

Blink-182, I Won't Be Home For Christmas

Outside the carolers start to sing
I can't describe the joy they bring
'Cause joy is something they don't bring me

My girlfriend is by my side
From the roof are hanging sickles of ice
Their whiny voices get irritating
It's Christmas time again

So I stand with a dead smile on my face
Wondering how much of my time they'll waste
Oh God, I hate these Satan's helpers

And then I guess I must have snapped
Because I grabbed the baseball bat
And made them all run for shelter

It's Christmas time
Again
It's time to be nice to the people you can't stand
All year
I'm growing tired of all this Christmas cheer
You people scare me
Please stay away from my home
If you don't wanna get beat down
Just leave the presents and then leave me alone

Well, I guess it's not cool to freak on Christmas Eve
'Cause the cops came and arrested me
They had an unfair advantage
And even though the jail didn't have a tree
Christmas came a night early
'Cause a guy named bubba unwrapped my package

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I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas (Please post my bail)
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas (Please post my bail)
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas (Please post my bail)
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas (Please post my bail)
I won't be home, I won't be home for Christmas