

Hot Buttered Rum

Mary Chapin Carpenter

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When chimney smoke hangs still and low

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Across the stubbled fields of snow

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And angry skies reach down and seize

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The sorry blackened bones of trees

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In the dead of winter when the silent snowbirds come

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You're my sweet maple sugar, honey, hot buttered rum

When dreary Christmas decorations
line the streets and filling stations

And dime store Santas can't disguise
their empty hands and empty eyes

In the dead of winter when the tinsel angels come

You're my sweet maple sugar, honey, hot buttered rum

When gloves and boots and woolen parkas

bring cold comfort to the heart

and bitter memories freeze the tongue

and songs of love are left unsung

In the dead of winter when the cold feelings come

You're my sweet maple sugar, honey, hot buttered rum.