

Father Christmas

Los Gatos Locos

When I was small I believed in Santa Clause
 Though I knew it was my dad
And I would hang up my stocking at Christmas
 Open my presents and I'd be glad
But the last time I played Father Christmas
 I stood outside a department store
A gang of kids came over and mugged me
 And knocked my reindeer to the floor
They said, "Father Christmas, give us some money
 Don't mess around with those silly toys
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed
 Give all the toys to the little rich boys"
Don't give my brother a Steve Austin outfit
 Don't give my sister a cuddly toy
We don't want a jigsaw or monopoly money
 We only want the Real McCoy
 Father Christmas, give us some money
We'll beat you up if you make us annoyed
 Father Christmas, give us some money
Don't mess around with those silly toys
But give my daddy a job 'cause he needs one
 He's got lots of mouths to feed
But if you've got one, I'll have a machine gun
 So I can scare all the kids down the street
 Father Christmas, give us some money
 We got no time for your silly toys
Beat you up if you don't hand it over
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed
 Give all the toys to the little rich boys
Have yourself a Merry, Merry Christmas
 Have yourself a good time
But remember the kids who got nothin'
 While you're drinkin' down your wine
 Father Christmas, give us some money
 We got no time for your silly toys
 Father Christmas please hand it over
We'll beat you up so don't make us annoyed
 Father Christmas, give us some money

We got no time for your silly toys
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over
We want your bread, so don't make us annoyed
Give all the toys to the little rich boys

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