

The Annual Office Christmas Party

Ray Stevens

It's the Annual Office Christmas Party
In the conference room
The Annual Office Christmas Party
For ev'ryone from secretaries to tycoons
Just a casual soiree
Before we leave for the holidays
The Annual Office Christmas Party
We close the doors at noon

(Hour one) The hour of diplomacy
We drink white wine from holiday cups
(Hour two) The hour of zoology
That's when the "party animals" show up
(Hour three) The hour of decision
And wiser heads decide it's time to leave
(Hour four) The hour of "ta heck wit diplomacy!"
And some employees think it's time to...

Heave on the boss in his new Armani suit
Rumble 'round the conference room while juggling citrus fruit
Throw cigarettes in trash cans; cook those little wienies in the flames
Make passes at a lady who's filed eight harassment claims...

(Hey, baby, I let you in on one of... oh!)

Lead a chorus of "We Are the World" while wearing a lampshade
Complain about the bonus and how poorly we are paid
Brag how he used his office phones for transatlantic calls
The restroom's occupied but there's a palm tree in the hall...

(Well, excuse me!)

(Five o'clock) The hour of repentance;
He begs for his job while down on bended knee
He holds the boss' hand and sobs, "Y'know I love ya man"...
Just before he passes out beneath the Christmas tree

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With lots of colorful buffoons
We close the doors at noon

Would somebody please take his keys and drive him home?
And, uh... wait till after the holidays to tell him about his transfer to Bosnia