

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.