

182 Blink

"I Won't Be Home For Christmas"

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Outside the carolers start to sing
I can't describe the joy they bring
'Cause joy is something they don't bring me

My girlfriend is by my side
From the roof are hanging sickles of ice
Their whiny voices get irritating
It's Christmas time again

So I stand with a dead smile on my face
Wondering how much of my time they'll waste
Oh God, I hate these Satan's helpers

And then I guess I must have snapped
Because I grabbed the baseball bat
And made them all run for shelter

Its Christmas time, again
Its time to be nice to the people you cant stand, all year
Im growing tired of all this Christmas cheer

You people scare me
Please stay away from my home
If you dont wanna get beat down
Just leave the presents and let me be alone

Well, I guess its not cool to freak on Christmas Eve
Cause the cops came and arrested me
They had an unfair advantage

And even though the jail didnt have a tree
Christmas came a night early
Cause a guy named Bubba unwrapped my package

I wont be home, I wont be home for Christmas
I wont be home, I wont be home for Christmas

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