

A Thanksgiving Song

By Tom Lehrer
Tune: We Gather Together



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.

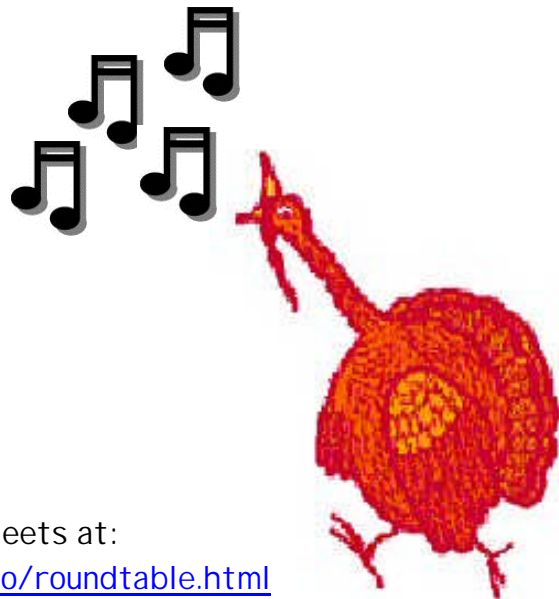


Our nearest and dearest
We don't want confessing,
It's sort of depressing
to have them so near.

Our feelings suppressing
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 Stomachs are bloating,
Our kidneys nearly floating,
Hellos are very nice
But goodbyes can be swell



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