

U.S. Bombs

"12/25"

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End of the year, they're raising my rent
Called, in sick my money is spent
Buildings out side all covered in snow
Makin' a fire the heat is on

I look out my window, there's a shopping cart attached
to it
There's a crying bum, I need a road dog
Where's Santa Claus? On my last drop in stuck eating
crumbs

No gift, December 25th, no bottle's empty
Where's St. Nicolas? Happy fuckin' year and Christmas
carol's
A whore on the corner and a Grinch is a friend of every
pimp
Take me away for the holidays, dinner in a strait jacket
turkey tray

And the kids who have been beat down with a stick
You ain't gotta take it from the family plan
If ya can't get help, do it all for yourself

A make shift kid will be strong in the end
Soaking up those tears comes just once a year
Get someone a gift, show someone you care

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