St. Stephen's Day Murders

Elvis Costello

I knew of two sisters whose name it was Christmas
And one was named Dawn of course, the other one was named Eve
I wonder if they grew up hating the season
That good will that lasts 'till the Feast of St. Stephen
And that is the time to eat, drink and be merry
Till the beer is all spilled and the whiskey has flowed
And the whole family tree you neglected to bury
Are feeding their faces until they explode
There'll be laughter and tears over Tia Maria's
Mixed up with that drink made from girders
?Cause it's all we've got left as they draw their last breath
Ah, it's nice for the kids, as you finally get rid of them
In the St Stephen's Day Murders
Uncle is garglin' a heart breaking air
While that babe in his arms pulls out all that remains of his hair
And we're not drunk enough yet to dare criticize

The great big kipper tie he's about to baptize
With his gin flavored whiskers and kisses of sherry
His best Chrimbo shirt slung out over the shop
While the lights from the Christmas tree blow up the telly
His face closes in like an old cold pork chop
And the carcass of the beast left over from the feast
May still be found haunting the kitchen
And there's life in it yet, we may live to regret
When the ones that we poisoned stop twitchin'
There'll be laughter and tears over Tia Maria's
Mixed up with that drink made from girders
?Cause it's all we've got left as they draw their last breath
Ah, it's nice for the kids, as you finally get rid of them, rid of them
In the St Stephen's Day Murders

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