

Hey Santa Claus

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Quite often I get to thinking how as kids we got by
Like at Christmas time at our house we couldn't even afford a fire
But we made do with what we had back then
when I was young
Dad used to suck a peppermint and we'd all sit around his tongue
We couldn't afford no sparkling tinsel for our
Christmas tree
So we'd just wheel old Granddad in and make the old cunt sneeze
(ahh-CHOO... wheel him round the other side nanna)
But things changed pretty bloody quick, I've got kids now
of me own
And I heard 'em unwrap their pressies, last night when I got home
Hey Santa Claus you cunt, where's me
fuckin' bike?
I've unwrapped all this other junk and there's nothing that I like
I wrote you a fuckin' letter and I come to see you twice
You worn out geriatric fart, you forgot me fuckin' bike
If I'd a' wanted a pair of bloody thongs, I would have bloody asked
And this cowboy suit and ping pong set you can shove right up your arse
You've stuffed me bloody order up, it's enough to make you spew
But it's not just me who's snakey, me sister's dirty too
Hey Santa Clause you cunt, where's me fuckin' pram?
You promised me you'd bring me one, you remember who I am
Cause I'm the little girl what you made sit right on your hand
I'll give you fuckin' ho ho ho, you forgot me fucking pram
Next time I come to see ya I'm gonna punch you in
the guts
And I'll let your fuckin' reindeer go and kick Rudolf in the nuts
You just wait til next year, when you get back to that store
And me and me little sister come stomping through the door
And we'll say, yeah you wait for it:
Hey mum's and dad's you smell his breath and check his bloodshot eyes
And don't listen to him boys and girls cause he tells fucking lies
He's just a piss tank and a pervert, and he's not even very bright
Cause the old fuckin' wanker forgot me fuckin' bike
Hey Santa Claus you cunt, where's me fuckin' bike?
I've unwrapped all this other junk and there's nothing that I like
I wrote you a fuckin' letter and I come to see you twice
You worn out geriatric fart, you forgot me fuckin' bike
Fuckin' dob you in you old cunt
Tell me old man on you, he'll punch your fuckin' lights out
I saw mummy sucking Santa Claus
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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