

Tracy. Tracy was angry.  
A bad mood.  
I told her, "it's an ill wind  
Blows no good."  
(Then she told me:)  
"Tojo never made it to Darwin."

I said, "Tracy, won't you listen - this is Christmas!  
Don't you go."  
She said, "David, I wouldn't miss this for the world but I  
Got to blow."  
(Then she said again:)  
"Tojo never made it to Darwin."

Now she's gone, gone, gone  
Just like the wind.  
I just sigh,  
But I'm dreaming that I'm gleaming  
In her eye.  
(But I'll always hear:)  
"Tojo never made it to Darwin."

That year, Santa never came.