

Christmas Nights in Blue

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

He could have stayed there the entire night
For to him music was the voice of god
For it never needed translation
And could lift up lives that were often quite hard
But then he heard a different kind of music
From somewhere else close by
And he followed the trail of those new notes
Till he found himself outside
The notes led him to a blues bar
That was right next to the hotel
And the angel watched some lonely people enter it
And wondered if this
Was where all the lonely people did dwell
Then another guardian angel
Who happened to be near
Told him about the old blues bar
And whispered in his ear
"here the tragically beautiful
And the beautifully tragic
Drift through this night
In a last quest for magic
Their faces are masks
That so artfully disguise
The wounds in their hearts
The scars in their eyes
Now these scars in their eyes
Never hurt, never bleed
But like cracks in a mirror
They distort all they see
For when the heart's an open wound
Its greatest threat, i fear
Is that the salt rubbed into it
Does come from one's own tears
Now there are many places on this earth
That one thinks that god has forgot
But one can often find an angel or a saint
Where one assumes angels and saints are not"
And then the other angel reminded him
Of their lord's point of view
"you'll know them not by how they appear
You'll know them by what they do"
So when the next patron went inside
The angel followed him undetected
But what he found within that bar
Was not quite what he expected
There was an old piano player there
Playing with a honky-tonk sound
And everyone who entered that place depressed
That piano player turned their night around
And one by one he'd draw each person
Out of their self-imposed cage
And before they realized it
He had them singing on the stage
Just another night in new york city
Snow comes down looks real pretty
Don't know how but suddenly there you are
With jelly roll morton playin' for the bar

Inside here, lights are low
But each song has its own glow
As he floats them through that smokey air
You just can't believe he's really there
How old is he?
Cannot say
But claims he taught cab calloway
And on this night i somehow believe him
Knows every song that christmas got
Even ones my brain has dropped
Just him and that old fir tree
All lit up this night
Electric blue
Just another night in new york city
Snow comes down looks real pretty
Can't believe but somehow there you are
Talking with strangers sittin' cross the bar
Suddenly, all are laughin'
This night's smart, always craftin'
Building bridges nearly everywhere
Hits a wall, it just builds a stairs
Outside colored lights they bleed
For snow is white and colors need
As it just comes down like pure salvation
It offers all its amnesty
And makes your neighbor different see
By the light of that fir tree
And this old bar
Electrified in blue
I gotta drop dead simple
Childhood view of salvation
Perhaps that's how it was always meant to be
And the more i add up all this information
It seems it all comes down in the end to you and me
And you look around till you find a phone
Then you call your mom and everyone at home
And the bar looks on and they start to cheer
When you talk to folks you haven't seen in years
And the snow comes down
And the children play
And they pray to god
It never goes away
And a childhood prayer
Should never be denied
And the night rolls on
Till it's carolized
Carolized
Carolized
Carolized
Carolized
And on this tree
The lights are done
But the colors here are down one
I guess it kind of fits the situation
Ornaments still shining bright
Watch them glitter in the light
Just this old fir tree and me
All lit up this night
Electric blue