Conspiracies

Loudon Wainwright III

We don't believe in You know who
But we don't let the kids know it
We're parents, who are grown ups
There's a line we have to toe itBut we're part of a conspiracy
About this bearded big fat guy
Who isn't real, who never lived
Who's old, but doesn't dieWe went to the department store
We climbed out on that limb
Told the kids that it was You know who
We said that bum was himThen we placed them on his knee
To me, the knee seemed rather bony
Happily they sat though chatting with that phonyTold the kids we could provide the proof
Deceit, how I hate it
We put out the milk and cookies
Yes, I admit I drank and ate itThen that fib about the North Pole
Is if any Elves could live there
We helped to write and send that letter
Knowing full well, it went nowhereYou know who comes down the chimney
How could such a fat man fit?
The whole thing is preposterous
Yet we get children to buy it
We have no shame, the lies pile upYou think at least we'd bark
When we sing of red nosed reindeer
And snowmen who dance and talkWell it's just a harmless story
A fairytales and Christmas fun
Not unlike that other theory
The one about Gods SonWhere Angels talk to shepherds
Wise men troop after a star
And a Virgin has a baby
Boy that's fetched pretty farBut we adults buy that conspiracy
We toe and swallow that old line
Disappearing milk and cookies
What about that bread and wine?It's enough to make you hesitate
It's enough to give you pause
Perhaps it's just as crucial
Kids believe in You know who

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