

Christmas Dinner, Country Style

Bing Crosby

Mother, mother, everybody's starvin'
Mother, mother, let's eat Hold your horses, got a million courses
And I'm fixin' a treat Jeremiah, go and help your mother
Jay and Jonah, you too
Ezachiah, go and get your brother
Then fetch Jamie and Sue Mother, mother, everybody's happy
Got a reason to smile 'Cause you know that I'm about to servin'
Christmas dinner country style
Christmas dinner country style Everybody's sittin' by your head
We'll all say praise and then break bread
Put your napkin on your lap
While (?) is sided from the tap Oh don't that turkey look divine
We'll promenade it down the line
Plenty off duck, well long (?) on white
So (?) plant it to your right Now the sachet (?) hello met country ham
And double-sachet (?) ham
Swing to the left, and test that stuffin'
And swing to the right, a Huckleberry muffin Time for your partner to reach across
And dosey-dose the cranberry sauce Have another helpin' (?) one and all
And you in the roomer (?), swing to the ball
Pass a little rumsteak, if you please
And promenade the pretty bag-eyed (?) beast
When you all say cheese, dosey-dose
So much's turkey is about to explode
But you still gotta swing to the pickle twist
Choose your pie (?) Oh dinner was grand, to say the least
So honour the lady who cooked the beast Mother, mother, thank you for the dinner
All the fixin's were great Nothin' to it, mighty glad to do it
Seeing how much you ate Jeremiah, go and get your dinner
Come on father, let's eat (?) I'm too full of turkey and the stuffin'
I ain't takin' chance
It's a very, very merry Christmas
Got a reason to smile Mother, mother, everybody loved your
Christmas dinner country style
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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