

That's When the Party Started

The Dismemberment Plan

Fourteen feet tall, and glassy and pale, and covered in soot
I don't know who he was or what he was, the question was moot
I laid in bed, too scared to speak, and watched him watch me
There was no sound but the crickets outside and the leaves in the breeze
He lit a cigarette and said, "Your chimney's a bitch"
I said, "Are you old Santa Claus?" and he said, "You wish"

That's when the party started as far as I know
I grabbed a hold of it and never let go
And if I saw it, well, then maybe it's so

Later that year, I swear to God, it happened again
I was out camping with my baby and a couple of friends
As we fell asleep, I know I saw a light in the east
Spinning around and changing colors with a weird humming sound
As it got close I felt my sleeping bag rise from the ground
When I woke up I was yards from the fire
Eyes swollen shut, and buried to my waist

That's when the party started as far as I know
I grabbed a hold of it and never let go
And if I saw it, well, then maybe it's so

I know, I know, I know, I know I saw him again
I was out walking my dog and he followed me home
Fourteen feet tall, a pinstripe suit and the same weird shadow
He was outside for several weeks and then he vanished again
I really don't know what to think after twenty-three years
The only real thing I ever learned is: Maybe it is, if it has so appeared

That's when the party started
I grabbed a hold of it and
And if I saw it well, then