Christmas is Pain- Zimmerman, From: Comic Sutra

Turkey a gobblin' out in the yard
Now he's gutted and stuffed and he's basted and charred.
And your father is whistlin' and washin' the blood down the drain.
Christmas is pain.

There's a crowd on the hillside with hatchets and saws,
With a keen disregard for the forestry laws.
And they happily hum while the stumps slowly bleed in the rain.
Christmas is pain.

And the stockings are hung by the chimney with care,
As if anyone in their right mind would hang 'em there.
And some tired old crooner is croakin' out carols again.
Christmas is pain. [terrible harmonica solo]

And you wait for an hour
To see Santa Claus,
And he's covered with velveteen, bourbon and gauze,
And he pinches your mother and she can't find the words to explain,
Christmas is pain.

And the hungry are hungering on Hunger Street,
While the people on Plenty Street . . . eat.
And you punctured the roof of your mouth on a sharp candy cane.
Christmas is pain.

And all the good cheer is just Madison Avenue's.
And all the best Christmas songs were written by Jews.
And the eight tiny reindeer have left an embarrassing stain.
Christmas is pain. [another terrible harmonica solo]

And two-thirds of the
world doesn't give half a damn,
And the rest are all bloated on marshmallowed yams,
And if Jesus was here, he'd be sent to the back of the train.
Christmas is pain.

And they double the price of whatever you need,
Singin', ;I pledge allegiance to corporate greed.
And you're forced to spend several hours conversing with your old Aunt Lorraine
Who's insane,
with a brain on a plane to Spain,
where the main stays rainly in the flat terrain,
Christmas is pain.