

# The Holiday Song

## Pixies

Well sit right down my wicked son  
And let me tell you a story  
About the boy who fell from glory  
And how he was a wicked son This ain't no holiday  
But it always turn out this way  
Here I am, with my hand He took his sister from his head  
And then painted her on the sheets  
And then rolled her up in grass and trees  
And they kissed till they were dead This ain't no holiday  
But it always turns out this way  
Here I am, with my hand Well sit right down my evil son  
And let me tell you a story  
About the boy who fell from glory  
And how he was a wicked son This ain't no holiday, oh no  
But it always turns out this way  
Here I am, with my hand This ain't no holiday  
But it always turns out this way  
Here I am, with my hand

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