

Jethro Tull

"A Christmas Song"

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Once in Royal David's City stood a lowly cattle shed,
where a mother laid her baby.
You'd do well to remember the things He later said.
When you're stuffing yourselves at the Christmas
parties,
you'll laugh when I tell you to take a running jump.
You're missing the point I'm sure does not need
making;
that Christmas spirit is not what you drink.
So how can you laugh when your own mother's hungry
and how can you smile when the reasons for smiling
are wrong?
And if I messed up your thoughtless pleasures,
remember, if you wish, this is just a Christmas song.

Hey, Santa... pass us that bottle, will you?

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