

# Ball of Snow

Christmas is a time of profit, a confidence trick

    Played on the conscience of the world.

Spread the goodwill, spread the cash

    Give presents more expensive than you will receive

And you can feel good for five minutes at least.

The snowball rolls along

    Getting bigger and 'better' as the years go by

Perhaps the giant ball of snow

    Can one day perform a service to mankind

And flatten the hypocrisy that damages our mind.

This cannot be the way,

    Goodwill for a few days to last the year through

Is not reason enough

    To feel good, to feel happy, to feel pleased

We imprison ourselves and there is no release.