

Father Christmas

Dispatch

When I was small I believed in Santa Claus
Though I knew it was my dad
And I would hang up my stocking at Christmas
Open my presents and I'd be glad

But the last time I played Father Christmas
I stood outside a department store
A gang of kids came over and mugged me
And knocked my reindeer to the floor

They said:
Father Christmas, give us some money
Don't wanna more of your silly toys
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed
Give all the toys to the little rich boys

Don't give my brother a Steve Austin outfit
Don't give my sister a cuddly toy
Don't want a jigsaw or monopoly money
We only want the real McCoy

Father Christmas, give us some money
Don't wanna more of your silly toys
We'll beat you up if you don't hand it over
We want your bread so don't make us annoyed
Give all the toys to the little rich boys

But give my daddy a job 'cause he needs one
He's got a lot of mouths to feed
But if you've got one, I'll have a machine gun
So I can scare all the kids down the street

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Have yourself a Merry Merry Christmas
Have yourself a good time
But remember the kids who got nothin'
While you're drinkin' down your wine

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