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Christmas song (12/24/96)

[To a familiar tune:]

Woke up this morning feeling lame
Had something none-too-atypical I had to exclaim
Last night I met a new girl
In this dismal slum
Uh huh
Something tells me she thinks I'm worthless scum
(something tells me she thinks, etcetera)

[uh...bridge]

I dropped my trousers
A couple of yards
She asked if she could see some major credit cards
I told her Baby
I deal in cash
She picked me and tossed me in the trash
(picked me up and tossed me in the, etc.)

She's the kind of girl makes your eyeballs squeak
I thought for a moment I was her kind of geek
So I asked to see her next year
And she wondered How come
(I asked to see her and she wondered How come)
Something tells me she thinks I'm worthless scum.

[Witlessly cheerful organ music. Repeat chorus as needed.]