

Hey Santa!

Straight No Chaser

Hey Santa

Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa

Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa

Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa

When are you going to Atlanta?

Can I hitch a ride with you old man?

'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland

Santa don't bring me any toys

Just bring my baby and a bottle of joy

Maybe just a taste for Uncle Roy

We all know Santa is a good ole boy

Could you bring along a bottle of Peppermint Schnapps?

'Cause Randawg here is really tops

I got no time for holiday shops

'Cause I got a band that's really hot

Santa don't bring me any toys

Just bring my baby and a bottle of joy

Maybe just a taste for Uncle Roy

We all know Santa is a good ole boy

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When are you going to Atlanta?

Can I hitch a ride with you old man?

'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland

I don't want to leave my comfy cozy

But my baby's lips are hot and rosy

What's my name, now ain't you nosey?

I'd like a little kiss now I supposy

Hot buttered rum, hot buttered rum

Well, you hear me holler now you'd better come

Seven come eleven, seven come eleven

Baby just died and gone to heaven

Hot buttered rum, hot buttered rum

Well, you hear me holler now you'd better come

Seven come eleven, seven come eleven

Baby just died and gone to heaven

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When are you going to Atlanta?
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland
Hey Santa
Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa
Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa
Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa
Why don't we swing by Indiana?
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland
Hey, can I hitch a ride with you old man?
My gal lives in Dixieland
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland, yeah

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