

Mother Mother, Cry Christmas

Another try not to cry Christmas
Another try not to cry Christmas

The little ones are all but shunned
At that strangely degrading kids table
The mistletoe says, "No you don't need a kiss,
You need divorce papers"
The turkey's dry and grandpa's high
On OxyContin pumpkin pie
Oh me oh my oh what a gong show
Ho ho ho

It's just another try not to cry Christmas
It's just another try not to cry Christmas
And when I tell my eyes,
"Don't you cry, it's Christmas"
What do they do?
Oh, they monsoon

And Uncle John goes on and on
About QAnon, Armageddon
John shut up, your girlfriend too
She's 21 and all coked out dude
Phewf
Thank God, John and the blonde's gone
But so is the innocence from being young
No more sugar plum fun
Rum puh pum pum pum pum

It's just another try not to cry Christmas
It's just another try not to cry Christmas
And when I tell my eyes
Not to cry on Christmas
What do they do?
Oh, they monsoon

creepy voice
Cry
Cry Christmas
Cry
Cry
Cry cry Christmas
Cry
Cry Christmas
Cry cry Christmas

screemo voice
Cry cry Christmas
Cry cry Christmas
Cry cry Christmas
Cry cry
Cry cry Christmas
Cry cry Christmas
Cry cry Christmas
Cry cry

Clears throat
So, the rain falls down
And snow turns brown
And the sun comes out
It's a winter drought
And the climate bleeds
And screams and pleads,
"Sing with me"

One, two, three

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