

# Dropkick Murphys, The Season s Upon Us

The season's upon us, it's that time of year  
Brandy and eggnog, there's plenty of cheer  
There's lights on the trees and there's wreaths to be hung  
There's mischief and mayhem and songs to be sung

There's bells and there's holly, the kids are gung-ho  
True loves finds a kiss beneath fresh mistletoe  
Some families are messed up while others are fine  
If you think yours is crazy, well you should see mine

My sisters are wackjobs, I wish I had none  
Their husbands are losers and so are their sons  
My nephew's a horrible wise little twit  
He once gave me a nice gift wrapped box full of shit

He likes to pelt carolers with icy snowballs  
I'd like to take him out back and deck more than the halls  
With family like this I would have to confess  
I'd be better off lonely, distraught and depressed

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My mom likes to cook push our buttons and prod  
My brother just brought home another big broad  
The eyes rollin' whispers come love from the kitchen  
I'd come home more often if they'd only quit bitchin'

Dad on the other hand's a selfish old sod  
Drinks whiskey alone with my miserable dog  
Who won't run off fetch sure he couldn't care less  
He defiled my teddy bear and left me the mess

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The table's set, we raise a toast  
The father, son, and the Holy Ghost  
I'm so glad this day only comes once a year  
You can keep your opinions, your presents, your happy new year  
They call this Christmas where I'm from  
They call this Christmas where I'm from