

ALL THOSE CHRISTMAS CLICHES

I'VE SPENT CHRISTMAS IN PEORIA
CHRISTMAS IN SCHENECTEDY
CHRISTMAS IN LAS VEGAS AND L.A.
AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT COULDN'T MATTER LESS
BUT LATELY, COME DECEMBER, I CONFESS...

I WANT THE TREE FULL OF TOYS AND TINSEL,
I WANT THE WREATH ON THE RED FRONT DOOR
I WANT THE ELVES IN THE YARD
AND EACH SENTIMENTAL CARD
DRIPPING GLITTER ON THE FLOOR.

I WANT A ROOF FULL OF PLYWOOD REINDEER,
I WANT A ROAD FULL OF HORSE DRAWN SLEIGHS,
ALL THOSE CHRISTMAS CLICHES

I WANT THE TURKEY WITH ALL THE FIXINGS,
THE TURKEY MOM HARDLY EVER MADE.
I WANT THE GULP AND THE TEAR
AT THE MOMENT WHEN I HEAR
JOHNNY MATHIS BEING PLAYED.

I WANT A LAKE FULL OF PERFECT SKATERS,
I WANT A FRUIT CAKE WITH SUGER GLAZE,
ALL THOSE CHRISTMAS CLICHES

NOT TO MENTION THE SNOW,
NOT TO MENTION THE CHOIR,
NOT TO MENTION THE CANDLES IN THE WINDOW
AND CHESTNUTS ROASTING ON THE FIRE

INSIDE A HOUSE FILLED WITH NOISE AND LAUGHTER
ALONG A STREET BATHED IN TWINKLING LIGHT.
I WANT THE BELLS AND THE DRUMS, MISLETOE AND SUGERPLUMS
AND THE KIDS TO TUCK IN TIGHT.

AND AS FOR THAT GUY IN THE BRIGHT RED OUTFIT,
INSTEAD OF FLYING OFF, HE STAYS
ALL THOSE CHRISTMAS CLICHES
I WANT THOSE CHRISTMAS CLICHES