

12/25

U.S. Bombs

End of the year, they're raising my rent  
Called, in sick my money is spent  
Buildings out side all covered in snow  
Makin' a fire the heat is on I look out my window, there's a shopping cart attached to it  
There's a crying bum, I need a road dog  
Where's Santa Claus? On my last drop in stuck eating crumbs No gift, December 25th, no bottle's empty  
Where's St. Nicolas? Happy fuckin' year and Christmas carol's  
A whore on the corner and a Grinch is a friend of every pimp  
Take me away for the holidays, dinner in a strait jacket turkey tray And the kids who have been beat down with  
a stick  
You ain't gotta take it from the family plan  
If ya can't get help, do it all for yourself

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