

(Yeah!
Whatever
One, two, three
It's almost Christmas/New Year)

I've seen snow on Christmas Eve,
Gracing frosted evergreens
After most the trees go brown
I'm still standing

I've been miles away from home
Trapped in Charles Dickens' poems
I've been freezing in this town,
But I'm still standing
(One, two, three)

- Chorus -

It's almost New Year,
In San Diego
Another Christmas,
In Old Borego
Face-down in a little white shack in the back room
This town is a 35 Ford in a bad mood, in a bad mood

I hear you when I'm asleep,
Missy you're the love I keep
But I still got no cash to send,
In my pocket

It's been months since we first kissed,
But your face is what I miss,
And I keep your picture bent in my pocket