

The Holiday Song

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Well sit right down my wicked son
And let me tell you a story
About the boy who fell from glory
And how he was a wicked son This ain't no holiday
But it always turn out this way
Here I am, with my hand He took his sister from his head
And then painted her on the sheets
And then rolled her up in grass and trees
And they kissed till they were dead This ain't no holiday
But it always turns out this way
Here I am, with my hand Well sit right down my evil son
And let me tell you a story
About the boy who fell from glory
And how he was a wicked son This ain't no holiday, oh no
But it always turns out this way
Here I am, with my hand This ain't no holiday
But it always turns out this way
Here I am, with my hand

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