Christmas is Over.

Christmas is over,
The geese are dead;
Presents have been given,
And uncles fed.

Carols still lovely
Are no longer heard;
Death was done
To many a bird.

Chickens were throttled,
Turkeys were split;
Geese knocked out,
And wild ducks hit.

Christmas is over,
We had a fine time;
Our fingers are twitching
From an unknown crime.

We live like lords,
We give the best;
But more than a bird
Has died in its nest.

Crackers were pulled,
The port was passed;
Suddenly a voice
Said it couldn't last.

The birds all lay
Sizzling in fat,
While crop and beak
Were kept for the cat.

Tea and sandwiches
At half-past ten;
We'll have to make life
All over again,

Take wing like the birds,
Build us a nest;
Be alive again
To unearthly request.

We can't accept
These meals from the past;
But change the scenery,
Alter the cast.

Christmas is over,
The season's dead;
Only the carols
Went to the head.

We'll have to go through
The presents we got;
To take what we love,
Or throw out the lot.