

Dear Santa

Jay Brannan

dear santa, the thing is this year has been lame
it always seemed, i always dreamed by now i'd have someone else
's last name
way past grown, sleeping in a shrunken bed
all alone, unless you count the squatters tearing up my head

tried so hard to be good all year long
and we are all inherently bad, anne frank had it wrong

[chorus:]

santa, oh santa, where were you last night?
i asked for nothing, i even left some cookies right
by the open window, i don't have a chimney, just a heart of gold,
you see
imagine my surprise that not even santa wants cookies from me

dear santa, could you use a 6 foot 1 elf?
i'm sick of taking stock from this widow's walk, up here searching
for myself
is there any way i could hop aboard your sleigh?
take a holiday, leave the work to me, your red-nosed blue jay

when people say the joy you bring's a children's thing, does it
sting?
'cuz i will ring silver bells & sing you're as real as martin luther
king

[chorus]

chocolate chip. oatmeal raisin. gingerbread, too.
a full selection from my convection in little shapes of you
free flowing ho-ho-ing's a lot for one man's jaws
if you're feelin' brittle, i can bake a little mrs. for your claws/claus