

# Tim Minchin, White Wine In The Sun

I really like Christmas  
It's sentimental, I know  
But I just really like it

I am hardly religious  
I'd rather break bread with Dawkins  
Than Desmond Tutu, to be honest

And yes, I have all of the usual objections  
To consumerism  
To the commercialisation of an ancient religion  
To the westernisation of a dead Palestinian  
Press-ganged into selling PlayStations and beer  
But I still really like it

I'm looking forward to Christmas  
Though I'm not expecting  
A visit from Jesus

I'll be seeing my dad  
My brother and sisters, my gran and my mum  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun  
I'll be seeing my dad  
My brother and sisters, my gran and my mum  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun

I don't go in for ancient wisdom  
I don't believe just 'cause ideas are tenacious  
It means they're worthy

I get freaked out by churches  
Some of the hymns that they sing have nice chords  
But the lyrics are dodgy

And yes, I have all of the usual objections  
To the miseducation  
Of children who, in tax-exempt institutions  
Are taught to externalise blame  
And to feel ashamed  
And to judge things as plain right and wrong  
But I quite like the songs

I'm not expecting big presents  
The old combination of socks, jocks and chocolates  
Is just fine by me

Cause I'll be seeing my dad  
My brother and sisters, my gran and my mum  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun  
I'll be seeing my dad  
My brother and sisters, my gran and my mum  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun

And you, my baby girl  
My jetlagged infant daughter  
You'll be handed round the room  
Like a puppy at a primary school  
And you won't understand  
But you will learn someday  
That wherever you are and whatever you face  
These are the people who'll make you feel safe  
In this world  
My sweet blue-eyed girl

And if my baby girl  
When you're twenty-one or thirty-one  
And Christmas comes around  
And you find yourself nine thousand miles from home  
You'll know what ever comes

Your brothers and sisters and me and your mum  
Will be waiting for you in the sun  
Whenever you come  
Your brothers and sisters, your aunts and your uncles  
Your grandparents, cousins and me and your mum  
We'll be waiting for you in the sun  
Drinking white wine in the sun  
Darling, when Christmas comes  
We'll be waiting for you in the sun  
Drinking white wine in the sun  
Waiting for you in the sun  
Waiting for you  
Waiting

I really like Christmas  
It's sentimental, I know