Indian Giver

Squirrel Nut Zippers

Well, I've got a friend who lives across town
Every year when Christmas rolls around
He gives me my Christmas presents in a paper sack
Two hours later he wants it back
He's an Indian giverI ran to my momma, I was hollerin' and crying
She sent me to my poppa and I ain't lying
He gave me some advice, it sounded all right
But you know that he took it back later that night
He's an Indian giverGonna write Santy Claus a valentine
Please Santy Claus won't you be mine?
When you bring around the presents in a 'leven foot sack
Please Mr. Santy don't take 'em back
Don't be no Indian giverSanta, is it really you? Why, yes
I've been waiting for you all night
And look at all these presents, are they for me, Santa?
Ho, ho, hold on a minute now boy

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