

# 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  
Christmas dinner country style

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>