

Binary Star

"Christmas Dinner Country Style"

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Mother, mother, everybody's starvin'
Mother, mother, let's eat

Hold your horses, got a million courses
And I'm fixin' a treat

Jeremiah, go and help your mother
Jay and Jonah, you too
Ezachiah, go and get your brother
Then fetch Jamie and Sue

Mother, mother, everybody's happy
Got a reason to smile

'Cause you know that I'm about to servin'
Christmas dinner country style
Christmas dinner country style

Everybody's sittin' by your head
We'll all say praise and then break bread

Put your napkin on your lap
While (?) is sided from the tap

Oh don't that turkey look divine
We'll promenade it down the line
Plenty off duck, well long (?) on white
So (?) plant it to your right

Now the sachet (?) hello met country ham
And double-sachet (?) ham
Swing to the left, and test that stuffin'
And swing to the right, a Huckleberry muffin

Time for your partner to reach across
And dosey-dose the cranberry sauce

Have another helpin' (?) one and all
And you in the roomer (?), swing to the ball
Pass a little rumsteak, if you please
And promenade the pretty bag-eyed (?) beast

When you all say cheese, dosey-dosey
So much's turkey is about to explode
But you still gotta swing to the pickle twist
Choose your pie (?)

Oh dinner was grand, to say the least
So honour the lady who cooked the beast

Mother, mother, thank you for the dinner
All the fixin's were great

Nothin' to it, mighty glad to do it
Seeing how much you ate

Jeremiah, go and get your dinner
Come on father, let's eat (?)

I'm too full of turkey and

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