

Christmas

Pete Townshend

Did you ever see the faces of the children? They get so excited
Waking up on Christmas morning, hours before the winter sun's i
gnited

They believe in dreams and all they mean including heavens gene
rosity

Peeping round the door to see what parcels are for me, in curio
sity

And Tommy doesn't know what day it is

He doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is

How can he be saved? From the eternal grave

Surrounded by his friends, he sits so silently, and unaware of
anything

Playing proxy pin ball, picks his nose and smiles and

Pokes his tongue, and everything, I believe in dreams

But how can men who've never seen light be enlightened?

Only if he's cured, will his spirits future level ever heighten
?

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