Father Christmas

Christmas Songs

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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