Santa Song

Tim Foley

So many presents,
So little time,
Santa won't be coming around my house this year,
'cos I tried to drown my sister and I pierced my ear,
Oh mama made it perfectly clear,
Santa don't like bad boys...especially jewish ones.
Gnip-gnop and lego blocks are all that I desire,
So why did I have to set the pizza guy's hair on fire,
I told him I was sorry,
I'm a liar,
So no toys for me...i don't deserve them.
I couldn't wait for a big wheel as the holiday neared,
But then I told my grandma that she had a beard.
Dear santa,
I know what my problem is, why I can't be good, it's a fear of intimacy.

You see my whole life whenever I've met someone really great like you and
I keep feeling like I'm getting close to them, something inside me makes
Me want to screw it up. so in a weird way the reason I'm so bad is because
I love you santa.
Rock-em sock-em robots is what I was hoping for,
But then I made a death threat to vice president gore,
Oh santa won't be knocking on my door,
'cos he's a big fat whore...what made me say that?
Chutes and ladders would be so good indeed,
So why'd I have to sell that cop a bag of weed,
So santa please give me that easy bake oven,
I swear I thought billy goats we're made for lovin'.
So santa won't you accept my apologies,
Santa can't you see I'm begging you please,
Oh santa next year I'll do you right,
Live from new york it's saturday night...

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