

Dropkick Murphys - The Season's Upon Us

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There's mischief and mayhem and songs to be sung
Intro: C F G C, C F G C
                                                                  They call this Christmas where I'm from
The season's upon us, it's that time of year
                                                                  My mom likes to cook push our buttons and prod
Brandy and eggnog, there's plenty of cheer
                                                                  My brother just brought home another big broad
There's lights on the trees and there's wreaths to be hung
                                                                  The eye rollin? whispers come loud from the kitchen
There's mischief and mayhem and songs to be sung
                                                                  I'd come home more often if they'd only quit bitchin'
There's bells and there's holly, the kids are gung-ho
                                                                  Dad on the other hand's a selfish old sod
True love finds a kiss beneath fresh mistletoe
                                                                  Drinks whiskey alone with my miserable dog
Some families are messed up while others are fine
                                                                  Who won't run off fetch sure he couldn't care less
                                                                  He defiled my teddy bear and left me the mess
If you think yours is crazy... well you should see mine
My sisters are wackjobs, I wish I had none
                                                                  The season's upon us, it's that time of year
Their husbands are losers and so are their sons
                                                                  Brandy and eggnog, there's plenty of cheer
My nephew's a horrible wise little twit
                                                                  There's lights on the trees and there's wreaths to be hung
He once gave me a nice gift wrapped box full of shit
                                                                  There's mischief and mayhem and songs to be sung
                                                                                                    CFGCCFGC
He likes to pelt carolers with icy snowballs
                                                                  They call this Christmas where I'm from
I'd like to take him out back and deck more than the halls
With family like this I would have to confess
                                                                  The table's set, we raise a toast
I'd be better off lonely, distraught and depressed
                                                                  The father, son, and the Holy Ghost
[Chorus]
                                                                  I'm so glad this day only comes once a year
The season's upon us, it's that time of year
                                                                  You can keep your opinions, your presents, your happy new year
Brandy and eggnog, there's plenty of cheer
                                                                  They call this Christmas where I'm from
                                                                                                      \mathsf{C}\;\mathsf{F}\;\mathsf{G}\;\mathsf{C}\;\mathsf{C}\;\mathsf{F}\;\mathsf{G}\;\mathsf{C}
There's lights on the trees and there's wreaths to be hung
                                                                  They call this Christmas where I'm from
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Acordes

