

Tripod, I Hate Your Family

I'm lighting a candle, as I'm looking through the window
To the town square, the snow covered streets are lonely and bare,

The town Christmas tree, winks mockingly at me,
Cause I should be spending Christmas with you.
I wrapped my last gift and put the cellotape away,
Checked the answering machine
And in the distance, a choir sings
About the joy that Christmas brings

But it's making me feel blue,
Cause I should be spending Christmas with you,
But it breaks my heart that that's the place I just can't be,
Cause I hate your family.

That's right can't stand 'em
now let me tell you a little something a little bit about why
I'll tell you a story

The day I met you,
I knew you could get me through.
When we're alone, my world is complete, you're all that I need.
But when your family call,
they shit me up the wall,
Spending time with them just makes my brain bleed.

But it's making me feel blue,
Cause I should be spending Christmas with you,
But I'd rather string my nuts up to a Christmas tree,
Cause I hate your family.

The night I first met them,
The dog was drunk,
And your father he threatened me with a knife.
Your sister showed me
Her collection of eels,
And what she did then will stay with me for life.

I can't forget it
And it's making me blue,
Cause I should be spending Christmas with you,
Cos I'd rather sneeze, Tangle my skis
Crash into some trees and break one of my knees
and freeze at -50 degrees

I can't stand to spend Christmas with your family
and I'm crying now I've got to spend it with mine