

# Sarah McLachlan, Basted In Blood

We gather together  
For yams, beans, and cranberry sauce.  
But have you given much thought lately  
To the turkey holocaust?  
200 million noble birds  
Slaughtered every fall.  
Aint no difference between Hitler, Stalin,  
And the folks at Butterball, Butterball.  
So set your tables, America  
From Birmingham to Branson.  
But when you carve that turkey  
You're a finger lickin' Charlie Manson.  
Enjoy your pumpkin pie,  
Your buttery Idaho spuds,  
Grandma's chestnut stuffing,  
And a turkey basted in blood.  
Basted in blood  
Basted in blood  
Basted in blood  
Enjoy your turkey, enjoy...  
Basted in blood  
Basted in blood  
Basted in blood  
Basted in blood  
Basted in blood  
Basted in blood.