

Aquaclaus

Bob Rivers

Sitting in a department store
Bribing little kids with peppermint
Sweat on his bulbous nose
Rubber boots and silly velvet clothes
Hey, Santa Claus
Steaming like a roast duck
Spitting out of pieces of his bearded fluff
Hey, Santa Claus

Do what you're told and mind your dad and mommy
And I'll put a little puppy 'neath your tree
Santa Claus my friend
Did you think this job was easy?
You poor old sod
You jolly S.O.B.

In the first week of December
They'll come to crush his knees
When the kids are tugging upon his beard,
He screams in agony
Schnapps is thick on his dog breath
His belly's big and round
And he'll dress up like a rabbit in the spring
Ho ho ho ho

Fa la la la
Fa la la la la la la la
Fa la la la la la la
Fa la la la

Sitting in a WalMart

Giving out canes of peppermint

Spitting out his ho ho ho's

Sticky fingers smearing rented clothes

Hey, Santa Claus

Dying in that hot suit

Ho ho ho ho Santa Claus