A Doe To a Deer

Los Campesinos!

I came two weeks before Christ,
not tender nor mild, from the womb I came a-wailing "silent night! ",
but I'll give you something to believe in.
You'll see three ships sailing in.
I'm a frail evergreen, be a bauble hanging off of me,
pine needles a'pricking at your bare feet.I'll be anything you want of me, carrot nosed encased in snow.
An angel teetering atop a tree, vomiting from vertigo.If you'll be mine for Christmas:
a doe to a deer.
I'll be home for Christmas,
and home will be here.I'm three sheets to the wind,
but the wind is a sleet, and this sheet ain't one of snow to play beneath,
and my nose is red, from the whiskey.
I'm Boxing Day game away.
Shirtless cherubs on the terrace, singing hymns, praying the saviour scores today,
and that he is one, but not the only.
If you're looking for me, follow any star
'cause I will be around, no matter where you are.
I'm CCTV video late night on Christmas Eve,
window shopping in full Santa suit,
blind drunk on the high street.
Never got a gift, gold, frankincense or myrrh
and never would've cared if you could just have her.
I'm Christmas morning stumbling home up the cul-de-sac,
flanked by kids upon new bikes,
stabilizing my walk back.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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