

HOLIDAY BLUES

Lyrics by Bob Schmidt

I GOT THE HOLIDAY BLUES
HOLIDAY SEASON HAS NO THRILLS
I GOT THE HOLIDAY BLUES
THINKIN 'BOUT ALL THE BILLS
DON'T CARE 'BOUT SANTA & HIS SLED
I'D JUST AS SOON STAY HOME IN BED

I GOT THE HOLIDAY BLUES
I DON'T WANT TO LIGHT THE MENORAH
I GOT THE HOLIDAY BLUES
TRADITIONS I'LL JUST IGNORA
I WON'T WATCH THE DRADLE SPIN
RATHER WATCH T.V., AND STAY IN

BRIDGE:

THERE'S SOMEONE ON EVERY CORNER . . .
COLLECTING FOR CHARITY . . .
WHEN I SEE ALL THOSE PHONEY SANTAS . . .
I WANT TO HIT THEM WITH A CHRISTMAS TREE

I GOT THE HOLIDAY BLUES
CHIRSTMAS LIGHTS, I'M NOT IMPRESSED
I GOT THE HOLIDAY BLUES
ALL THAT JOY MAKES ME DEPRESSED
SINGING CAROLS AND DRINKING PUNCH
MAKES ME WANT TO LOSE MY LUNCH