

**Thank God Its Not Christmas
Sparks**

Bb

What do I hear, what do I hear?

Gm

Chit-chat, and clinking glass

Ab

Cheap talk, a lady s laugh

F

After hours

Bb

What do I see, what do I see?

Gm

Some sunken hideaway

Ab

Where people go to play

F

After hours

Eb

There I ll spend the night

Bb

Meeting fancy things

Gm

At bistros and old haunts

Trying very hard to

F

sin

Bb

Then it is day end in a way

Gm

The pattern s much the same

Ab

In-spots, a matinee

F

Every day

Bb

Blend with the crowd, blend with the loud

Gm

Hypnotic ebb and flow

Ab

Until the day goes slowly

F

Into night

Eb

See the same old crowd

Bb

At bistros and old haunts

Gm

Til the lights grow dim,
The not-so-subtle hint to be

F

gone

Chorus:

Db

Thank God it s not Christmas
When there is

Eb

only you, and nothing else to do

Db

Thank God it s not Christmas
Where there s just

Eb

you to do. The rest is closed to public

F

view

Bb

Caroling kids, caroling kids

Gm

A trifle premature,

Ab

in tones so rich and pure and

F

crystalline

Bb

Call for the day, the popular day

Gm

It s fast approaching now

Ab

But will the mood allow

F

One dissent

Eb

If this were the Seine

Bb

We d be very suave

Gm

But it s just the rain washing down the

F

boulevard

[Chorus]

Bb

Popular days, the popular ways

Gm

Are for the chosen few

Ab

Not meant for me and you

F

Obviously

Bb

Popular nights, poplar rites

Gm

Great things to say and do

Ab

Aren't said or done by you

F

Obviously

Eb

If this were Seine

Bb

We'd be very suave

Gm

But it's just the rain washing down the

F

boulevard