

Toil and Play

God rest ye Z/Yen par-tic-i-pants,

There's no point in dismay

Remember Christmas parties

All end in disarray

Don't save yourself from whiskey's pow'r

You might as well a'stray

O tidings of bromo and fizz

Bromo and fizz

O tidings of bromo and fizz

From year to year we reappear

And wonder all the same

How business so chaotic

With such an awful name

Can still inspire Nippon songs

And ever-woeful games

O tidings of toil and play

Toil and play

O tidings of toil and play

But when to Ze-e-Yen they came

Where their dear project lay

And found us all hung-over

But still prepared to pay

We found our invoice quick and fast

And saved 'em from May-Day

O tidings of toil and pay

Toil and pay

O tidings of toil and pay