

# Conspiracies

Loudon Wainwright III

We don't believe in ?You know who?  
But we don't let the kids know it  
We're parents, who are grown ups  
There's a line we have to toe it

But we're part of a conspiracy  
About this bearded big fat guy  
Who isn't real, who never lived  
Who's old, but doesn't die

We went to the department store  
We climbed out on that limb  
Told the kids that it was ?You know who?  
We said that bum was him

Then we placed them on his knee  
To me, the knee seemed rather bony  
Happily they sat though chatting with that phony

Told the kids we could provide the proof  
Deceit, how I hate it  
We put out the milk and cookies  
Yes, I admit I drank and ate it

Then that fib about the North Pole  
Is if any Elves could live there  
We helped to write and send that letter  
Knowing full well, it went nowhere

You know who comes down the chimney  
How could such a fat man fit?  
The whole thing is preposterous  
Yet we get children to buy it  
We have no shame, the lies pile up

You think at least we'd bark  
When we sing of red nosed reindeer  
And snowmen who dance and talk

Well it's just a harmless story  
A fairytales and Christmas fun  
Not unlike that other theory  
The one about Gods Son

Where Angels talk to shepherds  
Wise men troop after a star  
And a Virgin has a baby  
Boy that's fetched pretty far

But we adults buy that conspiracy  
We toe and swallow that old line  
Disappearing milk and cookies  
What about that bread and wine?

It's enough to make you hesitate  
It's enough to give you pause  
Perhaps it's just as crucial

Kids believe in ?You know who?