

Dropkick Murphys, The Season s Upon Us

The season's upon us, it's that time of year
Brandy and eggnog, there's plenty of cheer
There's lights on the trees and there's wreaths to be hung
There's mischief and mayhem and songs to be sung

There's bells and there's holly, the kids are gung-ho
True loves finds a kiss beneath fresh mistletoe
Some families are messed up while others are fine
If you think yours is crazy, well you should see mine

My sisters are wackjobs, I wish I had none
Their husbands are losers and so are their sons
My nephew's a horrible wise little twit
He once gave me a nice gift wrapped box full of shit

He likes to pelt carolers with icy snowballs
I'd like to take him out back and deck more than the halls
With family like this I would have to confess
I'd be better off lonely, distraught and depressed

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They call this Christmas where I'm from

My mom likes to cook push our buttons and prod
My brother just brought home another big broad
The eyes rollin' whispers come love from the kitchen
I'd come home more often if they'd only quit bitchin'

Dad on the other hand's a selfish old sod
Drinks whiskey alone with my miserable dog
Who won't run off fetch sure he couldn't care less
He defiled my teddy bear and left me the mess

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The table's set, we raise a toast
The father, son, and the Holy Ghost
I'm so glad this day only comes once a year
You can keep your opinions, your presents, your happy new year
They call this Christmas where I'm from
They call this Christmas where I'm from