

Black Lips, Christmas In Baghdad

Christmas in Baghdad can be such a drag
I dont want to come home in a body bag
No cameras, no cheer, just all violence here
Well I hope I can see you this year
Not a reindeer in sight
This aint no holy night
Theyre putting up a hell of a fight
Guess theres nothing we can do about it
Learn jingle bells with a rabbit
Hope I can make it home alive
I sure missing Christmas time
Not a chance of show
Pretty sure my heart beat will go
But I pretty sure that I already know
Face down in the sand
Fighting strangers in a foreign land
Well I hope that you can understand
(whistling)
Guess theres nothing we can do about it
Learn jingle bells with a rabbit
Hope I can make it home alive
Cause I sure missing Christmas time
Well have to settle the score
It could be at my front door
And I wont miss Christmas no more