

## Spirit Of Christmas Yet To Come

Steve Kilbey

I am the spirit of christmas yet to come  
The future, the source of your grief  
And all the little details and the things left undone  
Catching you up underneath  
Gray snow falls, cold night comes down  
Into the hearts of the men in this town  
Chains on the stairs, a sudden chill  
Something beside you is keeping quite still  
I am the spirit of christmas yet to come  
The future, the source of your grief