

# YOU AIN'T GETTIN' SHIT FOR CHRISTMAS!

*Red Peters with Smelly Water and The Alan Pinchloaf Singers*

They say Christmas is a time for giving  
At least that's what the good book says  
And at our house every Christmas Eve  
My son and daughter and their families  
Drive down from the big city  
For an old-fashioned family holiday  
Heck Ma dresses the house up like a Christmas card  
You can hear her in the kitchen singing  
While she's baking cookies for the children  
And she spends hours wrapping the presents  
she's been buying since last August  
and she hangs all the stockings over the fireplace  
the morning of, I cut me down  
the prettiest darn Christmas tree you ever saw in your life  
this year we really out did ourselves  
you know, me and Ma are getting on in our years  
so we decided to give the kids tax free gifts of \$10,000 a piece.

Well I reckon it was around noon  
I heard the dogs barking

*(yells- Come rags! Come Guzzler!)*

and there was Jim the mailman in his old Santa cap  
coming up the walk, teasing the dogs as usual and holding a  
package

Well, he handed it over to me and says,  
"Pappy, looks like you got an overnite package from your  
daughter."

Well, Ma tore it open and to our horror  
we unwrapped a fruitcake with a note that read...

*“Aloha Ma & dad. At the last minute we got a cheap fare on the internet and went to Hawaii. Hold on to our gifts until after the first of the year. Love Princess!”*

well ma's heart was broken and I felt a lump in my throat as I thought to myself...

### CHORUS

You ain't gettin' shit for Christmas  
You can shove that fruitcake up your ass  
You ain't gettin' shit  
No you ain't gettin' dick  
You ain't gettin' shit for Christmas!

You know, Ma hasn't had a drink in 20 years  
And I've been off the sauce for a while and heck  
If there was ever an excuse to start drinkin' again

(door bell)

who in tarnation can that be? Junior and his family?  
It was some delivery fella standing there  
holding what looked like a fruitcake tin with a card attached...

*“Pop- the company's condo is free this week and you know how me and Pumpkin love Hilton Head. Please forward our gifts to this address.”*

(sound of a cork being pulled from a bottle)

Hey ma, save some of that for me.  
Well Ma took a conniption and things turned ugly  
She started breaking things and hurled the turkey  
and those two fruitcakes right through the front window

the whole time she was yelling...

CHORUS

You ain't gettin' shit for Christmas

You can shove that fruitcake up your ass

You ain't gettin' shit

No you ain't gettin' dick

You ain't gettin' shit for Christmas!

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