

Loud Family

"It Just Wouldn't Be Christmas"

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Here comes that can-do agenda
Banging that old baby grand
Who wouldn't sign up just to shake that hand?
Guess I'm not much of an hombre
Don't stack up quite all the way
For the man's work of doing what you say
Your lucky charm apologist
Your company convention hall rented comedian
Working the room, surfing the tedium
Coming in nights with a rag and a broom

Guess it just wouldn't be Christmas
No fun if we couldn't shout
What a deal we got selling someone out
Guess we'd be nothing without it
Sworn to uphold and defend
Faked it so long it's like I comprehend
You should have owned me while you could
Harvested a cottonfield, filled up a uniform
Fleshed out a war
Shared a drink afterward
Gone in half on a Cambodian whore

We talked to hundreds of successful people
We asked them how they get around the
Lines we jam to
Walking their families through
This is the science of losing by one
When they blow smoke
In our face why we choke
This is the point of sweating what's done
This is science of losing by one
This is the way we won't have to depend on things,
We've only just begun

Here comes that badge of distinction
Flashing and slashing away
Just like it still got you the time of day
Guess it just wouldn't be Christmas
Guess it would only be winter solstice, graceless,
goalless
I see myself in twenty years

Begging for Avalon, pending my trial
Watching the gavel drawn
We've got the luxury just for a while
That we can can tell you get lost in style

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