

Jeff Dunham

"Christmas With The Achmed Family"

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The boys are standing in the road hitting rocks with sticks
The men are building tiny shacks out of muddy bricks
The women are covered head to toe and their not shown there face
its 117 degrees in this god for saken place
Christmas in a cavern with the Achmed Family
No one gets a present on one has a tree
Theres rocks and dirt and rocks and dirt as far as the I can see
Christmas in a cavern with the Achmed Family
The people here are terrified so they don't miss behave
They quietly tend the poppy feilds and go home to their caves
Theres no running water
no phones to make a call
The children all play soccer with a goats head for a ball
Christmas in a cavern with the Achmed Family
Theres no Christmas lights because theres no electricity
I yell merry Christmas and it echos back to me
Christmas in a cavern with the Achmed Family

mama's in her berka hanging mistltoes
the kids are throughing dirt clods pretending that its snow
I climb down the chimney no one has a clue
then pop out like santa claws and shout "I kill you"
Christmas in a cavern with the Achmed Family
The Christmas light is burring bright
and filled with kerosene
There is no place on the earth that I would rather be
Then Christmas in a cavern with the Achmed Family
" I Kill You"

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