## **Christmas Morning**

## Lyle Lovett

The girl at the grocery she's pretty and seems nice But she looks right through me with eyes cold as ice She never answers when I ask her name She only says I should have a great day

But hey what could she mean by that Perhaps I'm the fool she takes me for Not anything more

I guess it's the season the time of the year When people they're happy and full of good cheer Well they'll wish you and kiss you and wish you again And they'll tell you it's peace and good will to all men

But hey what could they mean by that Perhaps I'm the fool they take me for Not anything more

We stood at the altar and you held my hand And everyone watched as the preacher he asked Will you take him and love him for bad and for good You looked at me then you told him you would

But hey what did you mean by that Perhaps I'm the fool you take me for Not anything more

Now each Christmas morning I sit in my chair And I look up at the angels that float through the air Some look down upon me, some come to my side And they tell me that Jesus he said to say hi