

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. Clauses

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 once 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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