

# White Wine in the Sun

Tim Minchin

I'm looking forward to Christmas  
It's sentimental, I know, but I just really like it  
I am hardly religious  
I'd rather break bread with Dawkins than Desmond Tutu, to be honest  
And yes, I have all of the  
usual objections to consumerism  
The commercialisation of an ancient religion  
And the westernisation of a dead Palestinian  
Press-ganged into selling Playstations and beer  
But I still really like it, I really like Christmas  
Though I'm not expecting a visit from Jesus  
I'll be seeing my dad  
My brother and sisters, my gran and my mum  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun  
I'll be seeing my dad  
My sisters and brother, my gran and my mum  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun  
I don't go for ancient wisdom  
I don't believe just 'cos ideas are tenacious it means they are worthy  
I get freaked out by churches  
Some of the hymns that they sing have nice chords but the lyrics are dodgy  
And yes I have all of  
the usual objections to the miseducation  
Of children forced into a cult institution and taught to externalise blame  
And to feel ashamed and to judge things as plain right and wrong  
But I quite like the songs  
I'm not expecting great presents  
The old combination of socks, jocks and chocolate is just fine by me  
Cos I'll be seeing my dad  
My brother and sisters, my gran and my mum  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun  
I'll be seeing my dad  
My sisters and brother, my gran and my mum  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun  
And you, my baby girl  
My jetlagged infant daughter  
You'll be handed round the room  
Like a puppy at a primary school  
And you're too young to know  
But you will learn yourself one day  
That wherever you are and whatever you face  
These are the people who'll make you feel safe in this world  
My sweet blue-eyed girl  
And if, my baby girl  
When you're twenty-one or thirty-one  
And Christmas comes around  
And you find yourself nine thousand miles from home  
You'll know what ever comes

Your brother and sister and me and your  
Will be waiting for you in the sun  
Girl, when Christmas comes  
Your brothers and sisters, your aunts and your uncles  
Your grandparents, cousins and me and your mum  
Will be drinking white wine in the sun  
We'll be waiting for you in the sun  
Baby whenever you come  
We'll be waiting for you in the sun  
Waiting...I, I really like Christmas  
It's sentimental, I know

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

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