Night time in Budapest So many people are waiting in line Darkness without a glow What a night to be watching a Christmas show

What a magical mystery feeling Dancing at the end of their silvery strings Almost human in size Like children with plague in their flesh These Puppets are oh so grotesque

Night time in Budapest
The Puppet Theater is so dark inside
Gas lamps light the stage
We're watching as the curtain begins to rise

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Sssssshhhh...here come the Puppets
There is 1..2...I see 3 Puppets waiting in the wing
Then they start to walk, in line
And suddenly they're all on the stage
I see the Puppet Master high above on the walkway
He pulls one string and up goes a leg.. Down goes a head
He pulls one more and he lets them all go!

No strings, none of them fall, no strings at all...

I take a look at the Little Drummer Boy, up on the stage.. Oh no I think he looked at me.. ME, is he alive?
I get a little scared...as he starts to play his drum
On the skin of his hand, I see a little cut...BLOOD

Night time in Budapest So many things here are not what they seem But we love them all What a night to remember forevermore

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The show has come to an end
The Master himself is on the STAGE
With his CHILDREN, the curtain must fall
And then the Puppets they are...Gone