

The Twelve Gifts Of Christmas

Allan Sherman

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A Japanese transistor radio.
On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Green polka-dot pajamas,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
(It's a Nakashuma.)
On the third day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A calendar book with the name of my insurance man,
Green polka-dot pajamas,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
(It's the Mark IV model. That's the one that's
discontinued.)
On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A simulated alligator wallet,
A calendar book with the name of my insurance man,
Green polka-dot pajamas,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
(And it comes in a leatherette case with holes in it,
so you can listen right through the case.)
On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A statue of a naked lady, with a clock where her stomach
ought to be,
A simulated alligator wallet,
A calendar book with the name of my insurance man,
Green polka-dot pajamas,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
(And it has a wire with a thing on one end that you
can stick in your ear, and a thing on the other end
that you can't stick anywhere, because it's bent.)
On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A hammered aluminum nutcracker,
And all that other stuff,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to
me
A pink satin pillow that says San Diego, with fringe
all around it,
And all that other stuff,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
An indoor plastic birdbath,
And all that other stuff,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A pair of teakwood shower clogs,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A chromium combination manicure scissors and cigarette
lighter,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
On the eleventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to
me
An automatic vegetable slicer that works when you see
it on television,
but not when you get it home,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
On the twelfth day of Christmas, although it may seem

strange,
On the twelfth day of Christmas, I'm going to exchange:
An automatic vegetable slicer that works when you see
it on television,
 but not when you get it home,
A chromium combination manicure scissors and cigarette
lighter,
A pair of teakwood shower clogs,
An indoor plastic birdbath,
A pink satin pillow that says San Diego, with fringe
all around it,
A hammered aluminum nutcracker,
A statue of a naked lady, with a clock where her stomach
ought to be,
A simulated alligator wallet,
A calendar book with the name of my insurance man,
Green polka-dot pajamas,
And a Japanese transistor radio.
Merry Christmas everybody!