

# If I Was Santa Claus

## Atmosphere

If I was a rich man  
I'd buy you some shoes  
Tall boots for all the dirt you walk through  
What would that do?  
Enable you to deal  
Without schooling you on how to touch what's real  
And if I was a smart man  
I'd tell you everything that I knew  
And give it to you every time you need a talking to  
But what would that do?  
Teach you my guidelines  
So you can be a cheerleader at your game on the sidelines  
And if I was a driver  
I'd keep my headlights on  
To see the difference between right and wrong  
I'd wear my seatbelt even when I'm in park  
Cause I don't trust the other fools that cruise through these parts  
And if I was a better cook  
I'd hook up a feast  
Set a table full of food for the children to eat  
I encourage the nourishment so we can breathe  
With the knowledge that we got something accomplished

And if I was Santa Claus, I'd fight for the cause  
Wouldn't expect nothing in return  
I'd give you everything you want, I'd be everything you need  
So you can take my hand and I can take the lead

And if I was an honest man  
I would stop writing songs  
I'd break for a nervous breakdown for breakfast  
Tell everyone I knew to stay away from making music  
It ain't nothing but a confusing mess (confusing mess)  
And if I was you, I wouldn't hear a word I said  
Wouldn't trust nothing to start it up inside my head  
I'd make a conscious effort to live instead  
Of trying to kill the monsters that reside underneath the bed  
And if I was a hurt man  
I'd find a way to put my faith  
Into a woman that could take me from today  
Maybe  
I need somebody that could save me  
From the parts of myself that keep making me crazy  
And if I was a wise man  
I'd climb to the top of the mountain peak  
To think about strength versus weakness  
I'd find a point that rests a couple of feet above your head  
And figure out how I could try to help you reach it  
(Ho ho ho)  
And if I did have a choice  
I'd never want to live forever  
Just let me have a voice so I can make my points  
I can't imagine running a race with no finish line  
Just let me keep my pace and make to most of my time  
I love giving but I'm bad at receiving  
The truth is, I'd prefer to be the one bleeding  
But I'm a paranoid that stays between play and work

Cautious and aware, 'cause I'm afraid of being hurt  
Which brings me to the issue  
And that would be this:  
How often must I ask myself why I exist?  
I feel like a freak, this world is a circus  
Just trying to find myself as well as my purpose

And if I was Santa Claus, I'd fight for the cause  
Wouldn't expect nothing in return  
I'd give you everything you want, I'd be everything you need  
And you can take my hand and I can take the lead (2x)

I got nothing but gifts  
Keep it up in my wits  
Got me drunk on the fifth  
And now we're stuck in a ditch  
And as dumb as it gets  
I'mma run you some fibs (?)  
I wanna touch your lips  
I wanna rub your hips  
Put a glove on the fist  
For the love that exists  
We'll keep bumping the hits  
To get my bucket of chips  
From the Bloods and the Crips  
To the skateboarding chicks  
Put the Atmosphere on your Christmas wishlist (2x)  
(Ho ho ho ho)