

The Holiday Song
Pixies

[Intro]

C D B C
Am C F C x2

[Verse 1]

Am C F C
Well, sit right down my wicked son
Am C F C
And let me tell you a story
Am C F C
About the boy who fell from glory
Am C F C
And how he was a wicked son

[Chorus]

G F Am C F C
This ain t no holiday
G F
But it always turns out this way
D Am
Here I am, with my hand

(Am) C F C
Am C F C

[Verse 2]

Am C F C
He took his sister from his head
Am C F C
And then painted her on the sheets
Am C F C
And then rolled her up in grass and trees
Am C F C
And they kissed till they were dead

[Chorus]

G F Am C F C
This ain t no holiday
G F
But it always turns out this way
D Am
Here I am, with my hand

(Am) C F C
Am C F C

[Verse 3]

Well, sit right down my evil son
And let me tell you a story
About the boy who fell from glory
And how he was a wicked son

[Chorus]

This ain't no holiday, no no
But it always turns out this way
Here I am, with my hand

[Solo]

(Am) C F C
Am C F C x2

[Chorus]

This ain't no holiday
But it always turns out this way
Here I am, with my hand

(Am) C F C
Am C F C x3