

## Christmas With The Browns!

Written by {ga=stevebuffum}

Saturday, December 20 2008 7:00 PM -

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This time of year, fans and players alike begin thinking of the holidays. Or, at least, if they are teams like the Cleveland Browns, for whom the playoffs are plainly absurd. In this vein, here are some Christmas Carols you can sing as you wait for the season to mercifully end.



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Good King Wenceslas looked out  
Over Cleveland's famines  
Vomiting, he had a stroke  
Just like Peter Gammons

Gently fell the ball that night  
At the feet of Braylon  
As it struck him on the hands  
Effort he be mai-ai-lin'

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O, putrid team  
Your offense like molasses  
It is the time for your coach to be canned

Please try a D  
That doth involve some tack-ling  
With linebackers, it would be like a team

The faint, false hope  
Of competence and winning  
Is so much smoke  
And mirrors unadorned

Fall on your knees!  
Put down the empty bottle!  
O team, team, you suck  
Yes, indeed, my team doth suck  
O team ... O team, goddam team  
My team doth suck

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Dashing all our hopes  
In a half-assed kind of way  
O'er the fields we go  
Sucking all the way

Brady's on the bench  
Now Derek is there too  
We're hoping for a miracle

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But our QB's more like glue

O ...

Cleveland Browns, Cleveland Browns,  
Overrated dorks,  
My health plan will not pay out  
For eyeballs gouged with forks

Cleveland Browns, Cleveland Browns,  
Throw the ball away!  
Once we had some talent here  
But we pissed it all away!

-----

It came upon a Sunday clear,  
A very poor substitute  
For football played professionally,  
Instead the question is moot

What have we done to vex the gods?  
What blasphemy have we fans wrought?  
We root, they play, and by the end,  
Both things come squarely to nought.

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Away in the Stadium  
No chance for a win

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The team's 1-6 there  
How long has it been?

The team's giant coach stood  
All cozy and warm  
He challenged the coin flip  
And stayed right in form

The defense showed passion  
The offense did not  
Jamal hit the D-line  
And fell on the spot

The team had one hope left  
'Twas Cincy they played  
Against modern offenses  
They got flambee'd

But modern, alas,  
Does not our O denote  
The team wandered aimlessly,  
Pointless and rote

Their quarterback rivalled  
The one on our team  
Most fungal in nature  
It made both fans scream

Away from the Stadium  
The fans slouched away  
The NFL scheduled  
And forced them to play

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With joy from their hearts  
Having quickly been drained  
The "Wait for next year" shouts  
Were awfully strained

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Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo,  
Right down Lousy Coach Lane  
He's got a headset, and an expression that  
Says he is in pain

He hears voices on his headset  
He inspires us all  
He shows coaching acumen  
Just like a brick wall

----

Savage the GM  
Was a bitter, sheltered soul  
With a boyish face  
Mired in third place  
He could not get on a roll

Savage the GM  
Thought the seat was hot that day  
As he made a fuss  
Threw his coach a bus  
And hoped he would go away

There should have been some magic in

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That old draft board he found  
But when he got the chance to shine  
He whiffed in several rounds

O, Savage the GM  
Had to hurry on his way  
For as Savage knew  
When you say, "F&\$\* you!"  
It's time to call it a day