Christmas Is Coming and We Are Getting Fat!

SOLO: Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, the bones are in the trash.
We've eaten ev'rything in sight, including turkey hash.
As we waddle up the stairs and climb into our beds,
We fall asleep with sugar plums dancing in our heads.

CHORUS: Christmas is coming and we are getting fat,
cause we're eating too much of this and that.
We munch and we nibble and we gobble ev'ry treat
'til we're stuffed so full we can't see our feet.

SOLO: We've been over the river and through the woods,
at Grandmother's house we stayed.
We ate mashed potatoes and hot corn bread and drank sweet lemonade.
We had pumpkin pie, vanilla ice cream and biscuits of Grandma's fame.
Now we're ready to burst, and what could be worse, tomorrow we'll do the same!

CHORUS: Christmas is coming and we are getting fat,
cause we're eating too much of this and that.
We munch and we nibble and we gobble ev'ry treat
'til we're stuffed so full we can't see our feet.

SOLO: The food of the season is the best food of all; culinary delights which I often recall:
The joy in the tasting of ev'rything is sight.
Though I should resist, I just can't resist, so maybe one more bite.

CHORUS: Christmas is coming and we are getting fat,
cause we're eating too much of this and that.
We munch and we nibble and we gobble ev'ry treat
'til we're stuffed so full we can't see our feet.
And we munch and we nibble and we gobble ev'ry treat
We are stuffed, we are full and we can't see our feet.
'Tis the season to be merry. Pass the choc'late covered cherries.
Christmas is coming, there's too much to eat!!!
Where's the pie?