

## Julian Lynch

### "Christmas Morning"

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The girl  
At the grocery  
She's pretty  
And seems nice  
But she looks  
Right through me  
With eyes  
Cold as ice  
She never answers  
When I ask  
Her name  
She only says  
I should have  
A great day

But hey  
What could  
She mean by that  
Perhaps  
I'm the fool  
She takes me for  
Not anything more

I guess  
It's the season  
The time  
Of the year  
When people  
They're happy  
And full  
Of good cheer  
Well  
They'll wish you  
And kiss you  
And wish you again  
And they'll tell you  
It's peace and good  
Will to all men

But hey what could  
They mean by that

Perhaps  
I'm the fool  
They take me for  
Not anything more

We stood  
At the altar  
And you held my hand  
And everyone watched  
As the preacher  
He asked  
Will you take him  
And love him  
For bad  
And for good  
You looked at me  
Then you told him  
You would

But hey  
What did you  
Mean by that  
Perhaps  
I'm the fool  
You take me for  
Not anything more

Now each  
Christmas morning  
I sit in my chair  
And I look up  
At the angels  
That float  
Through the air  
Some look down  
Upon me  
Some come  
To my side  
And they tell me  
That Jesus  
He said to say hi

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