

# Christmastime In Toronto

Gordon Downie

Oh oh yea  
So this is your number well I just called to say 'hello'  
I was blurting, you were blurting, we were talking in morse code  
We just got cut off or disconnected, I dunno  
But it's Christmastime, Christmastime in Toronto

We got this power to generalize when everything explodes  
The certainty of our unknown, your childrens' unknown  
You're gonna let us in though you're technically closed  
Must be Christmastime, Christmastime in Toronto

Let's have a toast!  
To charity, wickedness, dope  
A toast!  
To the day after tomorrow

Oh oh yea the day after tomorrow

You'd like to buy the drink a bar, take us all to the show  
You're so full of cash tonight, you could buy the Pope  
You might as well try and get milk from your elbow  
Though it's Christmastime, Christmastime in Toronto

With your dark epiphanies, your true lines and smoke  
Your glistening rails and streetcars all aglow  
"always the wind and the persistent snow  
Gets into your eyes and your mouth and every fold of your coat"  
Everyone hates you but they don't know what I know  
Besides, it's Christmastime, Christmastime in Toronto

Let's have a toast!  
To charity, fixedness, hope  
A toast!  
To the day after tomorrow

Oh oh yea the day after tomorrow