

They Might Be Giants, We Just Go Nuts At Christ

Up the driveway, down the walk
Oh, Janet's hair is like her mom's
Who's got her own, but acts like something's
Different from the eyebrows up

Seems like only yesterday
Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E
I love you both and Yuletide is pure
H-E-double-L for me

And we just go nuts at Christmastime
That's when everything falls apart
We just go nuts at Christmastime
But it's another year before we're together again

Hi, this is John of They Might Be Giants
As you're driving down the highway at 100 miles an hour with your head wagging out the window,
We urge you, please, put down the phone

We just go nuts at Christmastime
That's when everything falls apart
We just go nuts at Christmastime
But it's another year before we're together

Again