Holiday Cliche

Alexis Babini

Those Christmas songs everybody knows on every station of the radio
I guess it must be that time of year
I'm gonna hang some mistletoe every single place I go
and I declare there's nothing better
than to kiss a pretty girl in an ugly sweater

CHORUS
Tis the season to be jolly
(fa la la la la yeah)
Spike the punch with a little bit of rum
(rumpa pum pum pa pum)
There's tinsel on the evergreen in silver and in blue
and this holiday cliche I sing to you

All the lights on my neighbor's place
I'm pretty sure astronauts see from space
I guess it must be that time of year
Making snowmen in the snow
(don't think that's where the carrot goes)
If there really was a list for naughty and nice
I'd get a big sack of coal (that's right)

CHORUS
Tis the season to be jolly
(fa la la la la yeah)
Spike the punch with a little bit of rum
(rumpa pum pum pa pum)
Another year gone by, I don't know how we made it through
and this holiday cliche I sing to you

Small town, hang around, everybody celebrate
Late night, yuletide, tomorrow gonna sleep all day
We're gonna cause a scene, paint the town red and green tonight

(bum bum bum ba dum badadum ba da da dum)
(bum bum bum ba dum badadum ba da da dum)
(bum bum bum ba dum badadum ba da da dum)

(bum bum bum ba bum badadum baaaa)

CHORUS
Tis the season to be jolly
(fa la la la la yeah)
Spike the punch with a little bit of rum
(rumpa pum pum pa pum)
Another Christmas song to sing the whole night through
Bing Crosby wanted white, and Elvis got it blue
and this holiday cliche I sing to you

(bum bum bum ba dum badadum ba da da dum)
(bum bum bum ba dum badadum ba da da dum)
(bum bum bum ba dum badadum ba da da dum)

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