

# Christmas Nights in Blue

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

He could have stayed there the entire night  
For to him music was the voice of god  
For it never needed translation  
And could lift up lives that were often quite hard  
But then he heard a different kind of music  
From somewhere else close by  
And he followed the trail of those new notes  
Till he found himself outside  
The notes led him to a blues bar  
That was right next to the hotel  
And the angel watched some lonely people enter it  
And wondered if this  
Was where all the lonely people did dwell  
Then another guardian angel  
Who happened to be near  
Told him about the old blues bar  
And whispered in his ear  
"here the tragically beautiful  
And the beautifully tragic  
Drift through this night  
In a last quest for magic  
Their faces are masks  
That so artfully disguise  
The wounds in their hearts  
The scars in their eyes  
Now these scars in their eyes  
Never hurt, never bleed  
But like cracks in a mirror  
They distort all they see  
For when the heart's an open wound  
Its greatest threat, i fear  
Is that the salt rubbed into it  
Does come from one's own tears  
Now there are many places on this earth  
That one thinks that god has forgot  
But one can often find an angel or a saint  
Where one assumes angels and saints are not"  
And then the other angel reminded him  
Of their lord's point of view  
"you'll know them not by how they appear  
You'll know them by what they do"  
So when the next patron went inside  
The angel followed him undetected  
But what he found within that bar  
Was not quite what he expected  
There was an old piano player there  
Playing with a honky-tonk sound  
And everyone who entered that place depressed  
That piano player turned their night around  
And one by one he'd draw each person  
Out of their self-imposed cage  
And before they realized it  
He had them singing on the stage  
Just another night in new york city  
Snow comes down looks real pretty  
Don't know how but suddenly there you are  
With jelly roll morton playin' for the bar

Inside here, lights are low  
But each song has its own glow  
As he floats them through that smokey air  
You just can't believe he's really there  
How old is he?  
Cannot say  
But claims he taught cab calloway  
And on this night i somehow believe him  
Knows every song that christmas got  
Even ones my brain has dropped  
Just him and that old fir tree  
All lit up this night  
Electric blue  
Just another night in new york city  
Snow comes down looks real pretty  
Can't believe but somehow there you are  
Talking with strangers sittin' cross the bar  
Suddenly, all are laughin'  
This night's smart, always craftin'  
Building bridges nearly everywhere  
Hits a wall, it just builds a stairs  
Outside colored lights they bleed  
For snow is white and colors need  
As it just comes down like pure salvation  
It offers all its amnesty  
And makes your neighbor different see  
By the light of that fir tree  
And this old bar  
Electrified in blue  
I gotta drop dead simple  
Childhood view of salvation  
Perhaps that's how it was always meant to be  
And the more i add up all this information  
It seems it all comes down in the end to you and me  
And you look around till you find a phone  
Then you call your mom and everyone at home  
And the bar looks on and they start to cheer  
When you talk to folks you haven't seen in years  
And the snow comes down  
And the children play  
And they pray to god  
It never goes away  
And a childhood prayer  
Should never be denied  
And the night rolls on  
Till it's carolized  
Carolized  
Carolized  
Carolized  
Carolized  
And on this tree  
The lights are done  
But the colors here are down one  
I guess it kind of fits the situation  
Ornaments still shining bright  
Watch them glitter in the light  
Just this old fir tree and me  
All lit up this night  
Electric blue