

# Hey Santa!

Straight No Chaser

Hey Santa  
Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa  
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Hey Santa, hey Santa, hey Santa

When are you going to Atlanta?  
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?  
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland

Santa don't bring me any toys  
Just bring my baby and a bottle of joy  
Maybe just a taste for Uncle Roy  
We all know Santa is a good ole boy

Could you bring along a bottle of Peppermint Schnapps?  
'Cause Randawg here is really tops  
I got no time for holiday shops  
'Cause I got a band that's really hot

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Just bring my baby and a bottle of joy  
Maybe just a taste for Uncle Roy  
We all know Santa is a good ole boy

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I don't want to leave my comfy cozy  
But my baby's lips are hot and rosy  
What's my name, now ain't you nosey?  
I'd like a little kiss now I supposy

Hot buttered rum, hot buttered rum  
Well, you hear me holler now you'd better come  
Seven come eleven, seven come eleven  
Baby just died and gone to heaven

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Why don't we swing by Indiana?  
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?  
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland

Hey, can I hitch a ride with you old man?  
My gal lives in Dixieland  
Can I hitch a ride with you old man?  
'Cause my gal lives in Dixieland, yeah