

T'WAS THE SATURDAY NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

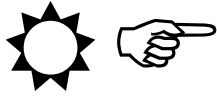
Money's short
And times are hard
Here's your fucking
Christmas card

T'was the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Everyone felt shitty
Even the mouse

Moms at the whorehouse
Dads smoking grass
I just settled down
For a nice piece of ass

When out on the lawn
I heard such a clatter
I sprung for my piece
To see what's the matter

Then out on the lawn
I saw a big dick
I knew in a moment
It must be Saint Nick



T'WAS THE SATURDAY NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

He came down the chimney
Like a bat out of hell
I knew in a moment
The old fucker fell

He filled all our stockings
With pretzels and beer
And a big rubber dick
For my brother the queer

He rose up the chimney
With a thunderous fart
The son of a bitch
Blew the chimney apart

He swore and he cursed
As he rode out of sight
Piss on you all
And a very merry
Good night

Music: Radiation Factory
Lyrics: Bobbie Bokal
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