

Santa's Sack

Ray Scott

Santa ripped his sack wide open
Slidin' down the chimney tonight
We heard a big ol' commotion
Ran down and flipped on the light
We stood there in amazement
Couldn't believe our eyes
Santa ripped his sack wide open
Slidin' down the chimney tonight

Well, he didn't even get a chance to have his milk and cookies
He was layin' spread eagle at the bottom of the Christmas tree
I had to turn around and yell, "Hey kids, ya'll stop lookin'!"
Cause it was shaping up to be the wrong kind of Christmas memory

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Yeah, his chubby old cheeks were so dang red, they were glowing
He was struggling tryin' to cover it up, but it was way too late
Yeah, my wife screamed when she saw them jewels, he was showin'
Weren't the same jewels she'd expected on Christmas day

She said, "Oh Lord!"

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Oh, Santa ripped his sack wide open
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