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Pixies "The Holiday Song"

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Well sit right down my wicked son And let me tell you a story About the boy who fell from glory And how he was a wicked son

This ain't no holiday
But it always turns out this way
Here I am with my hand

He took his sister from his head And then painted her on the sheets And then rolled her up in grass and trees And they kissed 'till they were dead

This ain't no holiday

But it always turns out this way Here I am, with my hand

Well sit right down my evil son And let me tell you a story About the boy who fell from glory And how he was a wicked son

This ain't no holiday
But it always turns out this way
Here I am, with my hand

This ain't no holiday
But it always turns out this way
Here I am, with my hand

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