

Pagan Holiday

The Real McKenzies

Now get the torches burnin'
'Cos the season is returnin'
We'll breathe the air of a thousand years
In the fog and the moon and the wind and the rain
It's a pagan holiday
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Well I see you wear a pentagram
We'll put you on a family plan
We're gonna take you to the standin' stones
And burn you in the wicker man
The trinities are gettin' 'round
But you can't keep a good pagan down
Ye better mind yer teeth and treat them nice
Or you might wind up a sacrifice