

Christmas With The Devil

Spinal Tap

The elves are dressed in leather
And the angels are in chains
(Christmas with the Devil)
The sugar plums are rancid
And the stockings are in flames
(Christmas with the Devil)
There's a demon in my belly
And a gremlin in my brain
There's someone up the chimney hole
And Satan is his name
The rats ate all the presents
And the reindeer ran away
(Christmas with the Devil)
There'll be no Father Christmas
'Cause it's Evil's holiday
(Christmas with the Devil)
No bells in Hell
No snow below
Silent night, violent night
So come all ye unfaithful
Don't be left out in the cold
You don't need no invitation, no
Your ticket is your soul

Songwriters

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Song
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