

Christmas at the Airport

by Nick Lowe (2013)

G *Am* *D* *G*
Outside the taxi window on the way to catch my flight.
G *Am* *D* *G*($\frac{1}{2}$) *E*($\frac{1}{2}$)
I noticed snowflakes playing in the ever failing light. When you dropped me at
Am *Bm* *G* *E*
departures, it was really coming down, deep and crisp
Am($\frac{1}{2}$) *D*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*
even, it settled on ground. It looks like the

C *D* *G* *G*
Christmas, Christmas at the airport. All the flights are
Am *D* *G* *G*
grounded and the fog is rolling in. It looks like
C *D* *G* *E*
Christmas, Christmas at the airport this year; doors are locked and
Am *D* *G* *G* *G*
bolted, let festivities begin The

G *Am* *D* *G*
terminal was seething without much Christmas cheer.
G *Am* *D* *G*($\frac{1}{2}$) *E*($\frac{1}{2}$)
So I found an empty closet and bedded down in there. When I woke much
Am *Bm* *G* *E*
later, I was quite alone. Check-in was
Am($\frac{1}{2}$) *D*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*
deserted, everyone had gone. It looks like

Christmas, Christmas at the airport. I took a set of
x-rays and they came out very well. It looks like
Christmas, Christmas at the airport this year.. Now I'm doing Santa's
sleigh ride on the baggage carousel

It looks like
Christmas, Christmas at the airport. I should be at the
table with all my kith and kin. It looks like
Christmas, Christmas at the airport this year. Don't save me any
turkey, I found a burger in a bin