Pixies, The 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 then painted her on the sheets
And then rolled her up in grass and trees
And they kissed 'till 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
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