

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]

Am C F C
 Well, sit right down my evil 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, no no
G F
 But it always turns out this way
D Am
 Here I am, with my hand

[Solo]

(Am) C F C
Am C F C x2

[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 x3