

# Hey Santa Claus

Kevin Bloody Wilson

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Like at Christmas time at our house we couldn't even afford a fire

But we made do with what we had back then when I was young  
Dad used to suck a peppermint and we'd all sit around his tongue

We couldn't afford no sparkling tinsel for our Christmas tree  
So we'd just wheel old Granddad in and make the old cunt sneeze  
(ahh-CHOO... wheel him round the other side nanna)

But things changed pretty bloody quick, I've got kids now of me own  
And I heard 'em unwrap their pressies, last night when I got home

Hey Santa Claus you cunt, where's me f\*ckin' bike?  
I've unwrapped all this other junk and there's nothing that I like  
I wrote you a f\*ckin' letter and I come to see you twice  
You worn out geriatric fart, you forgot me f\*ckin' bike

If I'd a' wanted a pair of bloody thongs, I would have bloody asked  
And this cowboy suit and ping pong set you can shove right up your arse  
You've stuffed me bloody order up, it's enough to make you spew  
But it's not just me who's snakey, me sister's dirty too

Hey Santa Clause you cunt, where's me f\*ckin' pram?  
You promised me you'd bring me one, you remember who I am  
Cause I'm the little girl what you made sit right on your hand  
I'll give you f\*ckin' ho ho ho, you forgot me f\*cking pram

Next time I come to see ya I'm gonna punch you in the guts  
And I'll let your f\*ckin' reindeer go and kick Rudolf in the nuts  
You just wait til next year, when you get back to that store  
And me and me little sister come stomping through the door

And we'll say, yeah you wait for it:  
Hey mum's and dad's you smell his breath and check his bloodshot eyes  
And don't listen to him boys and girls cause he tells f\*cking lies  
He's just a piss tank and a pervert, and he's not even very bright  
Cause the old f\*ckin' wanker forgot me f\*ckin' bike

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f\*ckin' dob you in you old cunt  
Tell me old man on you, he'll punch your f\*ckin' lights out  
I saw mummy sucking Santa Claus