

# The King of Christmas

Ray Stevens

Well, it was 10 o'clock on Christmas Eve  
I was wipein' eggnog on my sleeve  
Tryin' hard to fight those Christmas blues  
I went to bed, turned out the light  
I woke up sometime around midnight  
Thought I heard somebody singin' Blue Suede Shoes. Well, I got up and scratched my head  
I know that voice, but who I said  
Opened the window and looked outside  
I saw nine raindeer parked out back  
Hitched up to a long pink cadillac  
They looked like they'd just finished one heck of a ride.  
Well, my hair stood up on the back of my neck  
I went downstairs for one quick check  
I just had to find out for myself  
Well, he was big that much was true  
But he looked like someone else I knew  
Not like that white bearded, rosie cheeked old man. Chorus  
Oh, he's the King, The King of Christmas  
(He's the king, the King of Christmas)  
Alive and well and ridin' in his sleigh  
And I just can't help believin'  
Well those tabloids aint decivin'  
Cuz the King of Christmas  
Passed me on his way!  
Now beneath his cap of jet black hair  
And sideburns hangin' down to there  
He wore a silver belt around his waist  
Then with a swivel of his hip  
He started to curl his upper lip  
With a look that said Merry Christmas on his face  
Then with a karate kick he whirled around  
I saw him write something down  
He took the note and he stuffed it in my sock  
Then he put a record under the tree  
Just before he turned to leave  
He hummed a bit of Jailhouse Rock. Chorus Then he pulled up his collar and flipped back his hair  
And disappeared into thin air  
I saw the sequins glitter upon his coat  
That 45 that he'd laid down was

Santa Claus Is Back In Town

And I played it while I read the words he wrote I'll outlive rock and roll and postage stamps that say I'm dead

And at the bottom he signed his famous name

Well, some say the King was put to rest

But me and Santa, we know best

And I bet somewhere there's elves that'll say the same. Oh he's the King, the King of Christmas

(He's the king, the King of Christmas)

Alive and well and ridin' in his sleigh

And as I heard that sleigh rev and fly

Through the night there came a cry

Sant Claus has left the building! chorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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