It was christmas eve and Santa hadn't come Everyone but me had something in their stocking I'd been good all year but presents had I none Just then at the door there came a gentle knocking

It was Mrs Claus with a ribbon round And Santa sent her when a mistake was found That left me out of luck when the presents were packed In fact

There was nothing left for me That is why he sent Mrs Claus

For it seems in northern climes where Eskimos abound It's the thing to do to keep a chap from chilling Sending out the wife's a doctrine they expound Thusly Mrs Claus was eager to be willing

How could I refuse custom to obey
I hear they take offence if your shy and say
Thank you very much but I'm not in the mood
How rude

It would be, besides, Mrs Claus was a living doll

That was christmas day a year or so ago
Still I dread to hear old Santa's sleigh bells ringing
Every christmas eve I pray it doesn't snow
I know when he comes the present he'll be bringing

What he's got for me won't come in any sack
He'll be dressed to kill and I'll be wearing yellow
Several times he wrote and asked to have her back
Ahh but Mrs Claus prefers a younger fellow

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