

# What About Poor Old Santa Claus

Kevin Bloody Wilson

What about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
You cunt  
Christmas comes but once a year  
Bust me fuckin' gut to get here  
But when I do, I can't get in  
Your house is a fuckin' fortress  
The chimney's gone, the doors are locked  
The alarm goes off and you call the cops  
Then the cops turn up and lock me up  
Wouldn't give a flying fuck who I was  
So, what about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
Yeah, you cunt  
And then them fuckin' elves are lazy cunts  
Wouldn't work in an iron lung  
Fuckin' useless, every one of 'em  
Gotta do the fuckin' lot meself  
And them reindeers are worse 'n the fuckin' elves  
Rudolph and that mob from Hell  
I'll give 'em fuckin' jingle bells  
Come, ya lazy cunts  
So, what about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
Useless cunts  
Gotta fly through sleet and blindin' snow  
And dodge 'em planes and UFOs  
And flyin' saucers and cops back home  
That misses 'em, mine's a fuckin' idiot  
Bit by dogs and frostbite, too  
Kicked by kids and kangaroos  
And up to me arse in reindeer poo  
I'm gettin' too old for all this shit  
So, what about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
Ungrateful cunts  
Then the fuckin' kids, the little bastards  
I oughta kick their fuckin' arses  
Payback for some of the nasties  
The little arseholes have done to me  
They've spewed on themselves, they've shit in their  
pants  
It's thunderin' shit all over their aunts  
Now wipe in off on your fuckin' beard  
Ho, ho, fuckin' ho  
So, what about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
Little cunts  
So, what about poor old Santa Claus  
When I come back next year because  
When I'm back in your neighborhood  
Here's what you cunts had better do

Stoke the bong and stack the fridge  
Or I'll fill up your arse full of reindeer shit  
Now leave, fuck off, you mongrel kids  
And you can sort the cunt's sack yerself  
So, what about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
Yeah, ya cunts  
(3x)  
Damn ya bastards  
So, what about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
What about poor old Santa Claus  
Yeah, ya mongrel bastards  
Ho, ho, fuckin' ho