

# Mother Mother, Cry Christmas

Another try not to cry Christmas  
Another try not to cry Christmas

The little ones are all but shunned  
At that strangely degrading kids table  
The mistletoe says, "No you don't need a kiss,  
You need divorce papers"  
The turkey's dry and grandpa's high  
On OxyContin pumpkin pie  
Oh me oh my oh what a gong show  
Ho ho ho

It's just another try not to cry Christmas  
It's just another try not to cry Christmas  
And when I tell my eyes,  
"Don't you cry, it's Christmas"  
What do they do?  
Oh, they monsoon

And Uncle John goes on and on  
About QAnon, Armageddon  
John shut up, your girlfriend too  
She's 21 and all coked out dude  
Phewf  
Thank God, John and the blonde's gone  
But so is the innocence from being young  
No more sugar plum fun  
Rum puh pum pum pum pum

It's just another try not to cry Christmas  
It's just another try not to cry Christmas  
And when I tell my eyes  
Not to cry on Christmas  
What do they do?  
Oh, they monsoon

creepy voice  
Cry  
Cry Christmas  
Cry  
Cry  
Cry cry Christmas  
Cry  
Cry Christmas  
Cry cry Christmas

screemo voice  
Cry cry Christmas  
Cry cry Christmas  
Cry cry Christmas  
Cry cry  
Cry cry Christmas  
Cry cry Christmas  
Cry cry Christmas  
Cry cry

Clears throat  
So, the rain falls down  
And snow turns brown  
And the sun comes out  
It's a winter drought  
And the climate bleeds  
And screams and pleads,  
"Sing with me"

One, two, three

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