

Christmas at My House

Rahsaan Patterson

When I was a kid
I used to wonder where my mama hid
All the Christmas gifts
She pretended that Santa Claus would give We'd trim the tree
Jiffy Pop on a string
Lickin' candy canes
While I'm listening to Donny sing Ooh, talkin' about Christmas Rudolph's nose is bright
But big sister tell me, "He's just a lie"
She said, "Santa ain't coming around
'Cause there's no chimney for him to come down" So on the evening
While pretendin' to sleep
We would hear our Daddy
Huffin', puffin' and cussin' boxes Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house We'd never leave cookies for Santa to eat
'Cause he was just an image of a cartoon on a TV, oh Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house
Christmas at my house

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