

Pennywise

"Christmas In Hell"

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I don't want anything for Christmas
I wanna be naughty, not nice
We'll burn all your trees down
'cause holidays in this town;
it's such an ugly sight

It looks like Christmas
but you just can't tell
It's joyful and triumphant
but to me it feels just like
Christmas in hell!
Christmas in hell!
Christmas in hell!
Christmas in hell!
Christmas in hell!

I find it all so depressing
I've got no Yuletide joy
We'll teach them a lesson
We'll steal all the presents
from every girl and boy

It looks like Christmas
but you just can't tell
It's joyful and triumphant
but to me it feels just like
Christmas in hell!
Christmas in hell!
Christmas in hell!
Christmas in hell!
Christmas in hell!

[Fletcher, deep voice]
candel lights and Christmas trees
we don't want any of these
gingerbread and candy canes
I'll show you what is right!

It's Christmas in hell
It's Christmas in hell
It's Christmas in hell
It's Christmas in hell

Christmas in
hell
Christmas in hell!

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