

Underground New York City Holiday, Jed Rivers,
With apologies to Jem Finer and Shane MacGowan

 G C
Here come the holiday. The end of year
 G D
The folks upstairs from us. Get all the gear
 G C
While we below the ground. We sleep in fear
 G D. G
We try to be invisible You don't want us near.

When In my saner days I sent my love
To all your families. Who walk above
I wish them happy times To sing with joy
I know the sight of us Will just annoy

I hope you're merry And laughing loud
I hope there's comfort In all your crowds
Your sexy Christmas. And Hanukkah too
Is here at this years end And the next anew

So party onward And dance with thanks
You have a family. You have your banks
I promise not to ask for much. I'll keep away
I hope your coat is warm As you make your way

I'll try to keep my poverty. Away from sight
I ride the trains to warm. Most every night
Your sexy Hanukkah. And Christmas too
Was made for other folks, It was made for you.

I hope you're merry And laughing loud
I hope there's comfort In all your crowds
Your sexy Christmas. And Hanukkah too
Is here at this years end And the next anew