

# Home for the Holidays

Ray Stevens

Yes, ma'am. Well, alright. We'll see you then  
Honey!

We're goin' home for the holidays  
Pack me lots of medication  
Home for the holidays  
Another dysfunctional celebration

I swore this year, that we'd stay here  
And start our own tradition  
But when I tried, Momma cried  
And brought up Daddy's heart condition

So we'll pack the car  
Face the maddening throng  
The family we've successfully  
Avoided all year long

There's insidious Uncle Louie  
He'll be hittin' on all the wives  
Crazy Aunt Loretta  
This year don't let her near the knives  
And of course we'll hear  
"Mom, he's in my chair! Make him move! You gave it to me!"  
That'll be my older brother  
The doctor of psychiatry

Home for the holidays  
Lots of interstate congestion  
Home for the holidays  
Nervous stress and indigestion  
In the sibling rivalry  
Mind-numbing conversation  
We're going home for the holidays  
All across the nation

You know we'll have to board the puppy  
Yeah, he wouldn't survive our nephew Dave  
I still wake up screaming  
Dreaming of last year's cat in the microwave

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