







WIRD

According to the radio, warmer weather's in the way the chance is off, we won't be getting snow but even if the sun shines, from now to christmasday as far as I'm concerned, I know:

CHOR. It's gonna be a cold, cold christmas without you, dreamin' of those warm, warm, lazy summerdays it's gonna be a long and lonely christmas without you, missin' you my darling in oh so many ways

Yesterday I saw your mum and dad, we bought our cards together, put the pressents on the christmas tree, and as I write this letter it's warm, inside, the logfire's burning bright oh darling only you were here to make it right

CHOR. Its gonna be - - -

didn't bother with the mistletoe, you won't be here to kiss me only consolation that I've got, I know for shure you'll miss me it won't be long untill you're home again and we can share these magic moments, but till then:

CHOR. It's gonna be - - -

CHOR. It's gonna'be - - -.