

Christmas Morning

Lyle Lovett

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