

Wombats

"Is This Christmas?"

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Can you hear the sleigh bells coming around the bend?
Here comes our darkest end,
Christmas is here.
It's about not extending to the over-draft,
To scrape out what is left,
At the end of the year.

It's Christmas!

Turn 'Back to the Future' off,
I've seen it before,
Maybe every year and more,
It's great, but not again.

"Oh what's that burning, what's that burning?"
My Mum shrieks down, as she's touching up her brow,
For when the family arrive.

And the red wine plummets down,
And we should all be in our beds.
But it's right wing versus left,
Until the wings fall off our heads,

And is this Christmas?
Is this Christmas?
Is this Christmas,
My Dear?
Is this Christmas?
Is this Christmas?
Whatever happened to our festive cheer?

I can hear the sleigh bells coming around the bend,
Here comes the darkest end,
Christmas is here.

And the ice burns up the hill,
Until we all lose our feet.
Though it never really snows,
It's more like horizontal sleet,

And is this Christmas?

Is this Christmas?
Is this Christmas,
My dear?
Is this Christmas? (Oh no it's Christmas)
Whatever happened to our festive cheer? (Oh no it's
Christmas)
Don't you just love Christmas? (Oh no it's Christmas)
Everybody loves Christmas (oh no it's Christmas)
Everybody loves Christmas (oh no it's)
(Oh no it's) everybody loves
(Oh no it's) everybody loves

Everyone, it's Christmas!

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