

# Tattoo of Santa

Kevin Bloody Wilson

He was a rebel  
And an outlaw  
And an outcast  
But I never saw him do nobody harm

The rumor was he'd spent some time in prison  
He told me he'd been working on a farm  
But he always had us kids around for Christmas  
And he'd always find a present for us all

And he'd always give us rides on the back of his Harley  
Weren't for him, there'd be no Christmas time at all

He had a Harley all in pieces in his kitchen  
and bits of other bikes out in his yard  
an eagle and a skull and cross bone tattooed on his  
arms  
and a big tattoo of Santa on his heart

he was regarded pretty much as a loner  
and we all wondered if he'd family of his own  
but I don't remember seeing any photos  
at Christmas when he'd open up his home

he had this funny little pot plant in the corner  
that he'd dress up just like a Christmas tree  
and the laughter from us kids  
at the silly things he did  
like them tiny bits of tinsel in his beard

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Looking back I often wonder where he'd be now  
or even if he's still around at all  
and if he still takes in kids  
but wherever he is,  
it's coz of him I still believe in Santa Claus

And today I took my own kid to meet Santa  
and after all these years he hasn't changed at all  
except his hair's a little whiter  
and he's put on a bit more middle  
Oh, but the laughter of them kids just said it all

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