

Thanksgiving

Tom Lehrer

We gather together to ask the lord's blessing
For turkey and dressing and cranberry sauce.
It was slightly distressing but now we're convalescing
So sing praises to his name and forget not to floss.
Our nearest and dearest we don't want confessing
It's sort of depressing to have them so near.
Our feelings supressing for lightly acquiescing
And perfectly professing we're glad they were here.
We gathered together and got the lord's blessing
Of course we're just guessing 'cause how can you tell?
Our stomach's are bloating
Our kidneys nearly floating
Hellos are very nice but goodbyes can be swell