

CHRISTMAS WRAPPING

By Rod

At Christmas 'tis the season to be full of festive cheer;
To drink ourselves quite blotto on much whisky, wine and beer.

At Christmas 'tis the season for acting bright and hearty;
For misbehaving badly, at ev'ry wine-soaked party.

O why is Christmas like this? Yes, it should be full of joy,
But joys not found in drinking; No, it's in a baby boy.

At Christmas 'tis the season when we wish good will to all,
Then race them to the check-out in a jam-packed shopping-mall.

We show our Christmas spirit with all our modern ruses,
Like lighting up our houses so much so we blow the fuses.

O why is Christmas like this? Yes, it should be full of light,
But first we need a saviour; One to set our hearts aright.

We open up our presents And we're full of Christmas hope,
But soon we're feeling grumpy: it's socks again, ties and soap!

It's Christmas with the fam'ly at a time of peace on Earth,
But old sores soon get opened and we row for all we're worth.

O why is Christmas like this? Yes, it should be full of peace,
But we're still just as sinful and we need, from God, release.

At Christmas 'tis the time for receiving and for giving;
Receiving God's forgiveness to set us free for living.

So, when it comes to Christmas put the horse before the cart;
Before the man-made wrapping put Lord Jesus in your heart.