

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, The Lost Christmas Eve

On a street in the night
In the cold winter's light
A child stands alone and she's waiting
And the light that's out there
It just hangs in the air
As if it was just hesitating
And the snow it comes down
And it muffles the sound
Of dreams on their way to tomorrow
And when they appear
This night will hold them near
For where they will lead
She will follow
For here in this city of lights
This evening awakens
The dreams that it might
The winter it conjures
The spells it will weave
The snow gently covers the ground
Christmas eve

In this scene
On this night
There's an ancient hotel
Where shadows they do tend to wander
And the ghosts that live here
Hold each moment so dear
For time's not a thing one should squander
And they recount their sand
As it runs through their hand
And examine each moment for meaning
It can be wished upon
Till the moment it's gone
Like day disappears into evening

For here in this city of lights
This evening awakens
The dreams that it might
The winter it conjures
The moment is seized
The snow gently covers the ground
Christmas eve

Merry christmas
Merry christmas
Merry christmas
Merry christmas
Christmas
Christmas
Christmas
Christmas

Through this night
The dream still wanders
As it was meant to be
And every year this night grows fonder
Of children and circumstance
Caught in this childhood dance
As the world turns around
Keeping dreams on the ground
Windows of frosted ice
Prismatic candlelight
And somehow we
Start to believe

In the night and the dream
As it cuts through the noise
With the whisper of snow
As it starts to deploy
In the depths of a night
That's about to begin
With the feeling of snow
As it melts on your skin
And it covers the land
With a dream so intense
That it returns us all
To a child's innocence
And then what you'd thought lost
And could never retrieve
Is suddenly there to be found
On christmas eve
On christmas eve
On christmas