

Gordon Downie, Christmastime In Toronto

Oh oh yea

So this is your number well I just called to say 'hello'
I was blurting, you were blurting, we were talking in morse code
We just got cut off or disconnected, I dunno
But it's Christmastime, Christmastime in Toronto

We got this power to generalize when everything explodes
The certainty of our unknown, your childrens' unknown
You're gonna let us in though youre technically closed
Must be Christmastime, Christmastime in Toronto

Let's have a toast!
To charity, wickedness, dope
A toast!
To the day after tomorrow

Oh oh yea the day after tomorrow

You'd like to buy the drink a bar, take us all to the show
You're so full of cash tonight, you could buy the Pope
You might as well try and get milk from your elbow
Though it's Christmastime, Christmastime in Toronto

With your dark epiphanies, your true lines and smoke
Your glistening rails and streetcars all aglow
"always the wind and the persistent snow
Gets into your eyes and your mouth and every fold of your coat"
Everyone hates you but they don't know what I know
Besides, it's Christmastime, Christmastime in Toronto

Let's have a toast!
To charity, fixedness, hope
A toast!
To the day after tomorrow

Oh oh yea the day after tomorrow