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Happy Holidays

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Happy Holidays
Anthony Labson

4:00 a.m. open with special sales.
4:00 a.m. wake crazy consumers.
They wait in line giving no room for cuts,
Yet they're ready to cut throats to get in front of the others.

The doors open and people stampede
Over cigarette butts and people's necks
Because shoes at Footlocker are 75% off.
A woman now lies dead for a pair of New Balance.

A bottle of perfume by Chanel is only \$50.
A woman takes a spray on the wrist to give it a try,
Then takes a shot in the eyes from another woman.
Now that bottle is gone and she's left dry.

Kids are grabbing used games at GameStop
But what are they doing up at 4 in the morning?
Why are their parents letting them play games like Manhunt?
God forbid they should fight over a book by Lord Byron.

Then there are the little 13-year-old girls
Walking around the lingerie section at Victoria's Secret.
Only I don't think they're shopping for their mothers.
Are they looking for something to wear at the beach?

Old hags even come and spread their dust.
It must be the one time of year I see new
Life in them as they haul ass. Makes me wonder
What happened to "What would Jesus do?"

Finally, there are the juvenile wannabes
Walking around like they are so bad
With their pants below their waists.
I hope they like it later when their butts
Are touched by Bubba's special candy cane.

I feel sorry for the employees who have no choice
As the customers yell and curse at them like slave masters.
For making them be there, they should be the ones
Yelling at the customers, saying, "Go to hell, you stingy bastards!"

Brand new sales happen here
And there as the day goes by.
More and more bones are broken
While people on stretchers pray not to die.

People are running either to sales or to get out of the way.
What a great time and day to go to the mall
When people of all ages are spreading the holiday spirit
With fights, lacerations, and handcuffs for all.

Next time just go to Wal-Mart where
They have the same prices all year round.
It's better than your kids coming to see you on Christmas
When you're buried six feet under the ground.