

Christmas in Southgate

Ry Cooder

Well, you got no credit and I got no cash
Now that bonus they give us was nothing but trash
You been laid off at Goodyear, I been laid off at Hughes
It looks like a bad year, there just ain't no use

'Cause it's Christmas in Southgate, you been a true friend
I ain't never been much of a churchgoing man
But I'd even give up drinkin' whiskey and gin
If Jesus and Santa Claus ever get back down to Southgate again

Well, the telephone rang and it jumped off the wall
Says, We're sorry, Buddy, but we can't place your call
'Cause Jesus don't answer, Santa ain't got back yet
What's a poor old Red Cat got a right to expect?
So I called up my banker to ask for a loan
Said, It's Christmas Eve, Buddy, there ain't no one home
Then I called up my preacher and he said, We're through
What the heck is a poor old Red Cat gonna do?

Now I'd work any job just to clear a day's pay
Except for being President of the old USA
Now that's dirty work, Lefty, no future, it's true
I'd rather drink up my last nickel with you

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I ain't never been much of a churchgoin' man
But I'd even give up drinkin' whiskey and gin
If Jesus and Santa Claus ever come back down to Southgate again