

Sometimes You Have to Work on Christmas (Sometimes)

Harvey Danger

A studio apartment in a dull part of Seattle,
A strand of light suspended,
By a thumb tack in the drywall,
The restaurants are closed,
So are the record shops,
The banks, and bars, and Bartell drugs,
And so's the half price book store,
But the movies are always open,
And I always have to open.

A repertory movie house,
Well life is not so wonderful,
For 15 soggy patrons,
Who have no better place to be,
Not to mention me,
I'm working for a holiday wage,
My family is two time zones away,
I'm supposed to call them,
My vodka and snow is melting,
The alcohol isn't helping.

Sometimes, you have to work on Christmas sometimes.
You have to work on Christmas sometimes.
You gotta work on Christmas;
I doubt I'll miss this.

There's an artificial tree,
Blinking in the lobby,
Sitting on the coffee table, yeah,
Strangers and spare changers,
Stand in line like poor relations,
At some kind of sad reunion,
And I'm selling the tickets,
They come in out of the weather,
For Christmas alone together.

Sometimes you have to work on Christmas, sometimes,
You have to work on Christmas, sometimes,
You have to work on Christmas,
I doubt I'll miss this next year.

Sometimes you have to work on Christmas, sometimes,
You gotta work on Christmas, sometimes,
You have to work on Christmas,
I doubt I'll miss this at all.