

# Killing Myself For Christmas

Sick Puppies

Cause I feel like killing myself for Christmas  
I never got along real well with my mom or dad  
Hey I feel like killing myself for Christmas  
It'll be the best, the best, the best Christmas day we ever had

I could slice my wrist but you know it'll only get real messy  
(Look at the mess you made)  
I could shoot myself but you know they would never recognize me

(That's not my boy, that's not him)  
I can take that mistletoe  
And hang myself from the Christmas tree  
(That Christmas tree is coming out of your parking money)

Cause I feel like killing myself for Christmas  
And before I go, I think I'll unjack them all  
And tell all your kids that there's no such thing as Santa  
(You know you where an accident, blame your mother)  
And before I go, I'll steal your credit cards and max 'em out  
Before you know, I'm buying porno  
Cause that's all I want anyway

Cause we feel like killing our self's for Christmas  
We never got along real well with our moms or dads  
Yea We feel like killing our self's for Christmas  
It'll be the best, the best, the best Christmas day we ever had

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Bum bum bu bum GO FUCKING DIE!!!  
(But I don't wanna die this year, that was last year)