

They Might Be Giants, Feast Of Lights

You never write, you never call
And now you wander in the hall
You look familiar;
I barely know your face at all

We never get together at all
Until the last day of Hanukkah.
I got you a harmonica
And a bag of chocolate coins.

The only thing we have is fights,
But there's got to be a change tonight.
Please be nice on this feast of lights.

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