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'

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

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

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.

Away in the Stadium
No chance for a win

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

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

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

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