

# I Was Thinking I Could Clean Up for Christmas

Aimee Mann

I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas  
And then, baby, I'm through  
Four more weeks that couldn't make any difference  
Except maybe to you

But I've tried to use that trick  
Like a carrot on a stick  
So I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas  
Then, baby, I'm through

I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas  
And then, baby, I'm done  
One less fucker trying to get in the business  
Of the prodigal son

Where I know I can't compete  
Once I'm off of Hastings Street  
So I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas  
Then, baby, I'm done

'Cause I can't live loaded and I can't live sober  
And I've been this way since the end of October  
And I know enough to know  
That, baby, when it's over, it's over  
And it's over  
'Cause, baby, I'm done

I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas  
And then call it a day  
Tell you I'm sorry that I made you a witness  
To my moral decay

And that, once upon a time  
I believed it was a victimless crime  
I was thinking I could clean up for Christmas  
Then call it a day  
Then call it a day  
Then call it a day