

# Pixies, Holiday Song

Well, sit right down my wicked son,  
And let me tell you a story  
About the boy who fell from glory,  
And how he was a wicked son.

This ain't no holiday, but it always turns out this way.  
Here I am with my hand...

He took his sister from his head,  
And impregnated her on the sheets.  
And they rolled her up in grass and trees,  
And they kissed until they were dead.

This ain't no holiday, but it always turns out this way.  
Here I am with my hand...

Well, sit right down my evil son,  
And let me tell you a story  
About the boy who fell from glory,  
And how he was a wicked son.

This ain't no holiday right now, but it always turns out this way.  
Here I am with my hand...

This ain't no holiday, but it always turns out this way.  
Here I am with my hand...