

Bush, Good King Wencelas

good king wencelas last looked out
on the feast love stephen (?)
while the snow lay round a bout
deep and crisp and even
brightly shone the moon that night
though the frost was cruel
when a frenchman came along
carrying nuclear fuel

well, one two three four

hey son where ya going with those presents in your hand
i said hey son (...?...)
he said no way son no way there's work to be done
he said remember the christmas spirit now
put away your gun
(...?...) let's go now