

# What Is Christmas?

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

By this time a harder rocking stage  
Would be impossible to find  
And though no one was now drinking  
The owner did not seem to mind  
And the angel marveled how one man  
Could turn around a life  
And then that life turn around another's  
And how it rippled through this night  
But there was someone in that room  
Whose heart had not been changed  
A heart that had grown so hard  
You'd have thought it could never be arranged  
It was the businessman from downtown  
Who had stopped there to rest his feet  
And he clung to his drink  
(where he watched his thoughts sink)  
While any strangers, he refused to greet  
You could see upon his face  
How happiness had been so long deferred  
It was practically as if unhappiness  
Had somehow become preferred  
Now the angel had not seen the businessman  
Though they had in that room been near  
Nor did the angel see him as he left the bar  
When he could no longer stand this christmas cheer  
And as the businessman exited the door  
He heard someone complaining on the tv  
It was the "grinch" ranting against christmas  
And the man found that he agreed  
What is christmas?  
Tinsel fairytales  
Day old stockings lined up in a row  
What is christmas  
Could someone tell me that?  
What is christmas?  
Surely, i don't know  
And everywhere these lights  
Who needs to color night?  
Could this whole thing be planned?  
I do not understand  
This christmas  
Trees with colored lights  
Underneath they still are only trees  
Do you think that one day perhaps they might  
Find that christmas  
Is kind of a disease?  
Every year it's waiting for me  
Waiting for me  
Every year it constantly defies  
Placing strangers  
There before me  
There before me  
Spreading hope and cheer  
Mixed in with happiness  
Fraternal bliss and other christmas lies!  
And there's one more thing that i have discovered  
And i would now like you to know

The reason for christmas i now realize  
Is an excuse to tolerate snow  
Snow!  
I don't even like the sound of it  
Anyway, where was i  
Oh, yes!  
What is christmas?  
Candles everywhere  
A fire hazard any other day  
Children light them  
No one seems to care  
All for christmas  
Every year it returns here  
And every year it's waiting for me  
Why can't christmas disappear  
And just pretend it never saw me  
Every year i get my hopes up  
That it will somehow just leave  
But every year i wake to find  
That once again it now is christmas eve