

# Surabaya-Santa

Jessica Molaskey

WOMAN 2:

I was just seventeen  
When you rode into town  
Just a girl full of fantasies and longing  
I saw you  
I knew I had to be with you Then you looked in my eyes  
And you asked me my name  
And I trembled before you like a baby  
Then gently I kissed you  
Who could resist you?  
You took my heart and soul And before I had a chance to take control  
We retired to your palace on the Pole  
Where we only had ourselves  
And the reindeer and the elves  
And a lot of things we never said  
About the life I could have led  
If I had had the sense to stay away But here we are Nick  
And so Nick  
I know it's time for you to go Nick  
I know by now I'll never claim you for my own  
I've been resigned to spend my Christmases alone  
And so au revoir Nick  
It's grand Nick  
I don't pretend to understand Nick  
I saw you look at Blitzen long and lovingly  
The way you used to look at me I have sat twenty years  
In this drafty retreat  
As the latest in the line of Mrs. Claus  
I've sat here  
And wondered what you want from me  
But you sit by yourself  
On the couch in the den  
And you watch "Miracle on 34th Street"  
You get sad and dreamy  
Can't even see me  
Won't even say, "Hello!" Now you tell me that it's time for you to go  
Ha!  
Sling your sack upon your back and "Ho, ho, ho!"  
Ha!

And what matters most of all  
Is to sit inside some mall  
And you never think of me  
While I am pining by the tree  
But never mind  
I will survive  
While you are gone I set you free, Nick  
Goodbye, Nick  
Go ride your reindeer through the sky, Nick  
I don't suppose you'll ever want me by your side  
I know you now  
You want a plaything, not a bride  
So on your way, Nick  
Shalom, Nick  
Don't feel the need to hurry home, Nick  
Should I want comfort in the cold and bitter storm  
I've got the elves to keep me warm Oh, oh, Nick, I didn't mean it. I'm just going crazy all cooped up in here!  
Oh, Nick, I mean, come on, I'm not even German.  
Please take me with you. Please! I'm your wife damn it. Isn't there one ounce of human decency buried beneath  
all those layers  
of fat? You disgust me! Oh yes, It's so easy to judge, isn't it? Deciding who's naughty and who's nice? Well,  
who died and  
left you God, Mr. Claus? Hmph. But never mind, Nick  
Okay, Nick  
I hate to keep you from your sleigh, Nick  
When you return I will be many miles away  
I'll have my lawyer call your lawyer  
New Years Day! That's all from me, Nick  
Gain way, Nick  
I'll miss you less than I can say, Nick  
Have fun with all the little boys along the route  
I'll get the mansion and the factory to boot  
I will not wait until the snow beneath me thaws  
I will escape  
Your Santa claws!!

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