

# Thanksgiving

Loudon Wainwright III

Lord every year we gather here  
To eat around this table  
Give us the strength to stomach as much  
As fast as we are able  
Bless this food to our use  
Though communication's useless  
Don't let me drink too much wine  
Lord you know how I get ruthless

Let us somehow get through this meal  
Without that bad old feeling  
With history and memory  
And home cooking we're dealing  
Remind us that we are all grown up  
Adults, no longer children  
Now it's our kids that spill the milk  
And our turn to want to kill them

I look around and recognize  
A sister and a brother  
We rarely see our parents now  
We hardly see each other  
On this auspicious occasion  
This special family dinner  
If I argue with a loved one, Lord  
Please make me... the winner

All this food looks and smells so good  
But I can hardly taste it  
The sense of something has been lost  
There's no way to replace it  
After the meal, switch on the game  
There's just a few more seconds  
But I'm so tired, I need a nap  
The guest bedroom bed beckons

I fall asleep, I have a dream  
In it is the family  
Nothing bad has happened yet  
And everyone is happy  
Mother and Father, both still young  
And naturally they love us  
We're all lying on a lawn at night  
Watching the stars above us

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