

# X-Mas On the Isthmus

Terry Allen

It's X-Mas on the Isthmus of Panama  
We're listless this Christmas  
No Santa Claus  
No wise men, no angels No mistletoe trucks  
No reindeer  
No shepherds  
We're shit out of luck Ah, we hung all our stockings  
On the palm trees with care  
Stayed up all night  
Still nothin' there So we snorted some incense  
And shot up some myrrh  
Stayed up two more days  
Just to make sure Ah it's X-Mas on the Isthmus of Panama  
It's hopeless, we're dopeless  
No Santa Claus  
No wise men, no angels No mistletoe trucks  
No reindeer, no shepherds  
We're shit out of luck  
Bethlehem, bethle-her, bethle-you  
Bethle-me, mucho Ah, there's something about X-Mas  
That brings me to tears  
Snowmen an chestnuts  
An roastin' reindeers That story from the Bible  
God's only son  
The immaculate injection  
Ah, you know the one Well, they wadn't from around here  
They was Judean strangers  
So they called up the front desk  
"Let me speak to the manger" There was horses, there was cows  
There was sheep, there was pigs  
Mary asked Joseph  
"Hey who booked this gig?" Ah, it's X-Mas on the Isthmus of Panama  
We're shiftless, we're giftless  
No Santa Claus  
No wise men, no angels No mistletoe trucks  
No reindeer, no shepherds  
We're shit out of luck  
Bethlehem, bethle-her, bethle-you  
Bethle-me, mucho

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