

Santa Man

Bryan Adams

Well, my name is father Christmas
AKA Saint Nick
Christmas time is coming
Better hang those stockings quick
I gotta hat up on my head
A suit of red and white
Don't forget the list of everyone
Who's naughty and who's nice
Well, if Christmas goes to plan
I'm coming down the chimney
It's your Santa man

Well, I got me a pack of reindeer
I got me a big old sled
Come on, honey, I'm coming by
Get those kids to bed
I'd rather have a glass of whiskey
Leave that milk right there
In that old fridge
Well, if Christmas goes to plan
I'm coming down the chimney
It's your Santa man

Well, you better deck those halls with holly
Ring those jingle bells
Say "hey, mister frosty"
'Cause that snow won't dash itself, baby
I got a big ol' sack of presents
But only one is labelled with your name
That's no game
Well, if Christmas goes to plan
I'm coming down the chimney
It's your Santa man
Well well well, if Christmas goes to plan
I'm coming down the chimney
It's your Santa man

Santa man