

There Are No Lights On Our Christmas Tree

by Cyril Tawney

The time has come for festivity For Christmas pudding and revelry But as I passed out the other night I heard a small voice next to me:

Chorus: *There are no lights on our Christmas tree We must not spoil the telly-vee No party games, no mistletoe Just whistle "Wenceslas", and out you go.*

'Bout once a year I become a square I love to feel the tinsel in my hair I love to hear the songs of days gone by But dad and me we don't see eye-to-eye.

[Chorus]

The Christmas crackers from Uncle Alf They lie unopened upon the shelf Dad has forbid them but we're hoping he Won't notice one more bang in Laramy.

[Chorus]

Some carol singers came to our door- I've never seen dad so mad before. He grabbed the leader by the coat And tried to ram his lantern down his throat.

[Chorus]

When I grow up and become a man There'll be no television in my plan With laughter gay my house will ring I never want to hear my children sing:

[Chorus]

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