

Santa Was Stoned

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Santa was stoned at Christmas
How'd he get that high
And what's he feedin' them reindeers
That makes the bastards fly
I shared a cone with Santa
A happy Christmas high
Santa was stoned at Christmas time
And, so was I

Thought I'd stopped believin' in Santa
Untill last Christmas night
I was havin' a quiet little cone on me own
When I looked up into the sky
I saw this sleigh comin' outta controle
Headin' straight for my place
Crashed and burned in my backyard
Woah Santa was off his face

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I shared a cone with Santa
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Yeah Santa was wrecked a total mess
When he dropped in outta the blue
In a bettered old sled full of whacky way
And six bent reindeer too
Now you might think
That I'm makin' this up
But you can think what you like
Santa was stoned at Christmas time
And so was I

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How'd he get that high
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That makes the bastards fly
I shared a cone with Santa
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Santa was stoned at Christmas time
And, so was I

Yeah Santa was ripped at Christmas
Shit faced maggotted stoned
And
When I helped him untagle his reindeer
He offered me a cone
Well then I strapped him back
In that battered old sled
N'after one more toke of the bong
And a crack of the whip
and a 'Come you bastards'
Santa Clause was gone

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I shared a cone with Santa
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And, so was I

'Come you bastards'

Santa was stoned at Christmas
How'd he get that high
And what's he feedin' them reindeers
That makes the bastards fly
I shared a cone with Santa
A happy Christmas high
Santa was stoned at Christmas time
And, so was I

Yeah,
Santa was stoned at Christmas time
And so was I