

Local H, Disgruntled Christmas

And it's me, the man with no personality
Burning down your Christmas tree
Blowing up bombs in the shopping maul
Mistletoe is going to fall
Taking shots with the caroling crowd
Stupid song sung way too loud
And they're getting dumber all the time
I really don't see why she'd spare your friends
since I can't say that I care
if I ever see them again
You say shopping spree
I say killing spree
And I can think of Christmas past
Like the Christmas before last
Cousins, uncles, aunts
And how can I forgot or care
that all I get is Underwear
I'd like to beat you on the head
with that old Yule log
Giving an ungrateful gift gives you a glow
Something to burn away the freezing snow
If you just let me
and I'll be glad to tear your Frosty down
I think Christmas really sucks
I think Christmas really sucks
I really don't see why she'd spare your friends
cause I can't say that I care
if I ever see them again
You'll be sorry
That you ever lied to me about Santa Claus