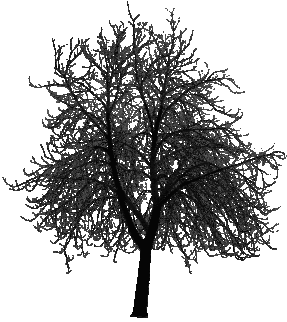


# Hot Buttered Rum

Music & Lyrics by Tommy Thompson



When chimney smoke hangs still and low  
Across the stubbled fields of snow  
And angry skies reach down to seize  
The sorry blackened bones of trees  
In the dead of winter  
When the silent snowbirds come  
You're my sweet maple sugar, honey  
Hot buttered rum

When dreary Christmas decorations  
Line the streets and filling stations  
And dimestore 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 those cold feelings come  
You're my sweet maple sugar, honey  
Hot buttered rum