth out the folds

when you're on your own you've got no one to please in a Minnesota city just as bare and as mean as the winter trees

but you'll be damned if you're the one making collect calls

on a cold white Christmas in St Paul yeah it's a cold white Christmas in St Paul

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