

# Nutcracker

## Straight No Chaser

Hooray it's Christmas time  
But there's one lousy tradition  
There's a certain show that you will see  
That is all and many would agree  
It is time to find another show to substitute  
For the Nutcracker I'm watching the game  
But something's wrong  
Staring is my wife  
Her face looks long I know that look, it must be me  
It's not our anniversary  
I shrug, no clue  
What did I do  
She stands in disbelief (What?) This holiday scene brings no laughter  
Forced going to see The Nutcracker I try to block it from my mind  
Think fast, what reason can I find?  
Got work to do, I'll fake the flu  
No chance, I'm done, I'm screwed (No!) I've seen the Nutcracker twenty times  
Sure it is fun if you are four (bum)  
Don't call me a Scrooge 'cause it's a bore  
The story's dated and that Mouse King thing  
Freaks me out (Ahh!) Well, guess I'm a guy, what can I say  
I'd rather watch football than ballet  
I try my hardest not to groan  
And pull the score up on my phone  
As I complain, "It's not the same"  
We're rushing out the door (Go!) All holiday shoppers on the road  
My holiday spirit might explode  
Of course, there is no place to park  
We're late, the theatre's in the dark  
In no small feat, we find a seat  
The show's about to start (Shh) Here's that song from Tetris  
And I know it's the part  
When I fight not to fall asleep  
March the wooden soldiers  
Bunch of mice start a fight  
Land of sweets, man this stuff's trippy By the way, this story makes no sense  
Still don't know what it means  
After all these years  
So confusing, feel like snoozing

Eyes are heavy, as I start to dream  
Woah, I'm awake, must have fallen  
Guess I didn't snore or make a peep  
'Cause my wife had no clue I'd been out cold  
Is the finale coming up  
'Cause there is no beer left in my cup  
To make it through, I'll need another drink  
Snuck out to the lobby  
Oh, look, I found a TV  
I forgot the game was happening  
It's down to the wire  
Time will soon expire  
Down by one, this kick would win it  
(Hut, hut) The ball snapped  
(Oh, no) The kick's bad  
(Right, right) No  
(We lost) No  
How could this night get any worse?  
Now I'm feeling all depressed  
But I still have to act impressed  
A pirouette, oh wow, that's great  
A six-year-old could do that, too  
Saw my team lose at the bar  
Now dancing dudes in leotards  
Last Nutcracker hopefully  
But my wife's thinking differently  
She leans in closely, whispers softly,  
"Can't wait for you to take me next year."

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