

Swiss Colony Beef Log

[Eric Cartman](#)

Stockings are hung on the chimney,
And the presents are under the tree,
And mama's in the kitchen
Making some herbal tea. Windows are covered with frost
And the candles are all alight,
But as I wander through this quiet house,
Something just doesn't seem right. You see, every year, the neighbors bring us
A Swiss Colony Beef Log.
But the neighbors aren't around (around, around)
There's no Beef Log to be found this year.
(No Beef Log) Christmas isn't Christmas
Without a Swiss Colony Beef Log.
Without those cheeses and meats
I don't think I can get along. Mother tries to comfort me;
She says "Here, Son, have some eggnog."
I fucking hate eggnog, seriously. But what do I see
Underneath the tree?
Grandma got a Swiss Colony Beef Log just for me!
Ah, ah, ah, Baby!!
Swiss Colony Beef Log, baby!
That's what Christmas is all about!
My prayer has finally come in a Beef Log baby!
Makes a little boy scream and shout! Deck the halls with boughs of Swiss Colony!
Fa-la-la-la-la La-la-la-la! Sweet!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>