

# Blink-182, I Won't Be Home For Christmas

Outside the carolers start to sing  
I can't describe the joy they bring  
'Cause joy is something they don't bring me

My girlfriend is by my side  
From the roof are hanging sickles of ice  
Their whiny voices get irritating  
It's Christmas time again

So I stand with a dead smile on my face  
Wondering how much of my time they'll waste  
Oh God, I hate these Satan's helpers

And then I guess I must have snapped  
Because I grabbed the baseball bat  
And made them all run for shelter

It's Christmas time  
Again  
It's time to be nice to the people you can't stand  
All year  
I'm growing tired of all this Christmas cheer  
You people scare me  
Please stay away from my home  
If you don't wanna get beat down  
Just leave the presents and then leave me alone

Well, I guess it's not cool to freak on Christmas Eve  
'Cause the cops came and arrested me  
They had an unfair advantage  
And even though the jail didn't have a tree  
Christmas came a night early  
'Cause a guy named bubba unwrapped my package

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I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas  
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas (Please post my bail)  
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas (Please post my bail)  
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas (Please post my bail)  
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas (Please post my bail)  
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas