

# Frank Black, The Holiday Song

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 turns 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  
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