

CRAZY SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS

QUE SERA, SERA

Que sera, sera.
Whatever will be, will be.
The future's not ours to see.
Que sera, sera.

I asked my mother, "What will I be?
Will I be handsome? Will I be rich?"
Here's what she said to be:
(spoken) **NOPE!!**

DECK THE HALLS

Deck the halls with lefse slices, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!
Do not check on what the price is, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!
Might be thought a strange creation, fa la la la la la la!
But it's great as insulation, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!

Lefse's sure to be the fate-o, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!
Of each old and cold potato, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!
Mix with lard, there is no waste, fa la la la la la la la!
Also notice there's no taste, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!

Lefse is a Christmas treat, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!
All the Scandinavians eat, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!
Notice how a Norski flaunts it, fa la la la la la la la!
Even though nobody wants it, fa la la la la la UFF-DA!

O TANNENBAUM

O lutefisk, O lutefisk,
How fragrant your aroma.
O lutefisk, O lutefisk,
You put me in a coma.
You smell so strong, you look like glue.
You taste just like an overshoe.
But lutefisk, come Saturday,
I think I'll eat you anyway.

O lutefisk, O lutefisk,
I put you in the doorway.
I wanted you to ripen up
Just like they do in Norway.
A dog came by and sprinkled you.
I hit him with an overshoe.
O lutefisk, now I suppose
I'll eat you while I hold my nose.

O lutefisk, O lutefisk,
How well do I remember
On Christmas Eve how we'd receive
Our big treat of December.
It wasn't turkey or fried ham.
It wasn't even pickled spam.
My mother know there was no risk
In serving buttered lutefisk.

O lutefisk, O lutefisk,
You have a special flavor.
O lutefisk, O lutefisk,
All good Norwegians savor.
There slimy slab we know so well
Identified by ghastly smell.
O lutefisk, O lutefisk,
Our loyalty won't waiver!!