

This Ain't New Jersey

Smith & Burrows

I ain't laughing
I didn't hear the joke anyway
I got my fingers on the windows
As the snow makes this a prison
Tomorrow will be Christmas Day

I took you drinkin'
To say the things that I needed to say
You drank me under the table
Like you always do
The radio just plays away

Those same old songs
Every single year
We drink, we sing
And I forget the things that I need you to hear

And we argue
As the snow seals us in for the night
You say 'Santa Claus is coming'
But I don't care what the song says
That's never gonna sound quite right

And this ain't New Jersey
Father Christmas is coming to town
You throw your drink in my face
Throw that look in my direction
And the radio plays on and on

Those same old songs
Every single year
We drink, we sing
Oh the state we're in
But it's Christmas, my dear

The workmen grit the roads
As the barman grits his teeth
He's praying that the storm will ease up over London
He knows he shouldn't drive
He'd be sleeping in his car
That just ain't no good

The floorboards of the pub
They just buckle with our love
'Cause when we fight, I love you more
Like your favorite film
It's a Wonderful Life
You've seen it a hundred times

But you don't get bored
You don't get bored
You don't get bored

Eleven thirty
Christmas Eve turning into Christmas Day
I ask you how you're feeling
You answer "I'm aging" I remember what I need to say

Like Jimmy Stewart in the film that you hold so dear

I may have had a bit to drink
I may have done some dumb things
But I'm glad the storm has trapped me here
With you

And as the workmen grit the roads
And the barman grits his teeth
He's praying that the storm will ease up over London
He knows he shouldn't drive
He'd be sleeping in his car
That just ain't no good

The floorboards of the pub
They just buckle with our love
'Cause when we fight I love you more
Like your favorite film
It's a Wonderful Life
You've seen it a thousand times

But you don't get bored
You don't get bored
No, you don't get bored

Still those same old songs
Fill the air
We drink, we sing
Oh the state we're in
Here's to another year