

White Wine in the Sun

Tim Minchin

I really like Christmas,
It's sentimental, I know,
But I just really like it.

I am hardly religious,
I'd rather break bread with Dorkins than Desmond to, to,
to Be honest.

And yes, I have all of the usual objections,
to consumerism,
to the commercialization of an ancient religion,
to the westernization of a dead Palestinian,
press ganged into selling Play Stations and beer.

But, I still really like it.

I'm looking forward to Christmas though,
I'm not expecting a visit from Jesus,

I'll be seeing my dad,
My brother, and sisters,
My gran and my mum,
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun.

I'll be seeing my dad,
My brother, and sisters,
My gran and my mum,
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun.

I don't go in for ancient wisdom,
I don't believe just 'cos ideas are tenacious,
it means they are worthy.

I get freaked out by churches,
some of the hymns they sing have nice chords but,
the lyrics are dodgy.

And yes, I have all of the usual objections,
to the miseducation of children who in tax examed instotutions,
are taught to externalise blame and to feel ashamed,

and to judge things as plain right or wrong,
but I quite like the songs.

I'm not expecting big presents,
the old combination of socks, drops and chocolates is just fine by me.

'cos I'll be seeing my dad,
my brother and sisters,
my gran and my mum.

They'll be drinking white wine in the sun.

'll be seeing my dad,
my brother and sisters,
my gran and my mum.

They'll be drinking white wine in the sun.

And you, my baby girl,
My jet-lagged infant daughter,
you'll be handed round the room,
like a puppy at a primary school,
and you won't understand,
that you'll learn some day,
that where ever you are and,
whatever you face.

These are the people that will make you feel safe in this world,
my sweet blue-eyed girl,
and you, my baby girl
when your twenty-one
or thirty-one and Christmas comes around,
and you find yourself nine-thousand miles from home,
You'll know whatever comes.

Your brothers and sisters,
and me and your mum,
we'll be waiting for you in the sun,
whenever you come.

Your brothers and sisters,
your aunts and your uncles,
your grand-parents, cousins,
and me and your mum,
we'll be waiting for you in the sun.

Drinking white wine in the sun,
darling, when Christmas comes,
we'll be waiting for you in the sun,
drinking white wine in the sun,
waiting for you in the sun,
waiting for you,

waiting.

I really like Christmas,
it's sentimental I know.

Lyrics submitted by Mac Prince.

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