

X-mas On The Isthmus

Terry Allen

It's X-Mas on the Isthmus of Panama
We're listless this Christmas
No Santa Claus
No wise men, no angels

No mistletoe trucks
No reindeer
No shepherds
We're shit out of luck

Ah, we hung all our stockings
On the palm trees with care
Stayed up all night
Still nothin' there

So we snorted some incense
And shot up some myrrh
Stayed up two more days
Just to make sure

Ah it's X-Mas on the Isthmus of Panama
It's hopeless, we're dopeless
No Santa Claus
No wise men, no angels

No mistletoe trucks
No reindeer, no shepherds
We're shit out of luck
Bethlehem, bethle-her, bethle-you
Bethle-me, mucho

Ah, there's something about X-Mas
That brings me to tears
Snowmen an chestnuts
An roastin' reindeers

That story from the Bible
God's only son
The immaculate injection
Ah, you know the one

Well, they wadn't from around here
They was Judean strangers
So they called up the front desk
"Let me speak to the manger"

There was horses, there was cows
There was sheep, there was pigs
Mary asked Joseph
"Hey who booked this gig?"

Ah, it's X-Mas on the Isthmus of Panama
We're shiftless, we're giftless
No Santa Claus
No wise men, no angels

No mistletoe trucks

No reindeer, no shepherds
We're shit out of luck
Bethlehem, bethle-her, bethle-you
Bethle-me, mucho