

The 22nd of December
We were dressing up the tree
The radio was playing caroling
The music warm and comforting

Then there came a knock upon a door
Outside there stood a man in uniform
He asked me "Son are your parents in?"
A friend of yours has had an accident

He said I'll speak to your mother and father
There are some things you shouldn't hear
I left the room where they could speak to him
Why I should leave I wasn't sure

Through the walls I heard my mother cry
"Oh my God, he's just a little boy"
Someone found him high up in a tree
Hanging by his neck for all to see

Oh no, no, no, don't leave us crying
Oh no, no, no, don't leave us crying

We were the closest of young friends
Our thoughts and hopes, we shared together
He dreamed he'd race a thoroughbred
To ride that horse and be a winner

It couldn't be, his body was too weak
The sickness that he had could take him down
He took his life before he died in pain

No, no, no, please, don't leave us crying
No, no, no, no, don't leave us crying

Oh no, no, no, don't leave us crying, please
Oh no, no, no, you left us crying...