

Mr. Mistletoe

The Magnetic Fields

I walk alone around the town
I used to walk with you
I watch the lonely snow come down
down Seventh Avenue
Now dreadful decorations deck the air
and mistletoe is hanging everywhere
but you no longer care

Oh, Mr. Mistletoe
hanging above
please go away
I've got no one to love
Oh Mr. Mistletoe
wither and die
you useless weed
for no one have I
Oh, Mr. Mistletoe
how very rude
Couldn't you tell
I'm not in the mood?
Oh, Mr. Mistletoe
go find your tree
Didn't you know?
There's no Christmas for me

Oh, Mr. Mistletoe
go find your tree
Didn't you know?
There's no Christmas for me